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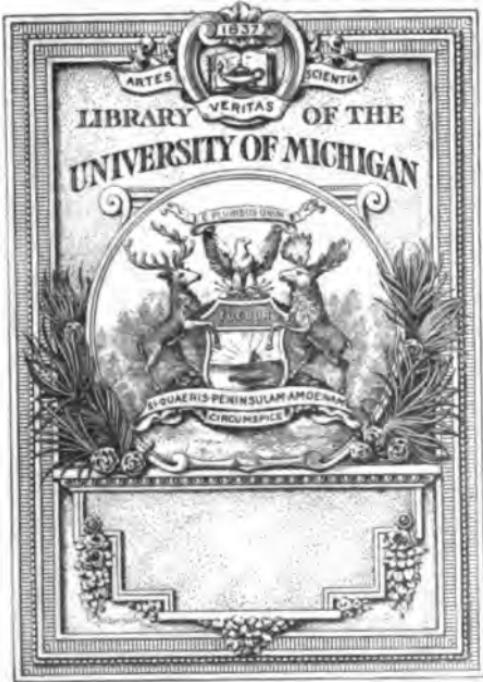
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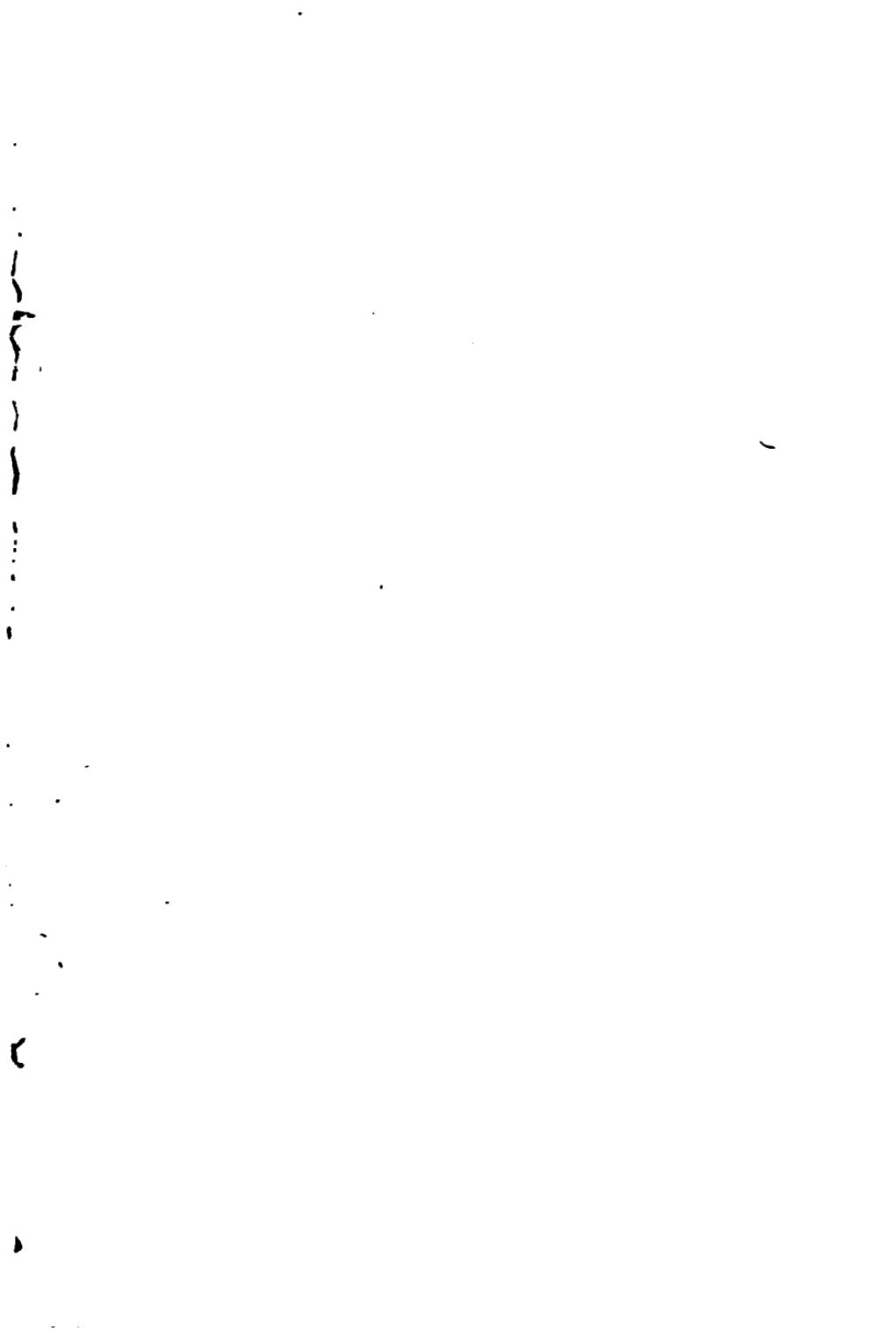
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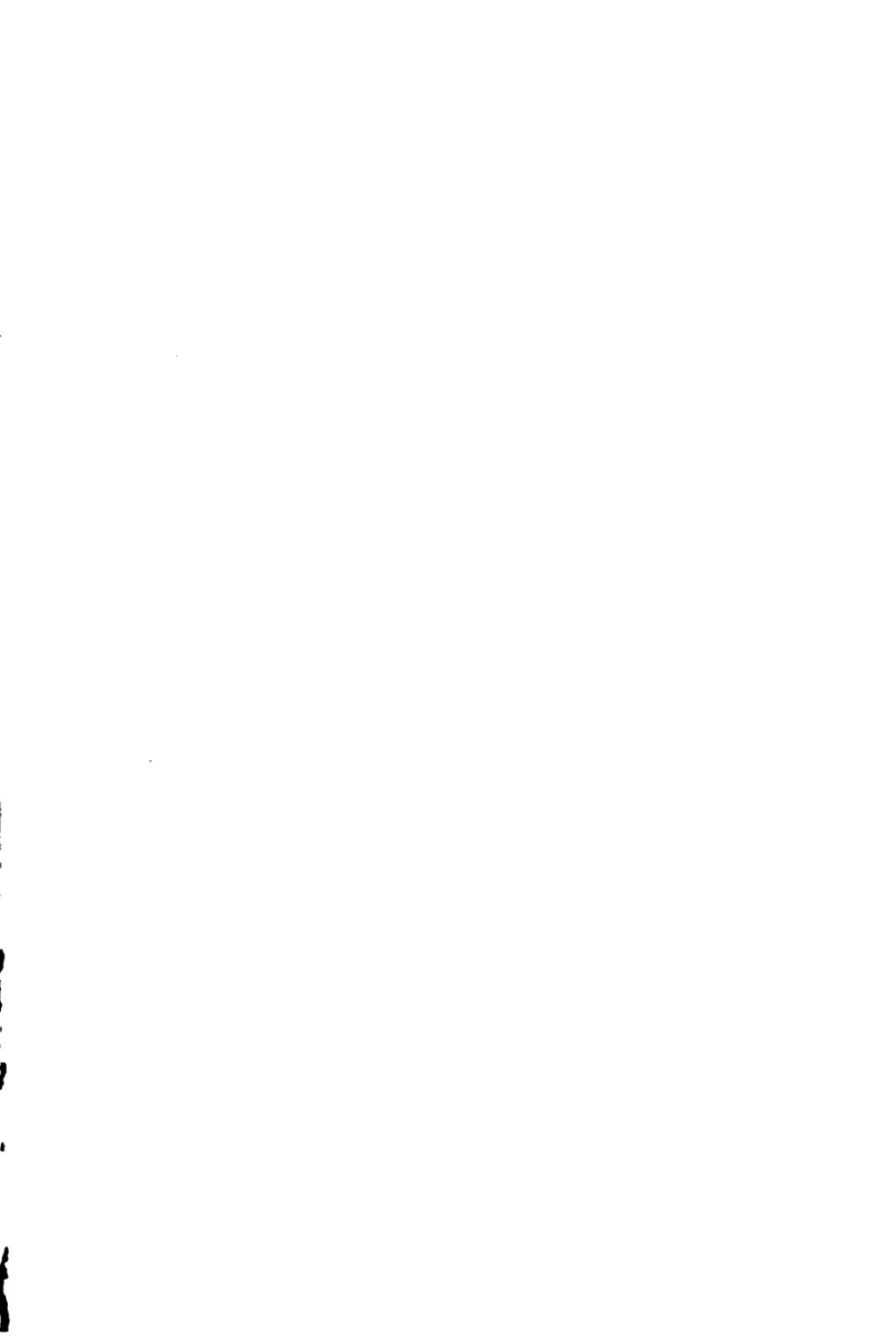
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33 no 11



WILLIAM RIDDLER, AT AGE 17

# CHERISHED MEMORIES

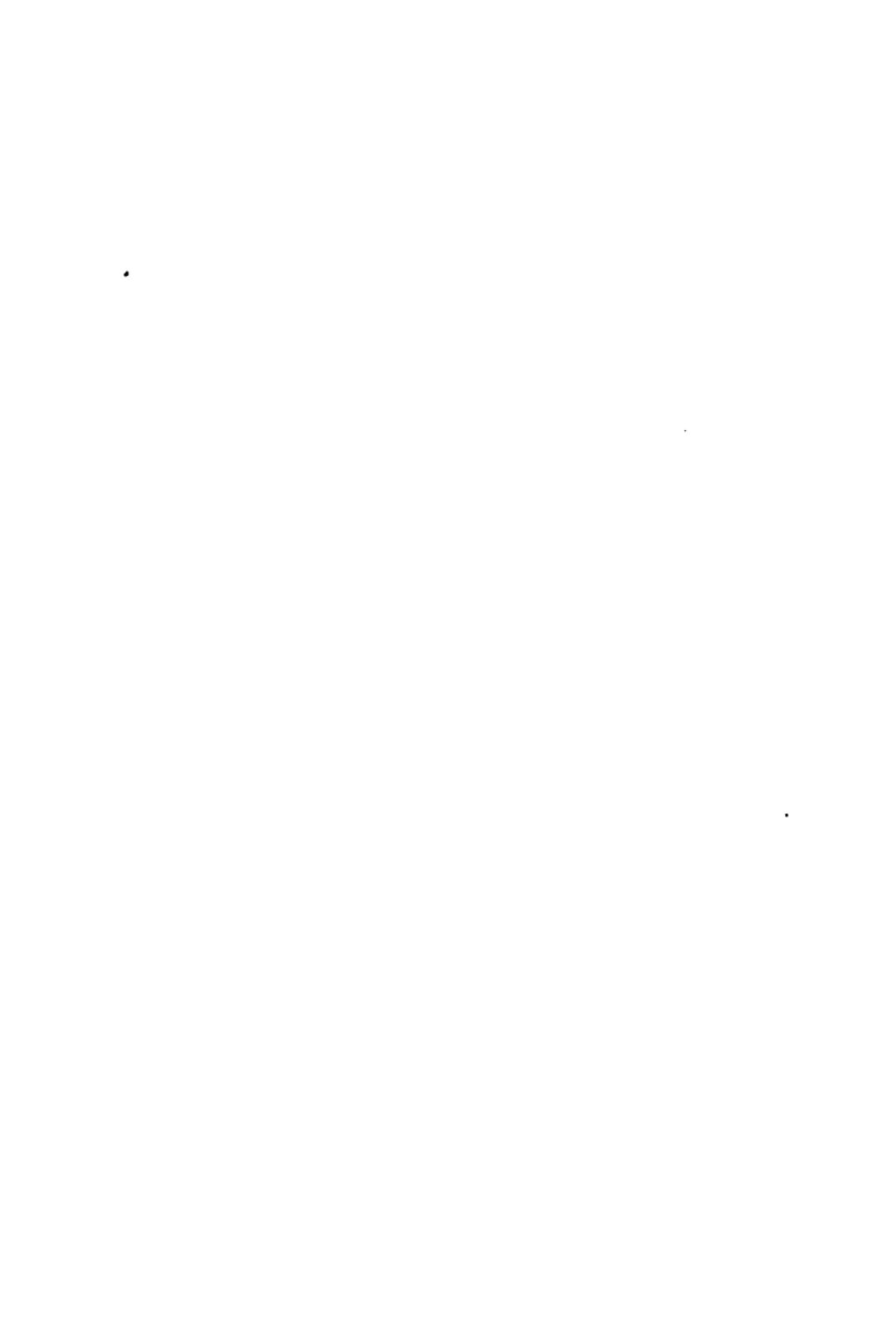
OF

## OLD LANCASTER—TOWN AND SHIRE

WILLIAM RIDDLE

AUTHOR OF "NICHOLAS COMENIUS," "ONE HUNDRED  
AND FIFTY YEARS OF SCHOOL HISTORY," AND  
"TRIBUTE TO OLD LANCASTER."

LANCASTER, PA.  
INTELLIGENCER PRINTING HOUSE  
1910



To

GEORGE STEINMAN,

WHOSE DEVOTION TO THE HISTORY OF TOWN AND COUNTY, AS  
PRESIDENT OF THE LANCASTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY,  
HAS ENDEARED HIS NAME FOR SO MANY YEARS TO ITS  
MEMBERS, THESE FEW "CRUMBS SWEPT UP" ALONG  
THE BYWAYS OF OLD LANCASTER'S NINE HUN-  
DRED SQUARE MILES, ARE AFFECTION-  
ATELY DEDICATED BY THE

AUTHOR.

III

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# Cherished Memories

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## PART I.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

“True friendships! How oft the thought  
Wakes up old memories that have slept,  
And echoes in the dusty cells,  
Where, locked securely, they were kept.”

TRUE friendships! Cherished memories! As these lines, so full of inspiration, pass and repass before the vision, not unlike a series of moving pictures on the canvas in the arcade, I am brought to a full realization, on this my seventy-third birthday anniversary, of the many eventful episodes that have come and gone during the past seven or more decades. And as I sit in the quietude of the home-nursery, on this the sixteenth of glorious old February, I am started unconsciously into reminiscing over a somewhat varied career for which, if marked by no brilliant achievement in the narrow sphere in which I have moved, there have been few regrets.

Having given myself up to reverie, it is astonishing how many incidents come trooping before the mind’s eye, not unlike a dusty, old volume that has been embalmed and suddenly illuminated by the sun-

shine of the hour. If, under the pressure of these by-gone events, I feel a shadow gathering around me on this crisp February morning, it is because I see so many broad gaps in the circle of old friends, who have passed to the spirit land. In these seventy years I have seen two great processions: one coming on the stage to play its brief part, the other passing silently away. In the former I see the faces of those with whom I had played around the Lime Street Bridge in the days of the long ago; in the latter, old friends and comrades who, like myself, are listening to the rustle of the autumn leaves waiting for the winter time. And it is in the fact that I am so surrounded with a family of young, loving hearts, that gives strength and lends fresh warmth to a young-old man's heart. But I do not deem it necessary to be reminiscent in drifting into a melancholy mood on a birthday anniversary morning. And so, in the lines of America's sweetest poet, I would say:

“What then? Shall we sit idly down and say:  
‘The night has come, it is no longer day?’  
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite  
Cut off from labor by the failing light.”

Taking renewed hope from the foregoing, I am impelled by an irresistible impulse to open up the store-house of memory, crowded as it has become with adventures we wouldn't forget if we could, and couldn't if we would. Thus to begin the narrative, we have no apology to make should it eventually find its way on the turbulent sea of a capricious public sentiment.

That I was born on the sixteenth of February, 1837,

in this goodly town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, founded by the illustrious Penn, in 1682, I have never had cause to regret; on the contrary, to be able to claim Lancaster County as my birthplace, has ever carried with it a feeling for which there are no words adequate to express the love I have ever had for this "garden-spot of America."

Taking into consideration my advanced age, which I make no effort to conceal on a birthday anniversary, I am not unconscious of the fact that, while this once good old Quaker and I bare the same Christian name, there is yet a wide gap in the dates of our birth. Apart from this difference in age, no blood relation is claimed on the part of either myself or my ancestors. To avoid any misunderstanding on this point, it needs only be said, I am of German descent, which, in itself, should set at rest any desire on my part to ingratiate myself into the good favor of the "Friends" of the "Lower End" of this "Paradise of Nature," of more than nine hundred square miles, extending westward from the Octoraro to the Susquehanna, and from "My Maryland" to the South Mountains on the north.

Having satisfied the Quakers that this volume is not being written as a bid for votes, there are a few others of the county's diversified nationalities to be reconciled as to who I am, and what my purpose is in throwing wide open the storehouse of memory at an age when most other men have fallen into their dotage.

Unlike so many I have known in years gone by, I have never wasted any of my valuable time in

traveling the country over in search of my ancestors only to awaken to the deplorable fact that, instead of their being Revolutionary patriots or descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, they were either Hessians or Tories.

Being a native-born citizen of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, it may be a heartless admission to declare publicly that I have ever been too thankful in not having had too many distant relations from whom to expect a fortune, with others hanging 'round ready to make merry over what might eventually fall into their hands in reaping where they hadn't sown.

Fortunately as it happened, those I couldn't well overlook have at least managed to keep themselves out of endless litigation; for which I have always been only too thankful. Overlooking the expense of the trip, I have never visited the Fatherland to return perchance with a ship load of poor relations instead of a legacy. In this I have profited by the experience of others who, in crossing the ocean's breadth, have usually returned wiser if not happier.

To my way of thinking, the best heritage that can be left any boy is, two strong arms and a willingness to use them at honest labor with a desire to add something to the sum of human knowledge; and later, at the close of a long life, to be able to say, "I have done some things."

And now, since I've started to throw open the storehouse of memory on a birthday anniversary, to say that I came from honorable parentage on both my mother's and father's side should be enough to

satisfy the average reader. How many well-to-do brothers, sisters, uncles and aunts they may have failed to bring with them has never given me the slightest concern. Nor have I at any time been anxious to learn their status, except to wish them all a long and happy life with plenty of anniversary "goodies" to make merry over; such as I am looking forward to receiving before the day draws to a close.

Speaking for myself only, I have at all times been only too thankful in feeling I was born under a lucky star, in that I was compelled to hustle for a living from the cradle up, instead of hanging 'round awaiting a fortune to be squandered perchance before reaching the years of discretion. In the gathering of the little in my possession, the anticipation has always been greater than the thought of the labor involved. In this the impression is in no way intended to be conveyed that a legacy is to be despised, provided it is used as a means of making the world wiser and happier.

Having gone thus far in the way of introducing myself to the critical reader on the anniversary of my seventy-third birthday, considering my youth, I am disposed to go a step further by declaring I've never believed in the adage which advises a young man to become an old man early if he wishes to be an old man long. Rather would I be an old man for a short length of time than to become an old man before I was one. Of middle-age, old, young men the world has already more than an ample sufficiency. They are to be found here, there and everywhere, ready to

give up the battle of life at fifty, while others are moving smilingly along at eighty, happy in having won the good fight without a fortune awaiting them at their birth.

"The harvest of old age," as set forth by one of the wisest of the world's philosophers, "is the recollection and abundance of blessings previously secured; riches that may be spent prudently; honors that may be courted without self-flattery or personal egotism; pleasures that may be enjoyed within reason, and last but not least, good health wherewith to perform the functions of the body." Add to these, one other, "character." And here let the boys of Lancaster copy the following, frame it, and hang it over the doors of their rooms to be repeated daily: "When wealth is lost, something is lost; when health is lost, something more is lost, but when character is lost, all is lost." If, in the foregoing, I have indulged myself in a few common-place trites on a birthday anniversary, as a lesson not at all times profited by the autobiographer, this is a privilege we feel sure will be accorded to one of my time of life.

Drawing again on the storehouse of memory, what a flood of reminiscences loom up, recalling scores of friends long since passed from life's busy stage! Friends! Let this word sink deep into the hearts of the young; they are of all earthly things first to be sought; always present, shut out of no place; never out of season; never forgetful of one's wants in time of distress, unless we of our own volition prove ourselves unworthy. Cling, then, religiously to your

youthful companions, my boys, and when they are no more, revere their memories as of more value than all the riches of the Indies. Other new-made friends may turn you the cold shoulder, but the friendships formed in early life will ever linger as fresh and green in memory as the thoughts of a mother's love. Yea, the few yet living, as old age comes on, will cling to you like the trailing arbutus to its native heath. In time, you will begin to wonder how they have dwindled to so few in number, leaving you either to become a recluse or to seek new friendships. This may be a little difficult for the pessimistic "old fellow," but for the man or woman with whom age don't count, it's the secret of a long, happy life. "He who looks upon a true friend," runs another axiom, "looks as it were upon a kind of image of himself."

In this degenerate age, how happily were all, old and young, to act in accordance with the following:

"There's a maxim that all should be willing to mind;  
'Tis an old one, a kind one, and as true as 'tis kind;  
'Tis worthy of notice wherever you roam,  
And no worse for the heart if remembered at home:  
If scandal or censure be raised 'gainst a friend,  
Be the last to believe it—the first to defend!  
Say, to-morrow will come—and then time will unfold,  
That one story's good, till another is told."

For quiet, peaceful reading, remember "There's a definite career in life, and to each epoch its own peculiar period has been assigned so that, in the feebleness of childhood, in the stateliness of fixed manhood, as well as in the maturity of old age, each has something

natural which should be enjoyed in its own way and time."

In thus rambling 'round in my endeavor to catch the thread of the narrative so soon to follow, I am making no ignoble confession in declaring the date of my birth. Unlike so many of my bachelor acquaintances, I have never kept the old family Bible hidden away in some secluded nook, out of reach of the more inquisitive, only to have my age appear later in the obituary column of the daily newspaper. For after all what matters it: a man is just as old as he feels; a woman, as she looks. And God bless the aged women! With them there are scores of ways of robbing old age of its terrors: pleasing associations, a happy, contented disposition, a smiling countenance; added to these womanly virtues, dress becoming maturity, a willingness to give a little of one's surplus wealth to the poor and needy, and we have even at ninety a most lovable personage, ever to be admired, always to be respected, especially if she happen to be an old grandmother. And since we come to think it over, what would home be anyway without a cheerful old grandmother to attend to the wants of the grandchildren!

Oh, yes! the old grand-pap may be tolerated as so much household rubbish, but the dear old grandmother! Let then the old throw off the mask of deception, and on each birthday anniversary call for congratulations; these will be showered without stint, and the nearer the century mark, the more hearty will be the felicitations.

Be my own gait a little slow, the hair as white as snow, the twinkle of my eye, as I take the youngest on my knee, has lost none of its former brightness. The old heart in my bosom beats with the same tenderness for childhood as in the days of the long ago when, as a teacher on the "hill," I sported with the lads on the playground, only to gather them 'round me in the school room there to instill into their young minds such precepts as a future life of usefulness might require. If then, a jolly young pedagogue was I, to become less than a jolly old father at my three-score and ten, would be to confess that age has made me a pretty old man!

Still searching here and there for a suitable beginning for the narrative, I can rejoice with others born in the goodly month of February of whatever year that this, the shortest month of the twelve, has earned for itself the proud distinction of having sent into the world a Lowell, Longfellow, Mendelssohn, Galileo, Dickens, Handel, Wagner, Edison and others too numerous to mention. Coming to those of national reputation, we find William Henry Harrison, born on the ninth; with that of the illustrious Abraham Lincoln, on the twelfth, to be followed by George Washington, the father of his country, on the twenty-second of this historic month of glorious old February. Surely then, one who makes no claim to greatness, has something for which to be thankful to be able to say he was thrown into such good company.

Of the number of patriotic Americans who could point with becoming pride to 1837, as the year of

his birth, among the last, with name embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen, was Grover Cleveland, twice elected president by a liberty-loving people, whom he so patriotically served.

Another moment with this winter month, known as the shortest of the calendar year. It stands pre-eminently first, owing largely to the many Scriptural and secular observances for which it has ever stood conspicuous in the world's history. Thus, with the passing of January comes Candlemas, the festival of the Purification; and the announcement of the Ground-hog, the Weather Bureau's rival, that he is abroad in the land; at times to stay, at others that, having seen his shadow, has gone back to his snug winter quarters there to enjoy another six weeks of his Rip Van Winkle sleep, much to the disappointment of the young girls who, with their many sizes and shapes of spring hats, had been looking forward to a pleasant Easter morn.

Following this prognosticator of one's peace of mind, comes the season of Lent. Nor is this to end the month's festival days; for, on the fourteenth comes St. Valentine's Day, on which all young hearts are made glad in the hope of receiving a souvenir in the shape of a carefully-shaped missive, which has seldom failed to come along in the middle of February, with its storm-clouds charged with hail or snow, turning the sidewalks into skating rinks for the edification of the boys and girls, whose gymnastic evolutions must be tolerated as among the many other necessary inconveniences. In lieu of these out-door winter sports, the in-door, artificial skaters on "rollers" fill



ABE MILLER

Мэдү

the rinks, as they swing their partners, not unlike the boys used to their sweethearts on the improvised platform over at Rocky Springs before the trolley came to take the place of the omnibus. Years have gone by since it rolled its way out Rockland street, thence through the covered bridge, close by where the boy Fulton steered his flat-bottom scow, and nearby where yet stands the homestead which gave shelter to General Hand, of Revolutionary fame.

Well, well! getting along pretty smoothly for a beginning, say you not, my old-timers, who have not forgotten the famous "Miller String Band?" Am I opening your storehouse of memory to "Abe," as he called out, in a drawling monotone, "Swing your partners! Gentlemen to the right, ladies to the left!"

Not to cause the few living "old veterans" to be limbering up their joints in boarding a trolley, in imitation of the present generation in tripping the light fantastic to the music of polkas and waltzes, instead of the old-time "Virginia Reel," the "Lancers," "Fisher's Hornpipe," ending with the "Devil's Dream," it is to new Rocky Springs the tide of young is pressing its way.

And, oh, my! how old "Rocky" has changed! Why, it has become Lancaster's "New Midway," a second "Coney Island," with the "Figure Eight" and "Air-Ship" doing service amid the glare of the myriads of electric lights and other amusements never dreamed of a half century ago.

On the Conestoga, where in our day the crude row-boat catered to the pleasures of old and young, we

find the metal motor-boat gliding majestically along beneath the over-hanging branches of willow and sycamore, which yet stand in all their old-time ruggedness linking the past with the present. If, then, we old fellows are back-numbers to "Old Rocky," why deny us the pleasure of recalling the time when we were the whole "push?"

Who, if may be asked, ever thought of visiting "Indian Hill" fifty years ago except on an occasional ramble? Now, known as "Williamson's Park," it has become one of the most delightful retreats. Up from the topmost peak the eye takes in, as the sun sets itself to rest, a view not to be excelled the world over. Here is "Old Dame Nature" catering to all who love a day's outing where peace and rest may be enjoyed at the least possible expense.

Growing a little sentimental on a birthday anniversary? Yes, growing yearly in closer touch with "country life," in doing what Goethe once upon a time said every man, woman and child must do with their whole mind, heart and soul—"quicken into new life those deeper human instincts which can never view a landscape unless moved by the consciousness that within and surrounding Nature's handicraft is God's unseen hand."

Getting back to the town, recalls what the great Luther so aptly remarked once upon a time: "The glory and strength of a city does not depend so much on its great mansions, upon its well-paved streets, as upon its learned, serious, kind and well-educated citizens." To quote him further: "Till seven, we do

nothing but eat, sleep, drink and play; from seven till twenty-one, we work a little; then labor till fifty, when we become children again." If, then, there be any logic in the foregoing reasoning, there are two kinds of children in Pennsylvania, if not in Lancaster: those still under parental authority, and those possibly, who deserve to be, if their good deeds are to be judged by their liberality of spirit. And here, the pertinent question arises: "What have we as citizens done to make Lancaster better, greater and artistically more beautiful?"

## CHAPTER II.

### CHILDHOOD DAYS—WE REMOVE TO LEESBURG, VA. EASTER AND CHRISTMAS IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

HAVING partaken of a sumptuous birthday anniversary dinner, prepared by one who, for more than a third of a century, has proved herself the young-old man's most devoted friend and help-mate, I light a fragrant Havana, manufactured from the Lancaster county home-crop. Happy! Words fail to express my pent-up emotions as the family group of three sons and two daughters, the younger a girl of fifteen, with arms around her father's neck, and a loving kiss upon his forehead, as in the innocence of her girlhood, she plays with a few strands of gray "Old Father Time" has permitted to remain.

An old man at seventy-three! What a libel on that most delightful of all the seasons, the autumn of life, for one, with few regrets for the years that have gone nor anxious longings for their return! "Of course, of course," I keep thinking, "this bright-eyed homebody is too young to remember her papa's first daguerreotype taken at the age of seventeen, away back in '54, on the third floor of the Kramph building." It was then I was prone to consider this memento in its little black case as fair for any young miss of sixteen to look upon as were the many others which embellished the walls of the late Jack Johnston's



WILLIAM RIDDELL, AT AGE 73

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studio. And even at this household reunion, it carries with it a charm with which none of my later photographs can compare. Reproduced as a frontispiece, who would ever dare appropriate it except to pass it off as his own?

And now, with a "red rose," the emblem of city and county, pinned upon the lapel of my coat, I am permitted, by common consent, to give myself up to an examination of birthday-anniversary presents.

"Oh, glory!" I exclaim, as alone I glance over the center-table. Coming to the last, I am puzzled to know just what the package contains, wrapped so carefully with ribbon—band of red, white and blue. "No sweatmeats in this!" I articulate, as I dangle it at arm's length. "Red, white and blue—patriotic colors! nothing slow about this!" I continue to soliloquize, removing one layer after another. At last, at last, my eyes behold a box of fragrant "Manillas," from the far-away Philippines, with label indicating that they had been admitted free of duty by the government custom-house officials.

Lighting one and throwing the smoke in graceful ringlets over my head, I begin to enjoy the flavor as I compare the aroma with that of the first "rattail" I had ever smoked, at the age of ten, over on the Lime Street Bridge, when a big, round copper cent went pretty far along the lines of economy. Do I remember this my first experience with the insidious "weed?" Well, well, never mind, my boys, you won't have long to wait; maybe, later on, if all goes right, the auto-biographer may be persuaded into making a con-

fession of the health-giving effects of his first "smoke."

And now, after a short hour's nap, I am all the better prepared to launch forth on the evolution of the narrative which, while of little interest to those who seldom read other than the base-ball news, may yet prove none the less interesting to the town and county's "serious, kind and well-educated citizens."

Among the first of my childhood recollections were the moral and religious precepts daily set forth by my sainted mother; some to be observed and profited by; others, to fall by the wayside, like good seed sown upon stony soil. And yet, if all did not take deep root, producing their full measure, I have had good cause to rejoice that all didn't go in one ear and out the other.

With this slight tribute to one who has long since passed away in the fulness of her years, it may be said that my three brothers died during early infancy, leaving an only son to manage three girls, one older, the others younger than myself. Thus the passing of the boys goes to prove the truth of the adage, "The good die young."

As I was to learn at a later day, I was born nearly opposite the First Presbyterian Church, on the sixteenth of February, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and thirty-seven. At the time of my advent, little occurred to disturb the town's equilibrium, for the reason possibly that, during this somewhat early period, there was no "Board of Health," compelling doctors to make returns of all new-comers. To this oversight may be attributed the apparent slow growth

of the town, which at this epoch contained a population of something less than eight thousand, according to the returns of the census enumerator.

From such data as I have been able to gather, it was in '41 we moved from Orange to one of the new brick houses on the east side of North Lime street, south of the bridge which crosses the "deep cut," as the railroad was called at this point. Beginning at Chestnut, the turnpike, after crossing the bridge, turned directly to the right, then to the left, passing the Lancaster Cemetery, which was laid out in either '49 or '50. Prior to this time, singular as it may seem to those younger in years, this "city of the dead" was devoted to the raising of corn, wheat and other farm-products.

North of the Lime and Shippen street bridges were what were known as the "Hensel" and "Bobby" Fultz's orchards, in which grew the luscious fruits of all kind and variety, from the rambo, smokehouse, belleflower, pound-apple, to the much-despised grindstone, which, on being dug up from its burial place, in the late spring, proved so mellow and appetizing.

After Lime Street was opened from the bridge to Lemon, along in the early fifties, Mr. Jacob Drucker-miller built the first house on the west side, midway between the bridge and Lemon. Directly facing our house, where the Traction Company's freight station stands, was a brewery vault, in which were stored, deep down underground, the immense hogsheads of lager and strong beer. In the rear of this ungainly structure was the large frame carpenter shop of Mr.

Jacob Hensel, in which all work was done by hand, instead of by machinery, as at the present day.

Aside from these diverting thoughts, there is one other that must ever remain green in memory, not to be overlooked if a true and faithful chronicle of events is to follow. How can I forget when, at the age of seven, father summoned the family group into his presence and told us that he had been requested by the late William Kirkpatrick to take charge of a manufacturing industry in the town of Leesburg, Virginia! Where this place was located, whether a hundred or a thousand miles distant, we children little knew and cared less; that we were to leave Lancaster, not in a steam car, but in a carriage, seemed all-sufficient. We were going to move. This in itself had a peculiar fascination, as it usually has for the young, without any preconceived ideas of what a "flitting" actually means. Only father and mother could at the time feel that the parting from old friends had a significance scarcely apparent to those younger in years.

In order to aid the boys in looking over the maps of their geographies, one April morning after being crowded into a large carriage, we bade the town a final farewell, with feelings that we were never more to return. It was not, however, until we had reached "Old St. James" that mother burst into tears at the thought of leaving church and pastor, the Rev. Samuel Bowman, whose frequent visits to our house had endeared him to one and all.

It is then, with the deepest reverence, a few words



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may be said for one we all so dearly loved. Rev. Bowman was a most lovable personage; he was more: he was one of God's earthly disciples sent to comfort the meek and lowly. Once a week regularly, amid storm and sunshine, he would sit reading a chapter out of the old family Bible, then all kneeling, would come one of his fervent prayers which, if little understood by those younger in years, never failed to make a deep, lasting impression on the very heart and soul of our indulgent mother, whose prayers went daily up to Him Who giveth all things to those who trust in His goodness and mercy.

Passing this heart-felt tribute, not without a keen sense of its meaning, we knew Dr. Bowman as a lad; we knew him as we grew in years, as he walked the streets in company with his bosom-friends, Father Keenan and "Pappy" Baker. These "three in one," although of different faith, were bound together by the closest ties of intimacy, socially and religiously. Nor indeed were their spheres in life limited to the personal; hand in hand, they went their way, as three good Samaritans, inspired only by those higher and holier motives—the elevation of mankind to a broader conception of man's humanity to man. Sad as it may seem, it was in the early sixties that the tick of the instrument brought the news that Doctor Bowman had met an unexpected death while walking along the railroad near the present town of Oil City.

And now to our journey to Leesburg. What direction we took after leaving Lancaster I had at the time no means of knowing, But later, as we crossed the

camel-back bridge spanning the Susquehanna at Harrisburg, I for the first time began to realize what leaving home actually meant, with the great expanse of water beneath. Later I was overcome with a feeling of fear and curiosity as we reached the Potomac at the Point of Rocks, and where, to my horror, we were landed on a flat boat, horse and carriage, with its load of human freight.

Arriving safe on the other side, on we went for a distance of more than thirty miles. At last, tired and weary of the long journey, we drew up in front of an unpretentious, two-story frame dwelling, already furnished with such articles of furniture as the stores of the town could best afford.

If my mind, even now, is incapable of picturing Leesburg as it existed long years before the war, I wasn't, at the age of seven, incapable of appreciating the myriads of Spring flowers which grew before the house in all their beauty. Up and around the windows and door twined the honeysuckle, while back in the yard bloomed the peach and apricot, at all times so tempting to the average boy as he glances up at the ripened fruit so near yet so far.

As memory recalls, in addition to the flowers everywhere in evidence, it was the strangeness of the surroundings that caused my first spell of home-sickness. The excitement attending the long journey having subsided, it took what only a mother's caressing could do to keep the tears from flowing thick and fast as my thoughts drifted back to "Old Lancaster." At last the "spell" was broken as the village people

came ready with open arms to welcome to their midst those who had come from the far North. For, in those early times before the steam engine had reached Leesburg, a family of strangers was so out of the usual as to attract the attention of old and young. Fortunately, as father's mission was in no way connected with politics, our reception was all that could have been expected. What it might have been had his name been associated with any of the "Down East" Abolitionists, the writer has no means of knowing.

Before leaving Lancaster, to the best of my recollection, I had never seen a colored person, nor had I become familiar with the negro melodies I was later to hear Mr. Joe Rattee's slaves sing to the music of the banjo. Night after night, during the long summer evenings, they would gather in little groups before our house. And while I have long since forgotten the words to many of these simple refrains, they unconsciously burst forth at moments when least expected, showing how impressions made upon the mind and heart in boyhood yet cling down through the after years of one's life.

As my playmates were my three sisters, with a few of the neighbors' children to make merry over, all my adventures, with a few exceptions, occurred in and around the home. One of the most unfortunate was, when I was set upon by an unruly old gander. That I came out second best in the battle, a solution of goose-grease well applied gave immediate relief as a counter irritant. What actually became of this disturber of my otherwise peaceful moments I have

no means of knowing. But as age with ganders don't count, the probability is that during a contemplated visit to this conservative hamlet, the first to give his old friend a hearty welcome will be Mr. Gander.

Following this my most serious adventure came others, the most pleasing of which was on a lovely Easter morning when, crawling under a fence into a field of deepest green, I discovered a half dozen beautifully-colored eggs. Oh! how my young heart beat with rapture at the thought of how a Virginia bunnie had not forgotten to remember a little tot who had come so many miles to pay her his respects. But my sisters were not to be slighted; in other secluded nooks they, too, were delighted to find their share of golden-colored eggs to make merry over on this glorious Easter morning. Never since have I enjoyed these Easter-day offerings with more inward satisfaction. Before the day had closed came the little colored urchins with baskets filled with eggs of variegated colors. And it was from these bright-eyed woolly-heads I learned to use the small, speckled guinea egg to good effect in an "end-to-end" contest with the ordinary kind. Held tightly in hand, there could be but one result, the winning over of the common kind, not excepting the duck, goose or turkey egg. Of course, at the age of seven, I was too young to catch on to the numerous other games then in vogue among the larger boys in the village of Leesburg, as well as over in Lancaster, where, notwithstanding my departure, as I was later to learn, games of all kinds had continued with uninterrupted regularity. But as I wasn't there to take a hand in directing my

former cronies in the *modus operandi* of hopscotch, marbles, kite-flying, corner and town-ball, and last, though not least, "shinny," the reader must bear with a few more of a young Virginian's escapades, as a reminder to the lads of this twentieth century that, sitting on the "grand stand" on a cold day over at base-ball grounds in watching the players isn't getting the most out of their boyhood life.

Well, with the passing of early spring came the glorious "Fourth," but there were no firing of crackers, no booming of cannon such as had fallen on my ears over in old Lancaster. This, according to custom, was reserved for the incoming Christmas, and when it came, what a commotion! We children were all ready to retire when a rap at the front door admitted two "belsnickles," leaning on their staffs, dressed in dashing, flashing colors, with faces encased in masks such as more than one other boy has since observed on a Christmas eve. Frightened almost out of our wits, we children went searching 'round for the nearest avenue of escape, which at this trying moment was behind our mother's chair. Ah! but when they began to strew the big horsey-cakes, nuts and candies over the floor, I was the first to scramble forth, fearful lest I should fail to get my full honest share of the many goodies. And here it may be admitted that in this rush my grasping spirit first began to assert itself. As a gentle reminder that I wasn't the only "pebble on the beach," I was given a gentle tap on the head with one of the long poles, the result of which, while it didn't cause me to disgorge what was sufficient

to serve the inner-boy for a week, had the effect of restraining my impetuosity in making me more considerate for the feelings of others more modestly disposed.

Making due allowance for this scrambling propensity in boys to be grasping everything in sight, the same to-day as in "ye olden time," after two years' residence in the "Old Dominion," who should come riding into the village but William Kirkpatrick on his ever faithful roadster, with saddle-bags behind. His long, green leggings, strapped securely 'round his lower extremities, presented a picture to my youthful imagination long to be remembered. And yet it was only the usual custom to cover long distances at or before the time of railroads.

Without running largely into biography, it may be said from such intimate acquaintance as I had formed later with this, the first manufacturer of threshing machines in the county of Lancaster, that "Billy" Kirkpatrick, as he was familiarly called, was, in many respects a remarkable man, not only as a leader of the town's industrial life, but as a citizen of irreproachable character. Active in politics, first as a Whig, later as a Republican, he served the last years of his life as Street Commissioner.

His first place of business was on the north side of Chestnut street, near Market, removing later in the rear of the late David Stauffer's residence, on East Orange street, where he continued business until the breaking out of the war. During the many years of his active career there was seldom a time he wasn't

hard pressed financially. As his sales were always direct with farmers, he was compelled to be absent for weeks on a collecting tour. Unlike to-day, there were no "middle men" to handle his machinery, nor had the day of checks come fully into vogue.

As only the very few can bear witness, it was no uncommon thing for his workmen, laboring for a dollar a day, to sit well into midnight awaiting his return, and then be compelled to accept a dollar bill to do the marketing the morning following. As every State bank had its own currency, what a time had his brother Ephraim between sneezes (for he was an inveterate sneezer) to be searching the Bank Directory in ascertaining what notes were good, bad or at a discount. Only too frequently workmen were compelled to accept orders for their wood, flour and other necessaries. Trade unions and half-holidays being unknown, many of the best mechanics were compelled to accept such wages as would be beneath the notice of the average boot-black of the present day.

William Kirkpatrick on this visit had a sad story to relate; times the country over, instead of growing better, were growing worse, compelling him to close his Leesburg plant.

As every cause must have its effect, a short sketch of results following President Jackson's administration, beginning in '29 and ending in the memorable year '37, may serve to recall what John Quincy Adams declared, that "without a dollar of national debt, the government was in the midst of national bankruptcy."

Jackson's presidency of eight years stood without

a parallel as one of rapid growth and great prosperity throughout the entire country. Canals had been opened, steamboats were running on the Great Lakes and Western rivers, and the whistle of the locomotive was beginning to be heard beyond the Alleghanies. Indeed, so impressed was Jackson with the fruits of his eight years of office, that he was overheard to say, "I leave this great people prosperous and happy."

However, in less than thirty days after Martin Van Buren had assumed the duties of the office, business failures in the city of New York reached the enormous sum of one hundred million dollars. With this, banks began to fail, and the difficulty of getting gold or silver became so great that even the United States government had to pay the army and navy in paper money, which, if it chanced to be good to-day, might be worthless tomorrow.

Everywhere in all parts of the country factories and mills came to a standstill, throwing thousands of workmen out of employment. As many of the states had borrowed large sums of money in Europe for the building of roads, canals and railways, it was with difficulty they could raise sufficient money to pay the interest. In 1830 the total debt for these improvements was only thirteen millions; seven years later it had risen to nearly two hundred millions.

For this chaotic condition there were three chief causes: First, after Jackson had refused to re-charter the United States Bank, a flood of state banks sprang into existence; second, the ease with which the people had borrowed money led to wide speculation in land,

leading buyers to purchase town lots at enormous prices in Western "cities" that had no existence except on paper. As a result, the government began to call in the gold and silver which it had deposited in certain "pet" state banks, refusing at the same time to sell any more public land except for hard cash. As a result, property of all kind fell in price; banks could neither redeem their bills, collect debts, nor pay them; thence followed the crash.

Such were the conditions that brought "Billy" Kirkpatrick to Leesburg. Along in the middle forties, with the closing of Harrison and Tyler's administration, after learning of these hard times which were still being felt, we had but one of two alternatives, either to remain in Leesburg or to drift back to Lancaster, the very thought of which, when it became a reality, began to bring cheer to one and all. "We are going back to dear old St. James," came the heart-felt response of mother, as she gathered us all around her.

That she never at any time felt reconciled to the change was not owing to a want of kindness on the part of the people of Leesburg. No; far from it! But the elderly parson, as I can see him yet, with his long-tail coat buttoned up in front to hide his yard-in-length beard, was not the kind of a parson to take the place of the much-beloved Bowman. Being of the "Holy-Roller" Methodistic faith, he was as loud in household devotion as he was when standing back of the pulpit exhorting the mourners to come forward. And while not a believer in the Millerite scare

which had swept like an avalanche over the village during our first summer's sojourn, he was at all times ready to predict Hades as the place for all who refused to conform to his own peculiar religious convictions. He had one redeeming trait, he seldom missed calling 'round to partake of a good dinner, oftentimes remaining over for the evening repast. Often since have I been reminded of the old adage, "a lean nag for a long race." Where this goodly divine managed to store the quantity of substantials of one meal, always being ready for the next, he never could be persuaded to tell. As for birthday anniversaries—these he never missed. And never within my mother's recollection was he known to offer congratulations in any other way than in one of his long-drawn-out prayers, which always had the effect of putting us children to sleep behind the ten-plate wood-stove in the shortest time possible. On one occasion in particular, on seeing him coming, I deliberately crawled into the wood-box, instructing my eldest sister to sit upon the lid until he had departed. That I was finally drawn out, half suffocated, was not owing to prayer so much as to mother's watchful eye.

Another episode occurring in Leesburg at the time has to do with the pestiferous crow, whose depredations had caused a small reward to be placed upon his head by either the local or state authorities. Their favorite roosting place was on a nearby hill, covered with scrub-oak, cedar and other indigenous growth.

Besides the many others who took pure delight in going forth to reap a harvest at crow-shooting was an outlandish specimen of the back country, of grotesque

appearance, wearing a suit of what was known as "slouch-cloth," or common bagging. His equipment, apart from a leather apron and otter cap, which resembled the steeple of the meeting-house, consisted of a small woodchuck's skin, sewed together in the form of a bag, partly filled with buckshot; an oxhorn with powder, and an old rusty gun about seven feet in length from the muzzle to the breach, and which had possibly come over on one of Columbus' first Dutch ships.

Passing along the main street, he was interrogated by one of the wags as to what regiment he belonged to. "I belong to no regiment," came the reply, as he fired his blunderbus over the head of the inquisitive bystander. "To what company do you belong?" "To no company." "Then where in the devil do you belong, and what are you doing here"? "Dang, twisted," said the fellow, "I don't belong anywhere, I am fighting crows on my own hook, gosh, hang it!" And away he went to the hill with his rusty carbine, only to return later with the inside of his slouchcloth bagging filled with crows' heads.

Only once since have I seen his equal, and that was poor Jimmy McClune, who used to visit the Tucquan camp on the Susquehanna; and where on a stump he would sit by the hour, playing on his one-string fiddle for a few stray pennies which fell into his coffers. That "Jimmy's music had charms to soothe the savage ear," was apparent alone to "Conny," who would linger by his side a whole night through in a drowsy, sleepy attitude. But we are drifting.

And here, as a fitting close to this chapter, an epi-

sode may be related that goes far in linking the present with the past. Father, at the time of our residence in Leesburg, had invented a new corn-sheller, and after completing a model, went his way on horseback to the city of Washington with the new device strapped to his side. Being anxious for the trip, I was allowed to ride behind. What occurred on our arrival I do not remember. But on our return I was to learn that he had received papers entitling him to lay exclusive claim to the new device.

And now, what might seem as a coincidence: it was some forty years later, while on a visit to Washington to view the remains of the much-lamented Garfield, that I happened to enter the storage-room of the patent office, and it was while strolling here and there among the innumerable number of models of every imaginable shape, kind and variety, that my eyes instinctively took in the crude device stored there so many years before by one who at that time imagined he was to reap a fortune out of the new patent sheller.

Since then I have often thought of the many devices from which no returns have come to reward the patentee for the worry and labor bestowed on them. And yet if only the very few have reaped a rich harvest, the ultimate good to the world at large, and to the United States in particular, is beyond estimate. From the first small beginnings, down to this year 1910, with drawings taking the place of the crude, manufactured model, the world has at last seen the "dirigible" sailing majestically along as the inventor sits looking down over the heads of the astonished multitude.

### CHAPTER III.

#### BACK TO LANCASTER—FIRST LOCOMOTIVE—SCHOOL DAYS—ANDY BLUE.

**A**ND now, to our homeward journey! Homeward bound! Has the writer touched a tender chord in the heart of the traveler as he steps aboard a liner on the other side of the great "Divide," only too glad to get but a glimpse of his native land? If it's always a pleasure to get away for a month or two, how much more delightful to be able to exclaim, "Home again!"

Contrast, if you please, the difference in the mode of travel between six decades ago and the present, when an automobile or a steam engine can cover the distance in one-tenth the time. In this advanced age of hustle and bustle, when one may reach the North Pole, or go around the world without attracting more than passing attention, a description of our return trip would seem to be a waste of time and energy. However, a narrative once begun is not unlike a vessel starting for a foreign port, it must reach its destination or go down beneath the waves.

Accustomed by this time to jogging along in making use of my eyes, it wasn't long until we had reached for the second time the Potomac. And it was while taking supper at an inn on the Maryland side that my eldest sister came running, saying, "Come, come and see the steam cars." Rushing to the door, I beheld for the first time a monster locomotive puffing

its way over the rails. As I distinctly remember, the engine had no cab, nor were the cars like those I have since seen passing through the "deep-cut." Several were not unlike those of an overland stage-coach, except that these were strung together, one behind the other. Added were a few open cars without any protection from the sparks of the "wood-burner."

Although I had lived for a year or two within a stone's throw of the Lime Street Bridge, I had never seen a train nor could I recall when the motive-power was the horse, in drawing the cars maybe at a dog-trot from Philadelphia to Columbia.

Passing for the present much of local history relating to early railroading, it may be said that after many inconveniences we once more reached "Old St. James." It was then I heard mother exclaim, "Thank God, we are once more back in dear, old Lancaster!" It is, then, in no way strange that old Lancaster has ever been dear to the young-old man's heart, with early impressions seldom to be effaced.

Little could I imagine as we landed at the door of the same Lime Street house from which we had departed two years before, that I was so soon to become the hero among the boys of my own age. That the weekly newspapers made no mention of our arrival was largely owing to the fact that the twentieth-century reporter hadn't as yet been discovered. With the boys, however, I was "it," for the good and sufficient reason that I had traveled "some;" had passed twice through the camel-back bridge spanning the Susquehanna, whose width, according to my descrip-

tion, differed little from its length. But what mattered it? Beyond, I had gone through miles of unexplored territory, crossing the Potomac, a name scarcely one of the town's kids of my age had ever heard of, except what had been told them by the High School boys who had gone through Peter Parley's geography, without knowing whether the earth was round, square or flat.

As this is my golden opportunity to set forth what has hitherto failed to appear in the last "Obituary" Volume—a few of my earlier escapades, I must ask the reader's indulgence while I describe some of the encomiums bestowed upon my youthful self, all without having as much as thrown out a hint that I was at all desirous of honors, such as have only too frequently been heaped upon the heads of others by colleges and universities with the implied understanding that on their demise a liberal allowance will be set apart for the base- or foot-ball team. In one respect I've been fortunate, for the reason that it isn't well that too many good things should come early in life.

Well, be this as it may, owing to my having gone where others had never dared to venture for fear of being gobbled up by spooks, hobgoblins and kidnappers, I was, at the age of nine, ornamented with the distinguished title of "Commodore!" Why I was the only one of a coterie of street urchins to receive this "sea-fighting" honor can only be accounted for on the assumption that I had personally met George Washington, "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," over in the city that

bore his distinguished name. The crossing of Mason and Dixon's line had caused me to be looked upon as a second Robinson Crusoe or a Marcus Polo, the former being the first book on travel I had ever read, and may be said to have been largely responsible for stimulating the scope of my youthful imagination as a descriptive story teller.

For a time I bore the title of "Commodore" with becoming modesty, never once thinking of entering the navy. And being an only son, to have entered the army during the war of Rebellion, might have been disastrous to my three sisters, whom I felt it my duty to stand by in war and peace. Then birthday anniversaries couldn't be overlooked.

With this satisfactory reason, to which no old veteran will enter his protest, after "Commodore" came from my old friend "Jere," that of "Judge," followed by "Squire," "Captain." As none of these titles had any salary attached, I fell back on "Professor," changing it to that of "teacher-instructor," and even these I have managed to outlive. "Honorable" is an appendage I was equally fortunate in escaping, for the reason that I have never been mayor, nor a member of the Legislature. Not to become too forgetful, there is still one other title, that of "Uncle." Ah! how very pleasing in one's old age to be designated "Uncle" by "Conny" on entering the "Hamilton" for a julep of mint and cracked ice! But withal, our genial bachelor friend never committed the unpardonable sin of designating poor me with the title of "Grand-pap," for the reason, no doubt, that I'm

still on the sunny side of life. Why, it's the surest sign that you're getting old! Then to be met on the street with, "How's the kid, old man?" You may smile for the darling's sake, but when surrounded by a half-dozen or more hanging 'round your neck, saying, "Oh, grandpa, won't you take us to the picture show, to the circus or to Rocky Springs?" Then to be everlastingly reminded of birthday anniversaries, after your last dollar has gone into a Nova Scotia copper mine or into "Wireless," with promises to pay at the coming of the Millennium!

But to get back to my return from Leesburg. As the result of my having traveled "some," I was taken into the best families, if not into a "dime museum," where I was only too willing to tell of the many strange people I had seen on my travels, of all sizes, shapes and colors, excepting possibly the red men of the great Western plains.

Without drawing too fine a point between the other boys and myself, I usually managed to stick pretty close to facts when in the presence of older heads, and never once did I claim to have crossed the three-thousand miles of ocean on the one side, nor the overland route to the Pacific, on the other. Yes, while visiting 'round, I managed to follow pretty close in the footsteps of George Washington, for the reason that "George" and I were both born in the same month of glorious old February. If, up to this time I had never owned a little hatchet, it was owing to the reason that there were no "ten-cent" Woolworth stores ready to supply a "Commodore" with hatchets

sufficient to hack to pieces all the cherry-trees in the town. But as I recall, the boys in the forties and fifties were not so much given to "hacking" as to looking after the delicious "bull-hearts" which grew on the tree back of old Dan Wernts's blacksmith shop.

Over on the Lime Street Bridge, where the Sabbath-school lads used to congregate, I was the center of attraction, as each of my "greenies" stood with eyes and mouth wide open ready to absorb the many wonderful tales I had woven into all kind of fantastic shapes. As was usually the case, all the big copper cents that weren't gobbled up by the undertaker for his gruesome purpose, went into the coffers of "Mammy" Haggerty for "small-beer," "ginger-horses" and "paddy-cakes", as a reward for their youthful companion's tales, and which, to the "greenies," were as mystifying as they were entertaining. As has already been said, Peter Parley simply "wasn't in it."

And now, after these many years, I am surprised how many of these paddy cakes could be crowded into a boy's stomach without bringing on an attack of acute indigestion. Why, if the olden-time doctors had been as wise as those of this twentieth century, the writer might long since have been operated upon for appendicitis with such results as have usually followed.

Having for the second time whetted the appetites of the city boys, how can I well forego mention of poor little Andy Blue! "Andy" was nearly as broad as long, with a mouth extending from ear to ear.

Whether paddy-cakes were made for this porpoise-shaped urchin, or "Andy" for this nutritious mixture of molasses and walnut kernels, we know not. But we remember "Andy's" reaching school with a round dozen as his stock in trade. Unfortunately, before he could manage to get away with more than a limited number, the second ring of the bell came as a warning that those remaining were to be stored away somewhere; and as the safest place was into his trousers' pocket, down they went without a thought of what was to happen once the fermentation began to bear fruit.

And now, my hungry lads, if I may arouse your sympathy, in your imagination glance into the school upon the "innocent" Andy, as he stands before the red-hot stove with second reader in one hand, the other deep down in the taffy's vice-like grip. It's an awful moment, bringing tears to the eyes of the on-lookers. Ah! but watch his contortions as the irritable old pedagogue thunders forth, "Take the book in your right hand, Andy, and in noway be slow about it."

At last, at last, with one determined effort to release the erring hand, out comes a mixture of slate pencils, a barlow-knife and other odds and ends, all woven and interwoven with the lining of his pocket and fingers, and so welded together as to make the separation of the "paddy" from the conglomerate mass next to an impossibility. No, no! It'll never do to revive old-time customs; these mixtures have had their day, the same as the "love letters" our genial

doctor-friend used to wrap so carefully in his father's candy store, nearly opposite where the Shober inn used to stand, and wherein "Money" used to cater to the incoming hosts at a time before the trolley and auto had taken the place of the numerous traps strung along the streets, giving the town a Whitmonday appearance.

Making due allowance, as we feel sure the reader will, for a little over-indulgence of boyish pranks, to divert attention momentarily from the forties to a much later epoch, to where stood the "Eagle," my eyes take in the Young Men's Christian Association's artistically-proportioned structure. As somewhat of a coincidence, it was in "Temperance Hall," on December 9, 1869, that the Y. M. C. A. was organized, in the Kramph building, since removed to make room for the Traction Company's stately edifice. To pass it by without a thought of the lasting influence upon young manhood, would be to remain forgetful of the difference between the advantages of this twentieth century and that of six decades ago, when boys were supposed to paddle their own canoes without a thought of the turbulent sea over which they were drifting.

And as we further glance the city over, it would be singular indeed if we failed to take in the large brick building on the east side of South Queen where, so many years ago, Dr. Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg dealt out his big doses of calomel jalap for nearly every disease known to the medical fraternity. And, oh, my! what a wholesome mixture when forced down

a boy's throat on a pewter spoon! One single dose, whether for the tooth-ache or any one of the many other complaints, was sufficient to cause a second jalap to be given a wide range.

Blessed then be the women who years ago purchased this building for the uplifting of young womanhood. If, then, a generous support be given to the Young Men's Association, why not an equally liberal support to that of the Young Women's?

Along the same line of the educational are Lancaster's magnificent public school buildings, for the training of the young of the city, especially when compared with the long rows of one-story buildings which exist only in photographic portraiture. And yet in our boyhood days they were not to be despised on account of their crude, outward appearance. From within have gone forth men and women who in years gone by stood for all that gave the town character worthy the name Lancaster.

In addition to these new school buildings are our churches, of which, in 1830, there were but nine; which have increased in number, if not proportionately in attendance, in the same ratio with the city's population.

Apart from our hospitals and other charitable institutions, we have the new Stevens' Industrial School, the A. Herr Smith Library, just entering upon its first year of usefulness in educating the youth up to a high appreciation for such literature as is most needed in every well-regulated family. Westward, resting like an English palace amid rows of maples,

is the "Long Home" for indigent women, while beyond the city limits of two-miles square, is the "Long Park," adding pleasure, it is hoped, to thousands yet unborn.

Nor can we overlook Franklin and Marshall's magnificent buildings, standing midway between the "Home" and the "Park." If praise be given to a few of Lancaster's foremost citizens for their liberality, a debt of gratitude should not be withheld from certain non-resident students who, in glancing backward, have not forgotten their love for their Alma Mater in coming to its support with a generous endowment.

We first came to know Franklin and Marshall when it stood nearly opposite the Shippen School for young ladies, another most worthy enterprise, likewise deserving a generous support.

Growing optimistic? Well, isn't it better to rise on a February morning with cheerfulness of heart than to turn pessimist in predicting the town's going to the bad?



THE OLD COURT HOUSE

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## CHAPTER IV.

### LANCASTER IN THE 40'S—HENRY STIFF—CHARLIE BUCKRUM—JOHNNY ELLIOTT.

**I**N going back to my return from the "Old Dominion," let me draw a pen picture of the town Lancaster, when I, as a lad of nine, took my first stroll through the streets with a warning that I should be careful not to pass too far from the curb for fear of losing my kip boots, where, as had been said, a man on horseback had gone down a short time previous with only his broad-brim black-felt head gear remaining to mark the spot where he had so suddenly disappeared.

Having grown somewhat in length as well as in age, I was on the alert in noting everything new that came within my vision. If, then, a strange face loomed up, or another sleepy night-watchman placed on duty by the goodly mayor, Michael Carpenter, in lieu of one who had reached the century-mark, it wasn't that the town had changed sufficiently during the two previous years to cause me to lose my way in reaching the court-house, in Penn Square, considered then as now the "hub" around which has since centered the commercial life of the city.

Here, in '46, where the Soldiers' Monument stands, stood, until '51, as artistically-proportioned court-house as could be found anywhere in the Common-

wealth of Pennsylvania. Unfortunately, only a very few at this day can recall having seen this court of justice, with the date "1783" deeply indentured on its corner-stone. Like many another of the town's old-time buildings, a splendid drawing of this structure is reproduced in this volume.

And now, dear reader, to follow the writer in his description of this once-upon-a-time old landmark, may be to awaken within you a greater appreciation for "Old Lancaster," with a view of lending a helping hand in the making of it more beautiful and artistic. Here, as we stand close by Schaeffer's saddlery, we can see the clock hanging in the belfry and further up, the bell, sending hourly its ringing notes to the extremities of the town's four wards. Nor is the weather-vane, upon which the washerwomen looked for storm or sunshine, to be despised when compared with the present Weather Bureau's uncertain disclosures.

On election day might have been seen at each of its four corners the voters lined up in the casting of their ballots, with such results as have since followed at the twenty-seven or more precincts in this later day of improved municipal machinery.

Ah! but step within, and instead of tiled floor, electric lights and other costly decorations, your feet rest upon common English brick. To the right of the East King street entrance you find, perchance, sitting behind an improvised desk in a high-top chair, the learned, dignified judge, and before him a James Hopkins, Amos Ellmaker, William Jenkins, James Buchanan, John R. Montgomery, Emanuel Reigart,

Reah Frazer, George Barton, Henry C. Long, William B. Fordney, Washington Hopkins, Benjamin Champneys, George B. Porter, A. L. Hayes and maybe others, one or more of whom is pleading the cause of some poor defendant awaiting the verdict, as for months previous he might have been seen glancing through the iron bars of the old jail, at the corner of West King and Prince. From the bars above, by the letting down of a string, the boys would attach to its end a plug of tobacco to be only too thankfully received by the prisoner at the bar.

With scores of others, I was present at the jail's dismantlement, looked in upon the dungeon where, as tradition had given place to rumor, a lone convict had been forgotten and died of starvation. Deep down in this underground vault, it was pointed out how he had scraped the earth from the foundation in his efforts to secure his liberty.

It was with trembling we stood on floor beyond the main prison where the Indians had been massacred by the "Paxton boys," a tragedy to be forgotten only after the jail was purchased by Christopher Hager, for \$8,500, the site alone being available for the erection of Fulton Hall, along in fifty-two.

If, then, there was lamenting over the removal of the court house, not a tear was shed when the jail's last stone was removed in the hope of blotting out unpleasant reminders.

Too young were we to remember when Lechler was hung within its dismal walls; not so, however, with the hanging of Haggarty, for the killing of Fortney,

on South Queen street, nearly opposite Woodward Hill cemetery.

The mention of "Woodward" recalls a few of the many amusing characters whose profiles may be found in the volume's pages, and which I've seen fit to designate the town's "celebrities." The first of this galaxy of notables was "Harry Stiff," grave-digger, the man who never buried people, always "planted" them. It was at the time of the laying out of the Lancaster Cemetery that we boys came to know "Old Harry."

However, it was in the daguerreotype gallery of the late "Jack" Johnston, on the third floor of the remaining portion of the Kramph building, the rendezvous of the humorously disposed, that I came in close touch with "Harry" and "Jack," who usually catered to the risibilities of old and young.

"Jack," as a newspaper reporter later in life, seldom allowed an opportunity to escape his fluent pen without holding this or that of his cronies up to a little good-natured merriment. Apropos, many can scarcely fail to remember two well-known "legal lights" who on one occasion drove to Columbia to attend a political meeting. It was after their return that the following appeared in the columns of the "Intelligencer:" "Two of Lancaster's well-known attorneys having started from the city with a *swift* team, were compelled, owing to a mishap, to return on *shanks-mare*."

"Harry," as one of the town's "under life," was as well and favorably known as was his humble calling. And yet, one thing may be said to his credit, he was never caught sitting on the front door step of a resi-



**“ HARRY STIFF ”**

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dence awaiting a "call," as was later said of a young undertaker in the line of his commercialism. Nor was he disposed to become one of the town's millionaires in the piling up of a fortune; directly the reverse; he was at all times liberally disposed in the rendering of his bills for the "planting" of one of a half dozen out of a single family. On one occasion, at least, when payment was offered, he replied, after counting on his fingers the others remaining, "No hurry in settling for the 'planting' of the youngest, it's Harry who'll wait to include the rest in one bill." Unfortunately, with plenty of overdue accounts, Harry was at last carried on a catafalque, such as were in use before the day of hearses.

Next to Harry Stiff, in point of humor, was none other than the colored Charlie Buckrum, and of so much importance as to cause one of Lancaster's well-known portrait painters to paint of himself a life-like portrait, and which at the present time embellishes the walls of a well-known Philadelphia club-room.

In the line of his calling, as wood-sawyer and handy jack of all trades, he was the first of the town's contractors to form a "trust" by securing "jobs" and then parceling them out to others, not at all times with a handsome profit accruing to himself, like most contractors of the present day, as the following story suggests itself.

At the time Mathias Zahm's place of business was at the southeast corner of Penn Square, the old gentleman sent for Buckrum and said, "How much for shoveling the snow from off four pavements?"

"Twenty-five cents." A half hour later came four stalwart colored under-strappers with shovels as Contractor Buckrum superintended the work. Calling for his pay, he exclaimed, bowing profusely, "Miste Zahm, des colored contractor must heve four fippany-bits, one fur each uf de shovelers." "But, but where does the contractor's share come in?" "Lawd, boss, it's ole Buckrum thet's furgettin' all 'bout hisself!"

As one of these of the "under-life" of the town of the forties and fifties suggests another, it was still years later when we first came to know "Johnny Elliott." The last time we saw him he was walking the streets like a withered tree in a virgin forest well on toward his century-mark. Disguise the fact as some may, they can hardly forget when they met here or there to see this Shakespearian play "Hamlet," and of how they went into convulsive laughter over his many acrobatic contortions. In no way related to the seventy-year-old Weston as a pedestrian, "Johnny" is still pointed out as the man who, on being too late at the Lancaster station, tramped his way from this city to Baltimore, on a hot August day, with a kettle of butter. Whether he arrived on schedule time, beating the fast express, he never could be prevailed upon to disclose. Nor was it the writer's pleasure to sample the ingredient after having crossed Mason and Dixon's line. It's well in meeting this century-old withered tree to slip him a nickel, with a "Good-morning, Johnny Elliott, and how goes the world with you?"

Passing these well-known characters of bygone



JOHNNY ELLIOTT (DIED RECENTLY)

M'you

days, to be followed by other events enacted in the new prison, on an early market morning, passing around the Square, your eyes take in teams of cord-wood with drivers standing close by, demanding from eight to ten dollars per cord for oak and hickory. Turning to "sellers" of marketable products, we find them dealing out to the "buyers" butter at a levy a pound, eggs at ten cents per dozen, making a big, round, silver dollar go pretty far along the lines of household economy, with no "price-fixer" whispering in the ears of the "seller" to be adding another cent or two a pound to their butter.

Referring to the high price of cord-wood as a fuel, it may be said that in the middle forties and early fifties coal was an almost unknown quantity in Lancaster. Along this line, as a singular fact, up to the time of the discovery of coal and for some years later, the forests of Lancaster county had a value beyond estimate, and were so carefully guarded that none but the very oldest trees were disturbed. For this there was a reason: Reports from the great treeless West made it only too clear that in time the forests of the Eastern Middle States would have a value greater than the soil itself. Few at this day can form the slightest conception of what the result might have been, except for the discovery of the black diamond. And yet, there has never been a time when the ingenuity of man hasn't provided for what nature has failed to supply, in its natural state.

The first dealer in the use of coal as a fuel among the town-dwellers was old "Bobby" Johnson, whose

improvised scales were back on Prince, near Walnut street. Those of the town's, however, were in a shed where formerly stood the Reformed church, at the corner of Duke and Orange streets. Unlike the platform scales of to-day, these steelyards were so arranged overhead as to hoist the load high in the air, after which the wagon itself was weighed in the same way.

The "black diamond" was first hauled from Graef's Landing, to which point the canal-boats had brought it down the Susquehanna from the mines, thence up the Conestoga by canal and tide-water to Lancaster.

In this connection, it may be not without interest to learn that there is one living, Mr. Wash. Potts, who, in his ninth year, ran away to become a riverman. And many were the times he made his way from this city via Safe Harbor thence through the Chesapeake up the Delaware Canal, landing at Philadelphia. His memory has suggested such staunch crafts as "The Fanny Light," "The Rover of Lancaster," "The Little Bob," "The Three Sisters," "The Julia and Charles," "The Blanton C. Walsh," "The Col. Leland," "The Charles Eihler," "The York of Lancaster." "The Lewis Hufford" was the storage boat. How many of these, almost forgotten crafts came regularly up the Conestoga is difficult to estimate, since rafting and canaling have since become only a fragrant memory with the few rivermen living in the old town of Marietta. "It was in 1861; we had just gotten out of Baltimore," concluded Mr. Potts, "when the Confederates captured one of our three boats, taking it with

them to Norfolk, Virginia, allowing us to make our escape with the other two."

Our first recollection of this new fuel was when it was unloaded in front of our house in chunks the size of a bushel-measure, requiring the mallet to be brought into use. This leads to our first departure from the ten-plate wood stove to a "Benedict," adapted for either coal or wood as occasion required. As we recall, above the lower door into which wood was used, was a small eight by eight box with door. Into this the coal was shoved. And, oh my! what a time we had in getting the black stuff to ignite! The old bellows didn't seem to do any good. Many families after giving it a trial fell back, either on the wood stove or on the fire-place where, with the long-handled tongs the wood could be kept in place over the andirons. At last, in time, stoves were invented better adapted for the utilizing of the new fuel.

Of all the Saturday afternoon tasks, that tried a boy's patience, the worst was polishing up the stove's front plate to keep it shining like silver, for all good housekeepers were judged by the condition in which they kept the stove-plate, usually the size of a girl's twentieth-century summer hat. If this was one of my weekly tasks, other boys had theirs in polishing up "the knocker of the big front door" of many a residence. And as we look 'round, how few of these brass or silver knockers, once so generally in use, are to be seen except in rare instances, indicating that the owners were well-to-do. Apart from these outside ornaments, what has become of all the big front door

locks, fully a foot in length and of enormous weight, with key resembling in size and weight that of the old jail-door.

As certain other things pass and repass before the mind's eye like a series of moving pictures in the five-cent Arcade, among the first to suggest itself is the old-fashioned cradle which I was compelled to rock, sometimes in my wrath letting it take a double somersault. Next, comes the doughtray and rolling pin; and in the back yard the circular top bake-oven on whose flat surface the big, round loaves of dough were shoved in on a long-handled platter. But this was before the "bread-wagon" of the present day came along with its "five-cent" loaves as diminutive in size compared with the kind our mother used to bake, as they are high in price and light in weight.

And yet, within many of these old-time residences, there was all of peace, comfort, happiness. Usually a shake of the "knocker" admitted the visitor. If a stranger, or maybe, the minister, the judge or some other high dignitary, he was shown into the parlor that for weeks previous had been closed to all other outside intruders. Even the rays of "Old Sol" weren't allowed to peep through the bolted shutters except on "cleaning-up-day" when all was hurry and flurry. And as to an occasional fly finding its way into the old-fashioned parlor, it was sure never to get out alive.

We have forgotten; there was one other occasion in particular when the privacy of the parlor was claimed by the girls, being their usual courting-place; and the

hair-cloth sofa of immense size with its iron springs, was the one place for match-making. As we recall, it used to be said that a proposal and acceptance made anywhere else than on a haircloth sofa was sure to end in a divorce. For this reason, if for no other, all well-to-do families with marriageable daughters, had their mahogany sofas handed down from generation to generation. And to their passing for the cheap, modern kind, may be said, has resulted the numerous separations.

But what have become of the "Brussels" with their many designs of flowers and curlicues? Imported at a time before the high tariff, on the one hand and the revival of American industry, on the other, the brussels was as essential to every well-regulated parlor as were the two mirrors, one at each end of the room from floor to ceiling. Then the frescoed walls, hung with paintings of the old folk long since passed away! Nor must we overlook the center table of heavy mahogany covered with wax-flowers and other bric-a-brac! In many of the best furnished homes the splendid furniture of other days, during recent years, has gone to the auction-room or to the junk-dealer, who, knowing the value of these relics of "ye olden time," has reaped a rich harvest. Following went the rickety piano for an upright, as have the fire-hearth for the furnace or hot-water plant. But the saddest of all is the thought that the girls no longer court on the long, broad, haircloth sofa!

Another departure nevermore to return is the old-fashioned spinning-wheel. We see it occasionally done

up with flashing dashing ribbon in this or that studio as an ornament. And now comes to mind the quilting-frame the size of a billiard table, around which on a pleasant afternoon a score of good, old motherly bodies would sit, as stitch by stitch they wove into all kinds of fantastic designs a coverlet as a "haustire" for one of their younger lady friends about to be launched into the bonds of matrimony, with few divorces to follow.

Then to keep fingers moving with knitting needles in the making of socks for the girls and boys! "Oh! to think of a sixteen-year-old girl of to-day wearing socks!" Yes, bless you, my dear Miss, this was the case before the finer manufactured hosiery came into vogue. No finely woven, richly colored hose in the middle forties were covered by patent leathers, such as are at present polished daily in the "midway" where the "shiners" reap a richer harvest than the best of mechanics sixty years ago under a low tariff.

To close this chapter without reference to the boys who wore kip boots during six months of the year would be to remain forgetful of the abominable raw-hides I was compelled to wear during winter, and which were everlastingly prone to be rubbing the hide off a young fellow's ankle-bones. Now, in all seriousness, for years I could never understand what earthly use those ankle-bones were intended for, anyway, except to be rubbed into blisters, needing nightly after a boot-jack, a solution of goose-grease to relieve the stinging which the abominable "kips" had caused to a youngster's anatomy. But, oh my! when morning

came, to be gathering them from under the stove, as the ordeal of drawing them on began! With forefinger in strap, what a pulling and twisting, to get them on in time for school! Then, with one supreme effort, away would go the straps as I went tumbling backward over the wood-chest with feet high in the air.

Ah! but when at last they were hung up in the garret as nests for the bats, I had my other troubles, one of which was to keep the toe of my left foot (for I was left-handed) from eternally coming in contact with the edge of a loose brick, causing the sufferer to be taking a hop, skip and jump to relieve the excruciating pain! Whether my big toe was larger or more misbehaved than most other boy's, I had never determined out of the curriculum of text books. And yet, mine was most of the summer time done up in a piece of the *whitest* linen.

Now, as most boys, at least in the country, have reason to know, this is no imaginary experience. It is based on my recollection of two brothers who attended St. James. As we sat on the gallery, I, in my kips, the others in their calf-skins, as it happened, the elder drew up his trousers when, to my delight as well as to my envy, what should my eyes behold but a red top. "Oh, golly!" I blurted out. The next instant as I cast my eyes in the direction of the pastor, there was his outstretched finger aimed at the trio of guilty culprits. And, as I may confess, the impression left upon my mind, if not upon my conscience, has never been forgotten. Even while writing of this little episode, I can in my mind's eye see that uplifted finger.

But the kindly smile which followed was the soothing balm intended to allay the distress under which we were resting with the eyes of the congregation centered in the direction of the gallery as they usually are, instead of on the minister. It's well, then, that boys should have a monitor in the shape of an up-lift finger pointing in the right direction at the moment they feel themselves going wrong.

How these two brothers came by their red-top boots may need a word of explanation: It was along in the later forties that their father opened the first retail shoe store for the sale of machine-made boots and shoes. And as a matter of course, his sons were the first to make all the kip-boot wearers a little jealous of their highly polished calf-skin foot wear.

As in those days the rawhides needed an occasional blacking, the same as do the "patent-leathers" of the present day a daily polishing, to go in search of a box of "Mason's" shoe-black, always fell to the boys. Well, how this article came into general use is to relate one of the tricks of the trade which, while in no way to be compared with those of the present day, was none the less successful.

Gathering a dozen boys together, the advance-agent started them out in different parts of the town to purchase a box of Mason's blacking. For several days the racket was kept up without results. Then, later on came the salesman with the identical article loading the merchants down with more boxes than they could dispose of in a month or two. At last, with the demand in no way equaling the supply, the trick was discovered.



"PAPPY" STROUSE

Mon. 11

However, it gave Mason's blacking a boost, making it for years a popular shoe polish.

That my love for red-top boots has never departed is owing, no doubt, to the kind of shoes that have come to take their place. Buttoned shoes the kind I used to wear, needing only a hook to button them, and a good jerk in getting them off, I could tolerate, until, going out of style, I fell to wearing those with shoe strings a half a yard in length; this after drawing a half dozen times around my ankles, I could tie in a double bow with the little copper ends tucked well down into the sides of the shoe.

It's what followed on returning a little later than usual that repeatedly caused me to lose my patience with the abominable shoestrings! Why, it was only last evening, along about the hour of twelve, that my torments began! Finding my way on tip-toe up the stair for fear of disturbing the family out of their midnight rest, I went my way feeling along the side of the hall-walls, and as good luck would have it, into the nursery. Thus far, I had succeeded admirably in failing to awake even "Tabby," the house cat. Throwing off my coat, I sat myself on the lounge and began to feel 'round in the dark for the ends of the strings to the shoe of my right foot. Getting a firm hold of each, I began to pull with the usual result, a knot and tighter than the noose which hung old man Haggerty!

For a moment I sat pegging away at the knot until my finger-nails began to snap off at the ends. Concluding to give the right shoe a rest, I started with

the strings of the other, going about it in a scientific, business-like manner. But lo! I was confronted in the dark with two knots instead of one! Leaning still further forward until the top of my derby touched the floor, I screwed and twisted at the infernal knot. Strong? Yes, even stronger than the catgut to my fiddle. Searching 'round for a stray match without success, I gave way to my temper, and began to swear vengeance on the head of "old man Strouse" from whom I had purchased the last pair. Determined not to awaken the family, I jumped into bed under tick and feathers. How many nights I may have to undergo sleeping with my shoes on, rather than to take the trouble of untying the blasted knots, I may have occasion to state before the story's completed. And yet, for a short bed, as I've discovered, shoes are a preventive against the gout, rheumatism or cramp in the calves of one's extremities.

Anything wrong with "Pappy" Strause? Bless you, no! What matters it if for a third of a century he has peddled shoestrings a yard or more in length; others before him have done the same with others yet to follow. Yes; old man Strouse is growing old, the same with his pipe. So when you meet the honest peddler, it'll be costing you only three cents for a pair of shoestrings and maybe something more for a pair of woolen socks.

At one time "Pappy" Strouse had a rival in Tommy Hannigan, the quiet, unpretentious citizen we've known for many a year. That he has sold more pine wood, in the shape of matches, than all the



TOMMY HANNIGAN

M no U

lumber merchants in Lancaster combined, should in no way provoke a feeling of jealousy against "Tommy," who, well up in his three-score, goes from street to street with basket on arm in the earning of an honest livelihood. No, it won't do to ignore Tommy; for, without the lucifer match, all the many house-wives might be compelled to fall back on the old-time flint and steel, which, to light a fire, required all of a woman's patience.

Strolling out East King and meeting "Frank," out of whom my early teaching made a good plumber, I was admonished not to forget mention of Georgie Lambert and his white goose, otherwise it might be giving mortal offense to the older residents of "Irishtown," and who, to know Georgie was to love him for the tender regard he always manifested for his constant friend and playmate. Following him from the cooper-shop on Plum street, where it came regularly on schedule time, the two went their way, the one waving his white handkerchief, the other, as if hypnotized by Georgie's persuasive gesticulations, always obeying orders.

Whether this was the same Mr. Gander we left behind over in the old town of Leesburg, we have no means of knowing; and yet, growing a little homesick for our company, it may have followed us to "Old Lancaster," eventually finding its way to the cooper-shop on Plum street. Alas, alas! both Georgie and his white goose live only as a sweet, fragrant memory in the hearts of the older generation of the "East End."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE STATE RAILROAD IN THE THIRTIES—GRUBEY SAM. JOHNNY WILHELM, THE OLD ENGINEER, AND SON CHARLIE.

HAVING reached the age of a boy's venturesome spirit that not even the sleepy night-watchman could well subdue, my first inclination was to become a "railroader," not that I was to be employed in any other capacity than as a "free rider" through the "deep cut" to the "Big Bridge," the objective point of our summer-day escapades.

As many of the local shippers had their own cars, with a small apartment at one end in which the conductor "bunked," a plug of tobacco was sufficient to secure a seat on the platform or bumper, the red cab not having as yet come into vogue. As to rules and regulations, there were none to interfere with what was known as "the boys' brigade," with conductors ever kindly disposed to their youthful charge. As these were the days before the Legislature had passed the law sending the tresspasser "up" for "ten days" for doing just nothing but riding on the hind bumper, oh, glory! what a sporting time we boys had in getting free rides!

Fortunate for the returned Virginian, all I had to do after breakfast, during vacation days, was to slide down the steep embankment and there await the arrival of a train with Sammy Kurtz at the throttle

of the engine. As one of his sons was usually a part of the "gang," to slow-up in noway rendered him liable to severe discipline. Of course if, as occasionally happened, a train was made up of "canal-boats" on their way from tidewater at Columbia to the Schuylkill, we hadn't any use for them as a resting-place; about as uncomfortable as has since become a wire-fence for tired humanity, during the busy harvest season.

Speaking of the busy harvest season, recalls how, on a much later occasion, a tramp stopped at a farmer's house in search of a job. The morning following, as he stood leaning over the barb-wire with tears in his eyes, he exclaimed, "Sorry to be tellin' ye, me farmer-friend, that I must be leavin' yer employ—"

"Why, why! sorry to be partin' with ye; gittin' tired livin' on roast beef un' sich like mit a gla vennic schnaps mit yer midawk essa?"

"No, no! gettin' all to eat any hungry man could desire. But it's this way, if the truth must be told: I've been all over your farm, surrounded by wire-fences, and I've found a wire fence is no place for a hard-working hired man to be resting durin' th' busy harvest season."

And it was so with the "boys" out seeking a free ride, the bumpers of a canal-boat being in noway adapted for such rides.

Being somewhat of investigating turn, as the years ran on, I became deeply interested in historical research; as a result, I was soon to learn that the first act of the Pennsylvania Legislature relating to rail-

roading was to pass a bill to construct a single track from Philadelphia to Columbia. The road was begun in 1828, and completed in 1834, over which the "Black Hawk" made its first trip, reaching Lancaster from Columbia in fifty-five minutes, fast schedule time. Leaving the town at 8 A. M., it reached the incline plane, Philadelphia, at half-past four in the afternoon, requiring *only* eight hours to make the sixty-eight or more miles. Whatever may have caused an occasional delay, there was no complaining among the guests, who were royally entertained along the way by the numerous hotel-keepers.

As we boys had not as yet appeared on terra-firma to report the speed on the "Black Hawk," a condensed account from others must suffice. It needn't be assumed, however, that the crowds at the various stations were all enthusiastic admirers of this the first locomotive to disturb their otherwise peaceful rest. Oh! bless you, no! Apart from the puffing and sparks which the smoke-stack emitted, in setting fire to an occasional barn here and there, it wasn't long until a cry went forth that the noise of the "shebang" had actually stopped the hens from laying their usual quantity of eggs for Easter coloring. It was furthermore set forth before one of the township squires that the constant screeching of the whistle had so played upon the nervous system of their cows as to prevent them from giving their usual quantity of milk for butter churning. But as the costs were usually placed upon the informer, the opposition soon began to subside.

This, however, was not the formal opening of the single-track road, but rather an experimental trip made by the owners of the "Black Hawk" in order to test the engine's endurance. Not proving a success, it was withdrawn for others better adapted for the purpose for which they had been constructed. How the "Black Hawk" happened to receive its name, may have been owing to the fact that along about this time the public mind had become excited over the atrocities committed by the Indian chieftain, "Black Hawk," engaged in a war which bore his name.

There was one other, the "John Bull," of English design; this engine, with the "Fire Fly" and the "Red Rover," did little service. All in all, from 1835 to 1840, of the twenty-seven locomotives of every make and shape, only nine were in operation. Later, the "Lancaster" and "Columbia" were the first to meet the road's requirements. Along in '49 or '50, Columbia No. 2 was built, to take the place of its namesake. Connected with this engine is a story of thrilling interest to be related as the reminiscences continue.

As has already been said, of the first opening of the road through the "deep-cut" I have no recollection. But I do recall the "Bald Eagle" and "Enterprise," with their two driving wheels, one on either side. Nor, indeed, were they and others of their kind to be despised on account of their size. For what they lacked in comparison with the monsters of to-day, they more than made up in speed, except when

ing over the "long stretch" known as "Grasshopper Level," and where, with the "hoppers," covering the rails, the wheels would go spinning 'round until brought to a sudden stop.

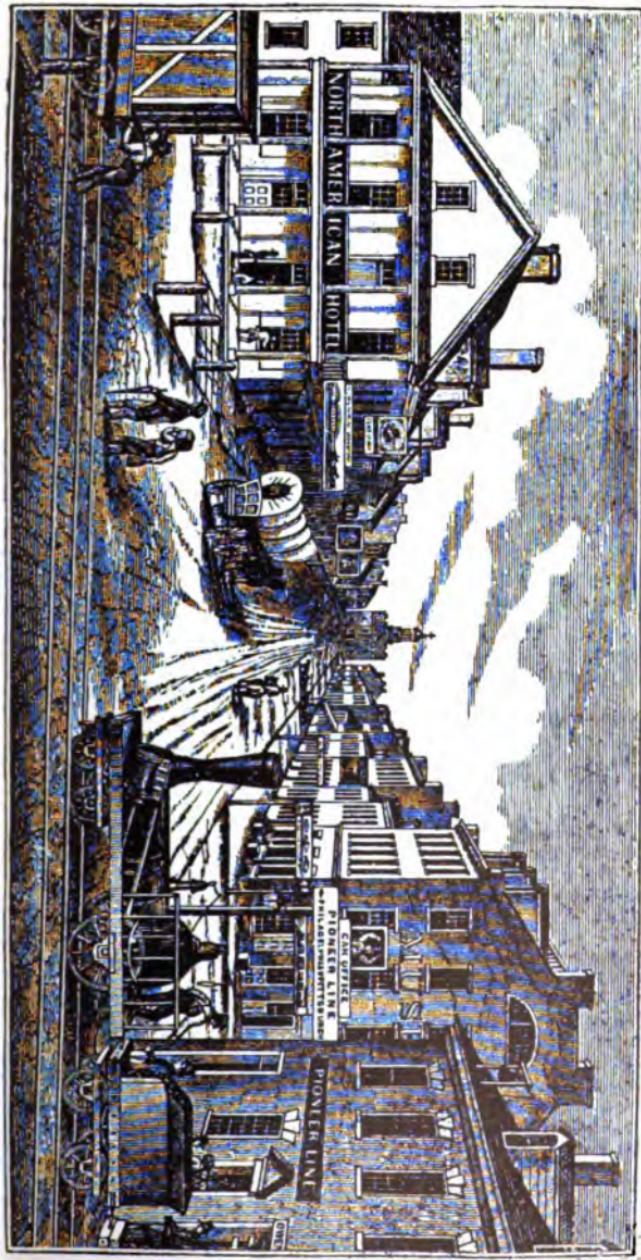
Apart from these small engines with their brass trimmings, wooden stringers were stretched along over sandstone blocks, and to these, strips of wrought iron three-fourths of an inch in thickness by four in width were spiked. Occasionally one of these so-called snakeheads would flare up at the end like a broken hoop, passing through the underside of a car with such results as may be imagined.

Later came the small iron "chair," fastened to stone blocks. In these, an improved design of rail was held in place by two iron wedges called "keys," one on either side. As they were constantly olted out, it became necessary for the "keydriver," with his long-handle hammer, to replace them. Each morning he could be seen on his way from the station to the big Conestoga bridge, usually requiring a full day to make the outgoing and return trip.

However, as time ran on, the "chair" and "stone block" were supplanted by the cross-tie on which is spiked the present "T" rail. The sandstone blocks to be seen here and there, with two holes about six inches apart, were the engineers' greatest annoyance during the spring, when the frost was almost sure to throw the rails out of alignment, causing a "run-off."

And now, after these many years, let us take a bird's-eye view in portraiture of the passenger sta-

NORTH QUEEN STREET IN THE 40'S



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tion when the railroad was still under State control, down to 1857. Over on the southwest corner, wherein the "Pioneer-line" billed its passengers for either Columbia or Philadelphia, stood the "Globe," kept by one Owen Hoppel who, in his day, was as well and favorably known among the railroad men as was the father of our genial friend, "Wash," who yet manages to link the present with that of sixty years ago. In this connection, it was only recently the writer was shown one of the small blue "checks" each passenger was required to stick in the ribbon-band of his hat as an evidence of having paid his fare.

Among the very few old-time engineers yet living in the halo of a ripe old age, few have had a wider experience than the venerable Charles A. Jeffries. How many times he ran his engine with its load of humanity between Philadelphia and Harrisburg not he himself can recall. Nor can but a very few of the present-day readers remember when the first telegraph office was in the "North American," now the "Imperial," on the southeast corner of North Queen and Chestnut.

In those early days of telegraphing, we boys were much interested in a story since become a trite. It seems, as it occurs to our mind, a well-known shoemaker of the town, after having finished a pair of calf-skin boots for one of the *elite*, concluded that the quickest way to get them to the owner was to hang them over the telegraph-wire. Having accomplished this to his satisfaction, he quietly awaited the

return of the owner with the cash. As it so happened, along came an Irishman who, glancing up by the light of the moon, exclaimed: "A fair exchange is no robbery." So off with his rawhides, up the pole he goes, exchanging the calfskins for his own. Early the morning following, the shoemaker, stepping to the door and seeing the old pair dangling from the wire, turned to his spouse and said, "Bless ye, me darlin', if th' wire hasn't been sendin' th' new ones to th' owner, with th' old ones back to be mended!"

Among the many well-known characters who were active in the State's employ as railroaders, was a short-set, stoop-shouldered colored man, by the name of Samuel Jones, but known to every ten-year-old boy as "Grubey Sam." For a period of more than a quarter of a century "Grubey" had charge of the United States mail between Columbia and Lancaster, and was the only colored man actively employed in the railway service, even after the road had been taken over by the Pennsylvania Company. Smart, alert and as crusty as he was faithful, who could blame "Grubey Sam," if at times he imagined he owned the entire line in fee-simple. At the time when railroading was in its infancy, Columbia was the recognized headquarters for men who since have reached a prominent place in the Pennsylvania Company. And many a little game of poker was indulged in by the officials in which "Grubey Sam" usually held the winning cards, being as apt at "shuffling" the cards as he was in handling a mail-pouch. And yet with all "Grube's" eccentricities, he was respected for his



GRUBEY SAM

MnO<sub>2</sub>

honesty and loyalty. At last, at last, like many another old railroader, he was compelled to hand in his "checks" and go the way of all others.

And now of the startling episode: It was in November, 1855, while still State property, that the "Columbia No. 2" exploded at Penningtonville, now Atglen, killing the fireman and landing "Johnny Wilhelm" across the telegraph wires, from which he rolled down a forty-foot embankment, escaping with a broken hip and other minor injuries. Although badly crippled, he managed for fifteen years thereafter to perform his duties as engineer.

At the time of which mention is made, there were two other engineers living as neighbors to old "Johnny," on East Chestnut street, opposite the Grubb estate—Samuel Kurtz, the only person killed during the Centennial year of '76, one of whose sons is still engaged in railroading, the other, Samuel Rupley, whose four sons, John, Sam, Dan and Charlie, were among the writer's most intimate acquaintances.

Of the contingent of "thirty-sevener," the great majority of whom were Lime street bridge devotees, only a few remain, one of the last to pass away being the late B. J. McGrann. As a boy we knew him as a jolly good fellow; as a man, he was the equally generous host in making all welcome to his rural homestead. And how could it have been otherwise, as the son of Richard, one of the old-school Irish gentlemen, ever kindly disposed toward the boys out in his extended apple-orchard in search of the luscious fruit. As a lad, selling "peppermint" to

the various saloons and hotels, it would have been an oversight to have passed the McGrann house by; where the Malones, Kelleys, McGovern's, Reillys and others of their day, loved to congregate in a familiar chat over the events of the day. Yes, this group of high-toned, Irish contractors, who drank their toddy together to the health of "James B." were at all times known for their loyalty to the good old Democracy.

Then there was "Freddy," the scholar, who still lives beloved by all who know him. It was he who used to call 'round at our house for a glass or two of our mother's mead, and a few of her fasnachts, which, when turned out of the frying-pan, were even more delicious than Mammy Gruel's sugar-cakes with a big raisin in the center. But to relieve my mind, as I recall those happy days, "Freddy" had a rival in his young friend "Guss," the artist, who later carved the two lions which for years stood before the North Queen street entrance of the Howell marble works. Changed a little, of course, the one residing in Harrisburg, the other in this city, both have managed to preserve their youthful vigor midway between the seventies and eighties.

Besides "Freddy" and "Augustus," there were four "Charlies," only two of whom are living, Charlie Werntz and Charlie Wilhelm. Of the former there were five generations of blacksmiths—his great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and besides himself, a son, both actively engaged at bellows and anvil, covering a period of more than a century and a half.

Charlie Wilhelm, the son of "Old Johnny," is remembered by very few, residing, as he has been for many years, in the city of Harrisburg as a retired employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. As boys we played together, followed the winding course of the Conestoga from Binkley's bridge to the old water-works. And since, with the shadow of age coming on, it's been our pleasure to retrace those steps of more than sixty years ago. And oh! what sweet reminders did this last stroll suggest, linking old age with early youth!

For a time we crept cautiously along the water's edge, then further up the hillside, zigzagging our way along with the September's sun up among the eighties. But what mattered it, we had become boys again, with all the spirit of adventure of our youthful days. If the sycamores seemed as of yore, the stately oaks and hickories which not so many years before gave "Cedar Hill" its rugged appearance, are no more, with only here and there a lone sentinel to mark the spot where the "picnickers" used to wend their way to "What Glen," for a day's outing. And here it may be asked why our young friend "Frank" built his beautiful residence on this high elevation? Only, no doubt, to keep in touch with "Dame Nature," in preserving recollections of the homestead, a mile or two eastward along the pike, now in possession of his brother Richard.

Ah! but the sycamores! they alone with the elm, cedar, ash and willow seem to have escaped the woodman's axe, containing, as many of them do, the

initials, cut thereon by the boys of six decades ago. To these, perchance, hardiest of nature's two-century-old trees, with their rootlets buried deep down under the Conestoga's rocky bed, we pay tribute in the name of all old men—once boys—who in their youth made them their summer-day companions.

Turning from the upper Conestoga, we have another regret, the passing of the "Willow Pond," where, beneath the willows stood the "spring," with its cold, sparkling water, as it went its way trickling along until lost in the Conestoga.

Growing a little sentimental over the loss of the Willow Pond? Well, for the man without sentiment, who never can unlock the storehouse of memory, we have only commiseration. Dull, indeed, must life be to the aged who, tired of the present, with no bright earthly prospects for the future, have no past, no pleasant memories of other days!

But how delightful then to go bathing at the "Big Stump," so close by the "Big Bridge!" And here a flood of recollections comes surging at the portals of memory. If one historic spot outside of the town's limits is deserving of being remembered, it is the "Big Stump," still resting, as I am informed, below the water's surface. As few had their private bathtubs during the forties and fifties, this familiar bathing spot was the resort to which hundreds would go during Saturdays and Sundays to bathe in the pure, limpid waters of the Conestoga where many a swimming contest went on. It was here, at the "Big Stump," where Henry, "Buff" Markee lost his life.

Fishing at the big buttonwood! Well, it was a cold day when old "Mortality Joe" couldn't be seen sitting there with his four long poles. If occasionally he failed to return with a string of catties less than a yard long, there was something wrong, either with the hook or bait. Meeting him at sunrise, it was fun for the boys to ask, "Where are the worms, Joe?" And his reply, "W-o-m-s, w-o-m-s!" as his cheeks bulged out, indicating where he usually kept his stock in trade. However, instead of carrying his bait where the teasers had imagined, and where a chew of tobacco served a better purpose, Joe's ill-luck in bringing home a string was usually attributed to his failure to provide himself with a "plug," the juice of which, when applied to the worms, always had a soothing effect on the risibilities of the finny tribe.

And now, to draw certain conclusions from Joe's course of procedure, the habit of tobacco-chewing among all fishermen down to the present day is not so much for the pleasure it affords all anglers, as for the alluring effect the juice has ever had when applied to the worm, and likewise on the nervous systems of the catties, in particular. And here, let all anglers take advice.

Apropos to the foregoing, as another fisherman's yarn, it used to be said that among the many fish-pepplers who went their way toward the Susquehanna at a time when the shad and herring industry was most profitable, was one Jessie Bently, a tall, raw-boned peddler, who usually drove a pair of slab-sided quadrupeds, one of which, as ill-luck would have it,

fell dead. Stopping at a farm house for what he most needed, another mate to the off-mare, he caught a glimpse of the farmer's blind "hoss" grazing away in the meadow. Stepping up to Farmer Jeremiah, he turned and said, after explaining his dilemma, "W-all, Farmer Jere, how would ye like swappin' yer blind mare fur a load o' 'saltin'-down' fur yer winter use?"

"Kind uf denxt it wouldn't be a bad swap providin' we kin' gree on der number un' size. Ye see," with a wink of his left eye, "dem mit more bones 'an meat, I'll be sendin' iver to der bishop, mit plenty uf time to be pickin' der bones."

"Jis' o' my way o' thinkin', Jeremiah. But ye must recollec' there be all kind o' fishes in th' river, shad, herrin', catties, mullets, horn-chubs, perch, sunnies, wall-eyed pike, eels, an' a few spreckled trout, an' this bein' so, ye'll have to take 'em as they *run*, as they *run*, Farmer Jeremiah, an' *don't ye forget what I'm tellin' ye!*"

With this understanding that Jere was to take them as they run, Jesse starts with the blind mare for the fishing banks, only to return at least a half-dozen times with a full supply of shad and herring, but never once did he stop to give Farmer Jeremiah even a smell of his weekly catch.

It was well toward the close of the shad-fishing season that Jere, growing suspicious as to receiving his supply of "saltin's-down," started hot-foot for the river, and meeting the peddler, as he was about returning with a load, exclaimed, "Kensht der me nicht? Ich bien der Jeremiah Hollfus."

"W-all, what can I do fur ye, Mr. Hollfus?" Waiting a reply, "Did I promise ye any fishes?"

"Uf 'cose, uf 'cose yer did; said der be alla kind uf fishes in der river, sume large, sume small, un' that I wus to nem 'em as da run; but up to present time der Farmer Jeremiah hasn't hed a chance to take 'em, big or small."

"Seems, Farmer Jere," in deep study, "that some-thin' was said 'bout yer takin' 'em as they run, an' this bein' th' case, there's th' river, *there they run*; take as many as ye please 'fore th' shad-season closes."

Stories like this and others were always in place around the sycamore, where the fishermen used to congregate, at a time before the anglers, with their jointed rods and reel, made this their summer retreat in fishing for the gamy bass.

But to the "Big Bridge," so close by the "Big Stump!" And here it may be said how few have but the slightest recollection of this covered structure extending in length over fourteen hundred feet from the Conestoga which it crossed over to the farm-buildings on the opposite side. To the average boy it was something of a curiosity to see the engineer pull down the smoke-stack before entering. First used as a drive-way for horses instead of locomotive, the floor between the rails was dust-covered to the depths of five inches, no doubt to give the horses' feet a better footing, or maybe, to avoid vibration. At intervals were barrels of water, in case of emergency. To say that on occasions certain of the trains were met

by a living quadruped, known as "The Landis Bull," may have been a story handed down as tradition. And yet, in my boyhood, live stock was only too common along the tracks, not a few being compelled to pay the penalty for their rashness.

It so happened, however, that, in '50, '51 or '52, the bridge went up in smoke. Although I, among others, was present at the time of its destruction, it would seem impossible to fix the exact date when this lengthy structure was destroyed. As neither of the watchmen, Robert Conyngham nor John Stehman, is living to bear testimony, other data must be awaited.

Close by the bridge, to the left, on a bluff, stood the "Spook House," presenting as forlorn an appearance as it was possible for any ten-year-old youngster to imagine. And few there were, after hearing stories occurring within, could be persuaded to enter after twilight had set in. By whom it was built and occupied before the boys had riddled its windowpanes, are questions for the Lancaster County Historical Society to determine.

Superstitions of those days were not confined alone to the boys; older heads were at all times ready to indulge themselves in such gruesome stories of demons, hobgoblins and other spectres as to make the average boy almost afraid to venture by a graveyard after night had set in. We well recall how as a lad we went hurrying by the high brick wall leading from St. James to Cherry street, built, as we were told, to keep the spirits of the departed well inside the enclosure.

Recalling hangman's day and the potter-field; who, five decades ago, could have persuaded anyone to locate in front of any of these burial grounds! And even down to later years, how nerve-racking the story of how three medical students went in search of a "stiff," and disappointed in their search, loaded one of their own three into a wagon, telling the driver where to unload his charge. Covered with a white spread, on, on the colored man drove in Rockland street, with the other two following at a safe distance as witnesses of the scene so soon to materialize.

For a time, all was as quiet as the old graveyard beyond; then came heavy breathing from under the white spread. "Only the wind playing its pranks," grumbled the colored driver, glancing back over his shoulder, as he gave the nag a slight touch of the lash. And yet the faster he drove the more life his unearthly demon seemed to manifest. Suddenly, and without warning, up 'rose "Mr. Ghost" in its white robes, ready to embrace the old darkey, who, dropping the lines, leaped from the wagon, and with an unearthly yell that sent the echoes flying, started at a double-quick homeward-bound. "Hi, ho! and where are you going?" came the voice of the supposed "stiff," throwing off the thin disguise, as the old darkey turned for an instant and replied, "Fer de Lord's sake, boss, des am no place fur a respec'ful culled pusson wid a family ub seben childrens to be caught prowlin' 'roun' wid ebil spirits, scarin' old Mose to be losin' his 'librium!" And never afterwards could the old colored driver be found within a mile of any burying-plot after night had set in.

Referring to medical students, recalls a few of the old-time family doctors of my boyhood, one of whom used to enter our home with the worst-smelling, the worst-tasting mixture ever concocted by an apothecary's clerk. He was usually recognized before entering the sick room by a way he had of sniffing the air for fear a window or a door had been left ajar. Stepping quietly to the sick one's bedside, with sufficient solemnity to send the patient's pulse either up among the nineties or down to zero, he would remove his gloves, unbutton his long-tail coat and prepare for the diagnosis.

Glancing with a knowing shake of the head at his subject, he would call for a tin spoon, and after jamming it down the throat in the region of the stomach, draw it out with a deep yawn. Taking the patient's wrist in his vice-like grip, he would count the pulsations and start to compounding the abominable mixture of calomel jalap. Leaving directions of how many teaspoonfuls were to be taken within a given time, he would make diligent inquiry of what the patient had been eating or drinking. If it happened to be a feast or a famine, the reply was always the same.

Indulging himself in a glass or two of old gin to steady his nerves, he would dilate on total abstinence as a panacea for all the ills common to humanity the world over. After adjusting his gloves, and another glance at the sick one, he would promise to call the morning following, which from his look might be taken as a slight hint that if he didn't call himself,

Harry Stiff, the grave-digger, would be summoned to get the exact size of his grave, with the undertaker at no great distance awaiting the practitioner's exit from the sick room.

But these old-time doctors had their uses, if they had their abuses. And never once were they known to recommend a liver-pad, nor to hurry a patient off at a double-quick to be operated on for the appendicitis when a more careful diagnosis might have resulted in nothing more than a spell of acute indigestion.

But to get away from doctors, except when occasion requires, it is more pleasing to get back to the Lime Street bridge, where, in '45, the first telegraph pole was planted, at the northwest corner. "Charlie" and I had been standing close by the "digger" looking deep down into the excavation with the youngster's curiosity, when my more inquisitive young friend ventured to ask what he was doing. "Only digging a hole to put nosey boys like yourselves in." And as we weren't sure to which of the two he referred, we weren't long in beating a hasty retreat. And this recalls one other occasion, when Harry Stiff was asked what he proposed doing with the surplus earth, he replied, with a squint of the eye, "Dig another hole to put it in."

Referring to the first telegraph line passing along the railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia, it may not be generally known that the oldest telegraph operator in the United States, William Johnson, is living in this city, now in his seventy-ninth year.

## CHAPTER VI.

### RAFTING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA—LANCASTER'S GROWTH—CONGESTION IN CENTRAL PART—ITS MAYORS.

**A**S a purely historical sketch, apart from the narrative to follow, a few notable events occurring during the past two centuries may be mentioned by way of acquainting certain readers with the founding of Lancaster, in 1730. Falling back on the records which have been handed down from remote times, it was in the year 1729 that the mother counties of Chester, Philadelphia and Bucks gave without price all that fertile domain extending westward from their own boundaries to the Ohio, to the new-born county of Lancaster, a name given by that invincible Quaker, John Wright, in honor of his own home, Lancashire, England. Settling in Chester county, in 1714, in 1729 he removed to Wright's Ferry (now Columbia), on the Susquehanna, where the name Wright has ever been held in fond remembrance.

And yet as generously as had these counties parted with the territory westward of their present limits, so, in after years, Lancaster county gave sufficient of her broad acres to constitute some sixty odd other counties, all of which have grown great and prosperous. That our forefathers reserved sufficient of this "garden-spot" for those who in after years might make it their abiding place, should in no way provoke a spirit of envy among the dwellers of the other part

WRIGHT'S HOME AT COLUMBIA



Revol

of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. For, after all, we are one people, cemented by the common bonds of love and good fellowship, ever ready to revere the memory of William Penn as among the greatest of all the great men who first set foot on America's soil.

In taking a retrospective glance over all the other settlements, not to overlook the Pilgrim Fathers who settled on Plymouth Rock, in 1620, history fails to record in the deeds of man those that have borne better fruit than the seed that was sown on the shores of the Delaware by this goodly Quaker Penn, in 1682. Happy, then, for those who can say, "We were born on Pennsylvania soil." To act in accordance with the precepts laid down by Penn so many years ago, is to live the life of peace, comfort, happiness. And now to follow the lines we have mapped out, it is hoped a thought here and there may awaken a deeper love for our city and county, in no way to the detriment of other sections of this "land of promise."

At the time following the separation, a commission of three was named to determine the most suitable location for the seat of Justice. Wright's Ferry, around which hangs a romance, seeming to possess certain advantages on account of its proximity to the Susquehanna, a strong wooden jail was erected by the Wrights as the first step in recommending the "Ferry" as the capital of the new-born county. And but for the fact that, even at that early day, it was apparent to the best engineering skill that the river could never be made navigable for the commerce of

the world, Columbia might at this day be one of the most important cities of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Indeed, for many years thereafter, every effort was put forth looking to this one end and aim. Nearly a century ago, Simon Cameron was one of a commission to determine the possibility of making this rugged water-course navigable; and if we mistake not, the verdict was that a hundred million dollars would not cover the cost. Apart from this, however, it should be remembered that the Susquehanna for more than a century was the highway over which thousands of rafts went their way to tidewater. Then canalizing before the time of railroads had given all these river towns for hundreds of miles such a boom as few other parts of the state had known. But, alas! with the construction of the McCall's Water-Power plant and the robbing of the mountain sides of their timber, the activity of this once mighty highway of traffic is destined to live only in the memory of the oldest riverman.

To give the reader some idea of the river's flourishing condition, history records that during a three-months' freshet no less than three thousand arks and flat-boats went their way during the short space of ninety days, loaded with all kinds and variety of merchandise.

But even at the time of the separation of our county, Wright's Ferry had its rival in Postlewhaite's, an Indian settlement located nearly a dozen miles further down, at a point some distance up the Conestoga, nearby what is now known as Rock Hill. Here was

located a tavern presided over by one Postlewhaite, in which courts were held for a short time, or until 1730, when something occurred to throw a damper over the spirits of the few dwellers of this *then* much-favored point. That at least one defendant was tried and convicted to serve time in the crude prison the records bear ample testimony.

However, along at the time the commissioners were divided in their opinions as between Postlewhaite's and Wright's Ferry, Governor Hamilton appeared on the scene offering a number of plots, all within the present limits of the city of Lancaster.

Omitting the names of the various sites, it may be said that nearby the present Penn Square, one Gibson kept "open house" with a large hickory tree before the door. And it was under this historic tree that the red men of the forest met to ply their trade with the white traders, resulting in the tribe being called "Hickory Indians." And here it may be said that our first recollection of this famous tree was while visiting the museum at the corner of North Queen and Chestnut. Entering the upper story, we were shown a walking-stick made out of a portion of the Gibson hickory tree. Taking into account how ready many of Lancaster's most intelligent citizens have been since that early day to accept as truthful this or that promotor's scheme with "millions" in it, I as a growing lad was excusable for looking upon this cane with a certain delight and curiosity.

Apart from the many changes time has wrought, with a few of the town's streets undergoing change,

in one respect Lancaster remains the same as when the first general survey was made, nearly one hundred and eighty years ago, fixing the town's status within its present two miles square. And this brings the thought, that within our recollection, but one effort was made to enlarge the city's boundaries. That it failed to materialize was owing to various reasons not necessary to enumerate, except to say that if the people of Lancaster failed to manifest more interest in the project started by a number of rural dwellers, it was owing largely to that conservatism which, in the good old days of their forefathers, was one of their cardinal principles—to hold fast to the customs, habits and traditions of their ancestors. This habit of moving along conservative lines cannot be attributed to a lack of public spirit, especially when contrasted with that of the many "mushroom" towns, at all times, only too ready to assume the dignity of a growing municipality with few of the corresponding qualities to warrant the "spread."

And yet in the opinion of many there are two extremes—too close centralization, on the one hand, and too wide expansion on the other. Whether Lancaster has reached either of these extremes is the problem that will have to be met at no distant day. It is not going too far to say that a city that could comfortably house a population of twenty thousand thirty years ago, may be entirely too small to house one of sixty thousand ten years hence.

On this question of expansion it is not our purpose to pass judgment *pro or con*. And yet if we may

judge from the congestion the "Square" has assumed in being the town's "hub," with the trolley unloading its hundreds of passengers daily at this much-favored point, the conclusion reached is, that the business men in possession of these commercial sites will oppose any move for a "Greater Lancaster," should it prove detrimental to their own financial interests. Fortunate for the dwellers residing within hailing distance of our magnificent Soldiers' Monument, and equally unfortunate for those residing along the outer "rim," it may be a question whether, after all, a public "Square" is equally advantageous alike to all of a city's citizens. With the price of real estate soaring skyward, the time must come in the inevitable course of events when a very few blocks of our leading thoroughfares can no longer support the thousands who flock to the city on all notable occasions. These timely reflections, however, may well be left to the learned, wise, serious and well-educated citizens to ponder over at their leisure.

In going a step further, without posing as critic or fault-finder, the question suggests itself, Is Lancaster, in the future as in the past, to grow largely of its own momentum, wherein personal greed and selfishness have ever been the rule? What is its status, commercially, morally, intellectually and socially? As to the town's social and intellectual life, it needs no defender, standing as it ever has in the vanguard of all the other cities of the Keystone state. To prove that it has always claimed this distinguished honor, it will only be necessary to glance back at its

long line of honorable citizens, noted at home as well as abroad for their social and intellectual qualities, especially in extending a welcome hand to all visitors stepping within her gates. And yet, it must not be forgotten that of the city's present population, only a limited few of our progressive business men remain as descendants of those who a half century ago held the balance of power. As the census is likely to show, the active business men not to the manner born are largely in the majority and will so continue. It is only doing entire justice to credit them with a desire to see the city of their adoption move upward and onward to its true destiny.

Only too frequently has it been said that Lancaster is lacking in that preponderance of "get-up," such as has marked the progress of other cities scarcely heard of when "Old Lancaster" was the largest inland town in the United States. But as the size of a town's status in square miles bears little comparison to that of its inner life, we still claim a preponderance of intelligence dating back a good many years. However, it will not do to live in the past, nor to point to the time when Congress sat for a single day in the old court house. As much as we may delight in recalling Washington's and Lafayette's visits, as well as other memorable events to follow, these belong to bygone days and can in no way enter into the city's future growth and development, except as a glorious, fragrant memory.

Passing over that lengthy period embraced within 1730 and 1818, the year the borough became a munici-

pality under its new charter, it is from the following ninety-two years that a few "crumbs swept up" may be gleaned, showing the slow progress made by the town during these long intervening years.

It was in the memorable year 1818 that John Passmore became the city's first chief magistrate. Knowing little of his mental powers other than as an imitable story-teller, it is to be hoped that these were on a par with his physical, weighing, as tradition says, something over four hundred pounds avoirdupois on the town's steelyards. Beyond his proportions as one of the town's "heavy-weights," little has been handed down to posterity other than that the frame of the doorway had to be removed before his remains could be conveyed to their last resting-place. Nor have we any evidence to show that any of his successors in office were equally weighty, physically.

One thing to his credit, as rumor runs, he was the first of the town's story-tellers, with numerous others to follow. And here it may be asked, what can be more enjoyable than to sit in company with a friend with the store-house of memory awakened to the recollections of by-gone events? We may have read by the hour of his pleadings at the bar, but when brought into his presence as he dilates on his own observations and personal experiences, we are overcome with a consciousness that all book-lore is but dross by comparison. Thus it has ever been that the unwritten stories when narrated by the versatile story-teller are so apt to hold us spell-bound. We know not why, other than it is this one touch of nature that makes the world akin.

And now as memory recalls the long list of these goodly magistrates, it can be said we knew all more or less intimately from '43 to this year 1910, some as a boy in giving the mayor's office a wide range. And what a splendid type of old-time gentlemen they were, the last of the period before the war being none other than the venerable George Sanderson, who served from '59 till '68. Giving them due credit, their highest ambition seemed to be to keep the town's valuation and tax-rate to the minimum. In the performance of this laudable purpose, all other shortcomings were kindly overlooked by their constituents. The oversight that, without an equal assessment and an adequate tax rate, no city can grow more beautiful and healthful, seldom disturbed their equanimity.

It is safe to assume, as we look the town of more than a half century over, that sentiment played but a small part in its growth. Dating back to the time the first log house was built, there was always a struggle; and it was under this stress of adversity that the town grew rather of its own momentum than through any preconcerted action on the part of the citizens. At no time, until recent years, were the well-to-do disposed to set apart a legacy for the making the city more artistically beautiful.

As a result of reconciling differences of opinion, the ballot was resorted to, each party shaping its policy to catch the votes of the discontented with prevailing conditions. As the newspaper has always been the medium through which the masses have been reached, right and justice were not at all times resorted to for

the sake of the principle involved. In fact, every effort to inaugurate a non-partisan system of local government has proved a failure, as being incompatible with the idea upon which rests the bulwark of our liberty. If a governor or a president is to be elected, the voters at a municipal election are admonished to stand loyally by their party's ticket, apart from such consequences as may result to the city as a municipality.

It was at the close of the Civil War, in '69, that William Augustus Atlee was elected, serving one single term of two years. Being a magistrate with high ideals, his attempt to enforce a few of the slumbering ordinances brought him into conflict with a number of his own supporters, who shook their heads in opposition to any departure from long-established customs.

With the close of his administration, the rotation in office went merrily on, with Democrat following Republican and *vice versa*, almost down to the present day. And what a glorious time for the newspapers as the battle for supremacy continued. And after the victory was won, what a grand walk-around with the band playing "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

We know all about it; we've been there; stood at a voting precinct during hail, snow or rain, pleading, beseeching for the success of our mayoralty candidate, whom we had reason to believe knew as little of the science of municipal government as he knew of a Worthington pump. But all the same we hurrahed

with the "old coon" at the head of the column of the successful newspaper, with the defeated over the way going up "Salt River" on one of the boy-Fulton's flat-bottom scows. Fun! why, bless me, there's been more right-down fun during a city election than at a lawyers' picnic—at least for the hurrah boys.

But there's the other side to the picture to be seen on inauguration day with the "ward-workers" flocking 'round for the "plums." And what rejoicing among the successful, what heart-aches among the disappointed! It's not going too far to say that could the history of each administration be written from the time of the weighty John Passmore to the present Mayor, the concensus of opinion would be that they were all swayed more or less by political expediency, in which serving the party in power involved a higher duty than that of educating the voters up to a higher standard of political economy. What the result might have been could county, state and national politics have been divorced from purely local affairs may well be left to the intelligent citizen, high and low, rich and poor.

With none but the kindest feelings for Lancaster's twenty-three chief magistrates, it might seem like an act of courtesy to ask to which should be given the greatest credit for the lasting good accruing to the city in proportion to length of service. However, as only seven out of the whole number are known to be living, to expect these to pass judgment on the acts of their predecessors or successors, as well as on their own stewardship, might not be considered a breach of

eitquette on the part of the young-old "thirty-sevener" in noway disposed to hold them responsible as the exponents of a system as deplorable in its results as it is wrong in principle.

Patronage! it's been the motive power that has kept all cities astir—everybody seems to be looking after patronage. Even a few of our high-toned business men reformers have not been averse to turning in on election day, provided a few of the "loaves and fishes" be parceled out as a reward for services rendered in getting the "boys" into line. Truly, municipal government for, by and of the people, if not at all times for their direct benefit, is a wonderful system when contrasted with that of a private corporation which, were it to attempt to succeed along similar lines, would drift into hopeless bankruptcy.

With such diversity of opinion as prevails among the voters whose political proclivities differ as one star differs from another, it has often been surprising how much has been accomplished by councils. As a councilman of nearly twenty years' experience, entire justice compels the writer to declare that he has never known an instance where the people haven't at all times received more than they deserved from their public servants, considering the fact that nine voters out of ten are more interested in serving a friend, be he contractor, newspaper or business man, than the city, on the principle, that he who serves a friend best, serves the city best. It's the old, old story, dating back beyond our recollection, that to the victor belongs the spoils—the "plums" that annually fall from

the municipal tree. Great problems have hitherto been submitted to councilmen for which they are little adapted by training or education to work out a solution, with less attention paid in the selection of entirely capable men as representatives than was paid in the olden time to the election of a town constable.

And this leads to the query contained in a leading newspaper: "Are the people of all the leading cities so helpless as to need a 'strong hand' to intervene between them and their representatives by way of instructing them how to act in the discharge of their official duties?" This is a question we prefer to leave to the wise and serious for a solution. However, it may be said that this "strong hand" should at all times be the city's chief magistrate. And yet, if we mistake not, such a strong hand has not at all times been supported by public opinion, even though he has shown himself to look upon the office as a "public trust."

Of one thing we feel entirely sure, that no charge of "graft" has even been publicly entered against anyone of Lancaster's twenty-three chief magistrates; nor if made could it have been sustained. That all have not measured up to the standard of a Mayor Gaynor, may be admitted. And now to close this somewhat gratuitous chapter, what support is the public, without regard to political affiliations, ready to extend to the recently-elected mayor? That he is eminently qualified by long and varied experience to prove himself a most worthy servant of the people

few will attempt to deny. So let there be united action among all shades of party fealty in giving Lancaster's twenty-fourth chief magistrate a generous support on the principle that a city the size of Lancaster cannot longer remain in *statu quo*; it must either move backward or forward. And as forward is the watchword of all cities, Lancaster should be no exception for the good and sufficient reason that it isn't so many years until the old town's hundredth anniversary will be celebrated; and when the year 1918 comes, even the pessimists and "knockers" will want to turn optimists.

And yet, of all the cities in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, "Old Lancaster" is the best.

## CHAPTER VII.

### INSTALLATION OF THE WATER WORKS—PRESIDENT TAYLOR IN LANCASTER.

PASSING from the preceding chapter, not without a sense of such diversity of opinion as its contents may create, we ask the reader to dwell for a time over the memorable events which occurred in 1837, the most glorious of all the months of the calendar-year. It is Washington's birthday anniversary; for months previous the people of the staid old town were on the tip-toe of expectancy over two projects that were to start the young municipality on its onward course of unexampled prosperity. The *Lancaster Intelligencer* had just printed the advertisement found on the following page.

If this characteristic "card" of through travel by rail, stage and boat to the far-off city of Pittsburg required several days to make the journey seventy-three years ago, imagine an express train speeding along to-day at forty miles per hour.

The first and most important of the two events, from a local standpoint, is yet to be related. The people had arisen on this twenty-second of February, 1837, at an earlier hour than had been their usual custom; some rejoicing, others lamenting lest they be suddenly swept from terra-firma by the bursting of the new reservoir, or by a torrent from a disjointed water main leading to the "Square."

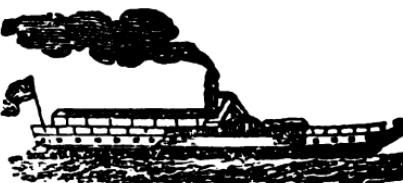
Gathering in groups, some remain at home to pro-

tect their families from the supposed inundation, others go their way to the "Old City Mill" to see the wheels go 'round as the water is being forced up the steep incline of the "Poor House" hill leading to the new storage reservoir. Diversity of opinion prevailed, some arguing that no power under heaven could "lift" a body of water up and over the "hill" without a reaction, others still that the beautiful Conestoga would run dry during the summer months, and still others, that the basin was sure to explode when filled to overflowing, and burst it did later, that on the north side through faulty construction, and still later, on the south side, through neglect in shut-

**EXPRESS FAST LINE.****CAR. STAGE & BOAT OFFICE.**

For Philadelphia and Pittsburg, situated near the Depot. North Queen Street, Lancaster.  
Two doors South of Chamberlin's Hotel

THIS LINE is of acknowledged speed. Recomendations have been given by the most competent judges, in relation to its many advantages. The extreme neatness of

**THE BOATS,**

The comfort and adaptation of the

**STAGES**

ting down the pumps after the reservoir had been filled, causing the water to run down over the embankment.

But, withal, the day passed as the water came to the very center of the city. And oh! what rejoicing when it gushed through the plugs: the victory had been won, putting to shame the pessimists. And now, as we look back over these more than seventy years, what mistakes have been made! How much ink and paper wasted by editors! How much diversity of opinion, not to speak of the money lost in experimenting!

Of course, at the time, the autobiographer was only six days old, and couldn't imbibe more than a few draughts of what the "pull-backs" declared was sure to increase the death rate a hundred-fold yearly. And yet, as an example, we live to bear witness that no deleterious effects have followed, especially since the "filter plant" has been in operation, for all of which the washer-women can only be too thankful. Prior to the installation of this beneficent plant, a few of our citizens may have mixed the "red soil" of the Conestoga with a little something stronger to neutralize what one old gentleman still believes is necessary to perfect digestion and assimilation—a small quantity of Berks county's red soil.

However, unpleasant as is the reminder, it was half a century later when the college reservoir, at a cost of over a hundred thousand dollars, exploded. As to the wisdom of the construction of this the "people's folly," public sentiment was divided. It was a long

drawn-out contest. And yet, withal, what a blessing has the Conestoga been to the people of Lancaster!

Another event worthy of mention occurred likewise on Washington's birthday anniversary, twenty-seven years later, the opening of the "Soldiers' Fair" in Fulton Hall, in 1864, from which was realized a munificent sum by the ladies of Lancaster, which amount, as we have been informed, was the first step looking to the erection of our magnificent Soldiers' Monument, completed along in 1874.

It is well we should not forget the heroic service of the Grand Army boys, as determined in peace as they were in war, and under whose auspices the fair was held. And yet without the unselfish devotion which the women of Lancaster extended during an entire week to this great cause, the "Square" might be without this historic monument, so emblematic of the days of '61, when the best of our young manhood went forth to protect their country's flag. Other than what the newspapers contained at the time of its erection, we have seen no extended account of those who were the active moving spirits in this most worthy enterprise. Soon all who were prominent in its conception will have passed from life's busy stage, with only the four sentinels standing as emblems in recalling the eventful happenings of nearly a half century ago.

The following amusing incident shows how these four granite sentinels were misunderstood by a Lehigh county lady, who, after passing from one to the other, eyeing each carefully, remarked to her friend, in her

Dutch dialect, "Ich denxt cella mons be der alta time apostles."

Referring again to the old reservoir, we must not forget the passing of the town pump and what was at the time known as the "bucket brigade." In this extended line, as a well-filled bucket went from hand to hand to the crude hand-engine, then back empty along another, were merchants, doctors, lawyers, preachers—all classes only too ready and willing to take a hand when a conflagration threatened the town.

Linking the present with the past, may yet be seen standing on a shelf in the well-known tobacco store of the Demuth brothers, a long row of hats or helmets worn by the firemen at a time before the paid department came to take the place of the volunteer system. Directly opposite, on another shelf, are two well-preserved "leather buckets," grim reminders of bygone days. If then, all praise is due the firemen of to-day, equal tribute must be accorded the memory of the "volunteers" of "ye olden time," for their bravery, all without pay or hope of future reward.

What mattered if the members of the "Sun," "Union," "Friendship," "Shiffler" and a few others got themselves into a little offensive and defensive warfare, all for the glory that might result to the victor!

But there were other troubles along in the middle forties apart from the Millerite scare, in which a certain Lancasterian mounted an improvised platform in his back yard, dressed in white robe, waiting to be

**CIVIC PROCESSION,**  
For the reception of His Excellency, the  
**President of the United States,**,  
On Friday evening, August 10, 1849

**TRUMPETER MOUNTED.**

AIDS. CHIEF MARSHAL AIDS.  
Bald. D. B. Vondersmith, | Maj. Gen. Geo. Ford, | Bald. Chas. H. Howell,  
Bald. George F. Moore.

BAND.

Second Assistant Marshal HENRY F. BENEDICT.

Escort of Citizens on Horseback, dressed as follows:—Black coat with blue ribbon  
on the left breast; white pantaloons and black hat.

1<sup>ST</sup> ART. MARSHAL. President's Carriage. 2<sup>ND</sup> ART. MARSHAL.  
Walker G. Brown, Esq. | William W. Shadel.

Governor's Carriage.

Member of Cabinet's Carriage.

Committee of Arrangement in Carriages.

Officers and Soldiers of the Mexican War, in do.  
His Honor, the Mayor, and the Presidents and members of the Select and Common Councils, of the  
city of Lancaster, in carriages.

AIDS. FIRST ART. MARSHAL AIDS.  
Donald B. Baker | FRANCIS KEENAN, ESQ. | Henry Barnes.

High Sheriff of Lancaster county and Deputies.

Judges and Officers of the Courts.

Citizens on Horseback.

Citizens on Foot.

Conestoga Teams.

Citizens in Carriages.

The Chief Marshal, Assistant Marshal, Aids, and Committee of Escort, consisting of citizens dressed as designated in the programme, will assemble at "the Manor Hotel," (Boley's) West King st, on FRIDAY, at 5 o'clock P. M. precisely.

Carriages, Citizens on horseback, on foot, and all others will take their places in the line on the Harrisburg turnpike, at the intersection of the Railroad.

**Order and Arrangement for Saturday.**

For the purpose of escorting His Excellency, President TAYLOR, to the Harrisburg Railroad on Saturday morning, the 11th instant, the Procession will be re-formed agreeably to the order for Friday, at 8 o'clock A. M. in Orange street, the right on Duke street, facing South and displaying West. At 100 o'clock the procession will move down Orange street to North Queen, up Queen to the President's Quarters. After the President is in line, the procession will move out East King street to Middle, down Middle to South Queen, up South Queen to West King, out West King to Charlotte, up Charlotte to Orange, down Orange to Prince, and out Prince to the Harrisburg Turnpike. The procession will then half, when the President, Governor and members of the Cabinet will move to the right of the line, which will then pass in review before them.

All Banners, Emblems, Insignias and Mottoes of a political character, are prohibited from being introduced into the line.

By order of

**GEORGE FORD,**

Chief Marshal.

C. M. HOWELL,  
D. B. VONDERSMITH, | AIDS.

PROGRAM FOR PRESIDENT TAYLOR'S RECEPTION



received into the heavenly kingdom by old Saint Peter. And yet, our goodly school-director-friend was compelled to defer his upward ascension to a more fitting season.

It was along in '43 that the gas-pipes came to disturb the equilibrium of a few of the town's pessimists. And oh, glory! how the doubters went their way predicting what was to happen when a pipe exploded, filling all the houses with gaseous vapor, or when a match was applied to a gas-burner! As a lad, we recall one fastidious middle-aged growler. And bless me, the town has still a few who haven't as yet passed to that bourne where all growling is tabooed!

After all, how surprisingly one episode will awaken memory to others that for years had been lying locked in the mind's storehouse. Too young to march under the banner of William Henry Harrison, of "Tippicanoe" fame, we were not by any means too young to join the surging mass later out the railroad to the Harrisburg pike. Taking our seat on the fence (not a wire one, either) we awaited the arrival of the Enterprise, with its distinguished visitor. For days it had been rumored that President Taylor was to pay his respects to the city. Accordingly, not to disappoint the "Whigs," it was on the tenth of August, 1849, six months after his inauguration as the twelfth President, that the distinguished citizen made his appearance. And we can well recall the shout that went up as he stepped from the car. "Zachary Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista, President of the United States, is in Lancaster!" And, oh, my! when he took

my small, delicate hand within his own soft embrace! It was equal to that of a mother's touch in bidding an only son a final good-bye! Since then I've shaken other Presidents by the hand, but none with the same warmth. For, at the time, "Old Rough and Ready" had become an inspiration.

However, as he only lived little more than a year after this his first and last visit, his untimely ending may be attributed to the gratifying "send-off" he received by the goodly people of old Lancaster, known then as now for their good will toward all men. And now, as the order of ceremonies is reproduced on an opposite page, no further reference need be made to this important event.

Reaching the station, it remained for the lads of the town to meet a number of Mexican soldiers who had fought under "Rough and Ready," only to return, as nearly a score of years later, did the veterans of the Civil war. How oft have these Mexican soldiers, with their knapsacks strapped to their backs, recalled the scores who left their homes in '61 to do battle for their country's flag! At the close of the struggle we saw some of them. And now, forty-two years later, how many remain? We see but a remnant parading the streets, no longer to the music of a "drummer-boy" who marched off to the war by his father's side, then a lad in his early teens. And it was only recently the papers conveyed the sad news that "Danny's" spirit had passed where the sound of his drum and that of his father's bugle will nevermore cheer the soldier-boys into action as in the years gone by. Peace to the memory of drummer and bugler.

Referring once more to the returned Mexican soldiers, an amusing episode suggests itself. It seems, as the story ran, that old John Cosgrove, whose place of business was along where the Hotel Lancaster now stands, had a son James, who had enlisted under the banner of "Rough and Ready." Learning of his return, one of the wags wrote the father a letter with the signature of James attached. As old John could neither read nor write, one of a coterie of imps kindly translated its contents. Catching its import, he went from tavern to tavern holding the letter upside down and repeating, "Tabaco, Buena Vista, Vera Cristo, Mexico, United States Army, Jeems Cosgrove, dacased."

At this moment James appeared on the scene with knapsack strapped over his shoulder. Catching sight of his aged father, he was about to embrace him, when the old man sang out, "Away wid ye; ye can't be personatin' yerself off fur me son J-ee-ms, fur he writ me wid his own hand that he was killed away down in Tabaco, Buena Vista, Vera Cristo, Mexico, United States Army."

Turning from this bygone episode, it was along at the close of the Mexican war that the gold-fever followed. As history records, about eighty thousand men from all sections of the country pressed their way westward, a few by the overland route, others by way of the isthmus, and still others by way of the Horn, thence up the Pacific to the gold-bearing fields.

Among the number who hurried off to the "gold-diggings" were a few from Lancaster City and county, one of whom was Amos M'Cartney, who, later, married

a well-known Lancaster lady, who, in 1869 was the first woman to cross from the Pacific to the Atlantic on the Union Pacific. At a point near Salt Lake she witnessed the driving of two spikes, connecting the lines, one of silver from Nevada, the other of gold, silver and iron from Arizona.

As another of those singular coincidences to be met with, it was in '97, that the writer happened to be delayed for a day in Sacramento. Taking a trolley ride in the direction of the Sutter Mill-Race, he was surprised to learn that this was the half-century anniversary of Captain Sutter's gold discovery. Everywhere on the car were evidences that something out of the usual was taking the excursionists on a picnic-jaunt, all wearing flags, badges and other mementoes.

Having in a casual way made known that I was from Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, and had frequently met Captain Sutter at his home in Lititz, I was called upon for a few remarks. As a result I was decorated with flags and emblems. The impression left upon my mind was, with what sincerity all seemed imbued in paying homage to the memory of one who had been indirectly the cause of turning California from a wilderness into fields of grain and orange plantations.

Touching upon the subject in which the American people are at present most deeply interested, I was only recently met by the query, "How do you account for the high price all marketable products have assumed?" This started me to thinking of the comparison between the present time and the middle fifties. Then the great majority of town dwellers were farmers, only on a

smaller scale than their country cousins. Many had their truck-patches of potatoes, cabbage, celery, peas, beans and other truck, thus relieving themselves of the necessity of depending on the "curb-stone" market, then the cheapest as have since become the private markets the dearest among those of all the leading cities.

Apart from these truck-patches was the stable for the cow, and not far removed, the pig-sty, with shoats to be butchered along about Thanksgiving. Ducks, geese and chickens were as common as the English sparrow of the present day, with this difference, the much-abused hen wasn't then compelled to stand sponsor for the storing away in refrigerators of millions of her products by the rapacious "Trust" that has the temerity to assert that the supply is not only growing scarcer, but at the same time smaller in size.

In the fall of the year it was nothing unusual for a farmer to bring to the home a quarter or a half steer at four and five cents per pound, some of which was salted down in pickle, the big, round "chunks" to be hung in the chimney or smokehouse to be served later as dried beef. Applebutter boiling with the making of saurkraut was by no means unheard of in the best-regulated city families.

Of course, these conditions prevailed when the town was young, and before the incoming of the 'phone, through which the "price-fixer" admonishes the "seller" to add another cent or two a pound to the price of his butter. Again, before the advent of the private market houses, there was little chance for the

sellers getting "together" in the fixing of prices, considered by those who have to pay the piper as prohibitory. Yes, yes; too much prosperity for some, and not enough for others, has engendered a feeling of extravagance among the more wealthy, with money to burn.

Of one thing I feel reasonably sure that, to maintain a just and equitable ratio between labor and prices, there must at the same time be an adjustment between the cities and the farming communities. So long as the cities continue to rob the rural communities of their sons and daughters, so long must the "buyers" rest content to part with their hard-earned dollars, or sell out and turn farmers themselves. So, I thought, my friend could take his choice.

It was along somewhere in the early fifties that I was drawn to the extensive apple-orchard at the northwest corner of Duke and Lemon where a speech was delivered by Anson Burlingame, the first ambassador to open the gates of China to the commerce of the United States; this started me to thinking how comparatively few of the other towns of the country had a greater supply of fruits of all kinds in the forties and fifties, than Lancaster. Apples of every variety and flavor from smokehouse, rambo, belleflower, pounders, to the much despised grindstone which, dug up along in the early spring, how mellow and appetising. Then the peaches, apricots, plums, harvest pears and others too numerous to mention, hung from trees here, there and everywhere, affording the small boy the opportunity of climbing a tree in "Bobby" Fultz's apple

orchard, noway rendering him liable to more than a good spanking when caught astraddle the high-hoard fence.

No longer do we see the "apple-picker" standing on a ladder with bag strung over his shoulder gathering in the luscious fruit. To one thing I never could become reconciled—why the fruit which dropped on the outside of the fence from a tree, was without the flavor of that which fell on the inside of the high-board fence. Taking into consideration the danger, the effort, is it because forbidden fruit is always the more palatable? As this is one of those knotty problems for which I've never found a solution, it is respectfully referred to the Horticultural Society for their earnest consideration. Awaiting a reply, we close this chapter.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CHURCH BUILDINGS REBUILT—CHECK BOOKS—A GOOD SISTER.

**A**S a city is a corporate body of individuals, it is what the people make it, some few to move with rapid strides, others to progress for a time and then fall into "innocuous desuetude," all depending on certain conditions, resulting at times from mismanagement on the part of the local authorities, at still others, through national reverses caused by over-inflation or any one of the dozen other upheavals. In this, Lancaster has been no exception to the general rule. At periods it has moved along with rapid strides, until over-building resulted in a sudden suspension of all business activity.

Following such a condition in fifty-one and two, an era of church improvement began in Lancaster in the pulling down of a few of the old church buildings and the erection of others of more stately appearance outwardly and better accomodations within. Thus, at the corner of Prince and Vine Streets we, as a boy, witnessed the erection of St. Mary's beautiful structure. Following this was the "First Presbyterian" at the corner of Cherry and Orange known then as now as the "street of churches." On the site where the present church stands was a small brick structure bearing no comparison to the present edifice.

At the corner of Christian and Orange stood during

the same year a large stone building, bearing the title and date, "First Reformed—built 1736—rebuilt, 1753," with walls of limestone and plastered on the outside. Were it standing to-day it would present a grotesque appearance in contrast with others, with its small windows and other ancient style of architecture. Following its dismantlement came the present more attractive edifice, as the date on a marble tablet indicates—1736—1753—1852.

Recalling more vividly the old church building, it was with boyish curiosity we stood during the evening twilight of a summer day to witness the myriads of leather-wing bats swarming out of its east and west end gables. They seemed to fly here, there and everywhere, to the annoyance of the gentler sex especially, if one or more happened to enter a bed-room window after night had set in. And oh, my, what a flurry as all the household gathered to drive the unwelcome intruder out of the privacy of the sleeping-room!

During the years '51 and '52, the "Reformed" was erected on the corner where formerly stood the town's scales. And while this building yet stands devoted to other purposes, directly opposite looms up one of the most beautiful and attractive churches in the city, facing as it does on the east, "Old Saint James," so changed from what it was when as a boy we always betook ourselves to the gallery, owing, no doubt, to the reason that the voice of the minister could be more distinctly heard. There was still another reason: it afforded the boys a chance to count the number of regular "dozers" especially at the moment the long-

handled pole with bag at end was passed along from pew to pew.

Another moment with the bats and swallows: So numerous were the latter in our boyhood as to afford lots of sport in knocking them right and left, as down along the middle of the street they flew, with those escaping to dart down this or that chimney, their daily roosting place. And what a time the lank, lean "chimney-sweep" had in driving these migratory swallows, with their long tails and out-spread wings, from their haunts, as out of the top of the chimney would bob his own woolly head as he sang his merry song for the edification of the boys who took pure delight in imitating the sweeper's melodious refrains. Yes; the chimney-sweep of our childhood was a factor to be reckoned with the same as is the pestiferous, ungrateful sparrow of the present day, as unwelcome a new-comer to the city-dweller as is the average potato bug to the average farmer.

Ah, but how about the bumble bee, my boys? Whew! it makes an old-timer wish he were young again. As we recall, few were the lads with the courage to face one of the bumble bees as backward he moved in protecting his eyes—a sure target for their unerring aim and sting. And here let it be said that the boy who has never measured swords with an outraged bumblebee, in defense of its God-given rights, its home, wax and honey, has missed one of life's summer-day pleasures. What mattered it to return home on a Saturday preceding the Sabbath with both eyes hermetically sealed? These gentle little creatures

may be just as numerous as ever along every fence-corner, but the boys have no longer the instinct to ferret them out, as had Ellis Gable, who seemed to have a way of juiking their stings. Again we ask what have become of the bumble bee and the innocent hornet? Awaiting an answer, it will be necessary to pass to other innovations that have absorbed the attention of our twentieth-century boys, if such are to be found except on the baseball stand or in the reading of a dime novel or perchance, the Sunday illustrated papers.

As to ball-playing the middle of the streets were equally divided between the boys, chickens, geese and quadruped on the one hand, and, the slow-going traps of all kinds on the other. And as to the pavements, these old man Thackara claimed as an inherent right for the express company, over which he drove his push-cart from store to store delivering his daily supply of such articles as weren't contained in Robert Moderate's freight wagon. Since then, while the sidewalks have been kept reasonably clear of all obstructions, the leading business streets are yet encumbered with all kind of building material, leading the average stranger to conclude that the people have no rights which builders are bound to respect. However, seeing with what danger the "old-timer" is surrounded, it won't do to protest; each generation has had its "fads and fancies." Indeed, as well might we find fault with the shape and style of the twentieth-century's girl's head-gear which, if worn six decades ago by the young ladies of the town, might have rendered them liable to arrest

for imitating their less pretentious cousins of the farm.

But since we come to think it over, we have no fault to find with either the girls or their hats. What matters it if we old chaps be compelled to step outside on the curb when a dozen of these "sixteen-year old" darlings come trippingly along arm in arm casting sly glances at an equal number of their boy-companions with hair parted in the middle and cap at an angle of ten degrees to windward. Oh, yes! with these bright-eyed hopefuls, done up in the latest patent-leathers and other gewgaws, the youngsters of six decades ago simply weren't in it.

To most fathers with a group of both sexes, what would the town be anyway without the girls and boys? Think for a moment of sidewalks given up entirely to elderly maidens, bachelors and old married men! Whew! what a commotion among the department stores, millineries, ice cream and photograph galleries, the theatres and moving picture shows, for the girls; the pool rooms, clubs, ten-pin alleys and billiard rooms for the boys! Why, well, indeed, might the dancing and skating rink go into the hands of a receiver. And as to the summer trolley cars running to Rocky Springs, even this line might be compelled to go into foreclosure! No, no! the very thought of curtailing the supply and demand of these happy, go-as-you-please, twentieth-century lads and lasses is enough to make all the town's bachelors get a "move on."

The girls, bless 'em! what matters it if they are

crowding the young men to the wall in all departments of trade and commerce? After all, who can blame them? It's the survival of the fittest. So, go it, while you're young, my girls, but be careful when you come to join your fortune with this or that young "sport," you aren't marrying one who'll let you do the hustling in running a typewriter while he spends his time and money in a pool or club room.

Speaking of the boys, having been one myself, unless they are different from those of our days, it would be strange if they didn't have the same hopes and aspirations. And yet I am inclined to the opinion that the genuine all-round boys are no longer in evidence. They drift too soon from knee-breeches into the latest style of men's wearing apparel. To drop out of boyhood into that of early manhood, with all the meaning implies, would seem to be the tendency of their day and generation. It's the same with the girls; we see them to-day in their kilts, happy, cheerful, innocent—tomorrow, we hardly know them in their womanly attire.

"But—but," as we soliloquize, "it'll never do to protest; the youngsters will have their way; we know this from experience; complain, we do occasionally, only to be told we are out of touch with the times. As a result, we keep thinking, and yet pay the millinery bills as one after the other is thrust under our eyes by the youngest, who is always sent to reconcile the "old man" to the inevitable. Grumble? Of course, for where in the broad universe is there a man with a "growed-up" family who isn't disposed to do a little grumbling with the check-book resorted to daily?

The check-book! well, after all, paying bills by check isn't half as aggravating as to be compelled to count out the ten-dollar bills one after the other. Have ye ever thought, ye fathers, how easy it is to write out a check for a hundred or two? Then, the number of lesser ones in paying gas, telephone, grocery and other bills that keep accumulating from week to week. Yes, after all, it's to checks that may be attributed our twentieth-century extravagant tendencies.

In the olden days it was somewhat different; then the "old" man held the long, silver purse close within his grasp; and as others have occasion to know, it was with no little persuasion he could be prevailed upon to open it. And bless you, when at last the little round silver rings let out its contents, they were usually a few fippennybits, levies, quarters, and maybe, a stray half-dollar with its edges worn off, so long had it been kept within the old purse. But the big, round silver dollars, bank-notes and gold-pieces; these were usually stored away for safe keeping, but where? None knew but the old gentleman himself. It must have been somewhere up stairs, so often did he stroll up and back until he could make up his mind to disturb the old bureau drawer. Yes, yes! with a shake of the head, I've reached the conclusion that if anyone deserves the noose of the hangman, it's the fellow who first invented the check-book!

Ah, but notes, on the other hand, can be tolerated for the reason that, as a rule they have from thirty to ninety days to run, with the chance of the maker allowing the "endorser" the pleasure of lifting them on

maturity. And of all the innocent diversions, that of lifting another man's note, is the most gratifying. Do you doubt it? Well, if so disposed, it'll be taking you only one short minute, a stub-pen, and a small quantity of ink to accomodate a friend in need. Under this act of generosity, you rest content until the note goes to protest. And then what? Well, never mind the what; go lift it and charge to profit and loss. Later, perchance, you'll be repaid by being invited to partake of a hundred-dollar "set-out" by a friend, at your own expense.

Leaving this most delightful subject for "endorsers" to dwell upon at their leisure, and getting back to the girls—I am compelled in all candor to admit that, before my tenth year, I had taken a mortal dislike to my eldest sister; the others I could browbeat or win over with a handful of delicious "love-letters." when so carefully wrapped with a motto by our boy-friend the South Queen street Doctor, growing a little old, but the same warm-hearted man to-day as when in the days of old he stood in his father's confectionery store.

As has been said, I could manage those younger than myself, not so with the meddler with a boy's greatest pleasures. Yes, this bright-eyed sister of mine was everlastingly a thorn in my side. Indeed, what she couldn't find out wasn't worth the while of Joe Brentnall, the High Constable, or the sleepy night watchman, who went his way by night calling out the hours for no other earthly reason than to let the sleeper understand that he was at all hours in evidence. It wasn't enough for him to stand in front of

our house calling out, "P-a-s-t two o'clock, un' it drizzliest, un' it frizzlest, un' down cume der rain!" No! for he was sure to give two or three raps with the handle of his cane, and then go his way to encase himself in his little watch-box which, on Hallow E'en, was sure to find itself, he knew not where.

But to that sister. Oh! how I hated her! Go where I would, or do what I might, I was sure to be brought to a strict account. If I returned home after playing "baggs" along the Conestoga, with a story warranted to deceive even a twentieth-century detective, there stood facing the young "innocent" that meddlesome sister. How this inquisitive youngster kept herself informed, I could never learn. As to any of my cronies turning tale-bearers—well I knew they would lie themselves blue in the face before consenting to divulge, of their own volition, any innocent boyish amusement, even to the extent of robbing a water-melon patch. And for this reason, I have always had a certain contempt for the boy tale-bearer only too ready to bear witness against his best friend. On the other hand, I have always admired the lad who manfully steps forward saying, "Teacher, I did it with my little hatchet."

What was still more aggravating, I was forever being reminded of my "get-up," and the effect of evil communication with other bad boys, upon good character. If my hands needed scrubbing more than once in fortnight, or hair brushing out with something finer than a curry-comb, there was the fault-finder morning, noon and evening, with water, comb and brush. Oh, glory! how I hated her!

And now, recalling George Washington and his little hatchet, I am in duty bound, as a warning to other boys to relate an episode. Early one summer evening after my first experiment with the noxious "weed," I was led to the door by a few of my cronies who, after telling my mother I had over-indulged myself with too many paddy-cakes, they vamoosed as suddenly as they came. Yes, I was sick unto death with what she thought was a case of measles or scarlet fever. There, in my little bed I lay trying to overcome the nausea that had been playing hide and seek with an outraged stomach, with my younger sisters standing by my bed-side weeping their eyes out for my speedy recovery, as mother poured into me a dose of calomel jalap. But that eldest sister knew what had happened before my making an open confession that never, *never*, would I ever again, use the insidious weed in any form. But alas! how soon are promises, made under fear of going to the bad place, broken with impunity! In my case, it required little more than a week to fall from grace.

As a result, with no desire to set myself up as an example for others to follow, the naked truth compels me to declare that forever after I was a user of the vile stuff in the shape of a cigar. However, I had one "credit-mark;" I never chewed "terbacker;" nor have I ever drifted in to the abominable habit of indulging myself in a cigarette or of "chewing-gum," a practice more unbecoming to the young girls of this twentieth century than that of chewing tobacco in the olden days.

What might have been the effect on the "boy-

smoker" of sixty years ago, had the subject of hygiene and narcotics been taught in the public schools, I have no means of knowing. The chances are that, after a lesson or two, I should have followed the example of this generation's precocious youngster, who, when out of reach of the moral influence of the teacher, starts to proving the truth or untruth of the precept by taking a puff or two.

Of course, up to the breaking out of the war, the expense attending a quiet "smoke" wasn't very costly, a big copper cent going pretty far along the line of economy. At this juncture I might have broken the habit except for the fact that the General Government needed additional revenue, and as I was without property holdings, how better could I contribute my share to the Nation's immediate needs and wants?

With this satisfactory apology, I was along about this time driven into a condition of "bondage." Oh, to think of a youth of my tender years being compelled to wade clear through the holy Book from Genesis to Revelations! But as there was a premium offered by our Sunday School teacher, Miss Benjamin, to the one to be the first to complete the volume, I like a dutiful son, managed to skip along, leaving out a few chapters here and there; and as to the "jaw-breakers"—these I would skip over with as little compunction of conscience as I would a five-rail fence for a rosy peach.

And now, after looking back over my earlier boyhood days, how thrice doubly thankful am I to feel that I had an older sister to guide my erring footsteps along

and over many a little chasm, so common to the average city boy now as then. Let it be repeated: The boy who has never had a sister, be it one or many, should lose no time in going in search of one. If, as has been said, "What is home without a mother?" it may with equal force be said, "What is home without a sister?"

The foregoing are but "crumbs swept up" along the pathway of a boy's life. The brighter "jewels"—the lads who have since developed into men of standing and prominence as leaders in the great cause of the city and county's prosperity—these remain for the local historian to set forth in the pages of history. The "crumbs" by others overlooked—these I have attempted to gather into concrete form without the slightest regard for the writer's personality appearing too conspicuously in the lime-light of the modern day critic, ever disposed to profit by the shortcomings of others.

## CHAPTER IX.

GETTING EMPLOYMENT—THE COUNTY FAIR IN THE FIFTIES—STEFFY—“TOODLER”—JAKE PARKS.  
HIRAM KROOM.

**I**F, in the foregoing, the writer has indulged himself in a good many things that are old and others that are of little interest to the younger reader, the fault must be attributed to his years. However, in passing from town to country there may be sufficient diversity to make amends for such discrepancies as the previous chapters contain.

Getting back to boyhood, on reaching my fourteenth year, like most other growing lads, I naturally began to look 'round for such permanent employment as might best boost a youngster along in the world. As there were no "umbrella factories" and other such industries as have since made this city a Paradise of "child labor," I became imbued with the desire to becoming a blacksmith in the shop of the late Daniel Werntz in the rear of the Balloonist John Wise's home opposite the Grubb estate. It wasn't long, however, until I had stepped with my bare left foot on a piece of hot iron in the shape of a horseshoe when I suddenly changed my mind, something not unusual even at the present day for boys born tired. Although somewhat superstitious, at no time since could I be persuaded to hang one of these disturbers of my peaceful moments over the door of my bedroom as a sign of good luck. No, I wouldn't give the snap of

my finger for all the new or worn out horseshoes since the first quadruped came over on Hendrick Hudson's Dutch ship. In no way discouraged over this slight mishap, I went my way in search of such other employment where horseshoes were nowhere in evidence.

In view of the fact that I had traveled "some," I resolved to turn balloonist while assisting "Charlie" in unrolling and varnishing the long rolls of silk in his father's back yard. Whether I was conscious at the time that at some future day I might go soaring over the English Channel or down over the Hudson in a monoplane, memory fails to recall. Nor can I remember at this late day whether it was the gas that gave out or a storm that prevented my taking a seat in the wicker-basket in going in search of the later much-discussed Halley's comet's tail. What I do remember is, the balloon was inflated on the plot of ground where, among others, stands the residence of the Hon. W. U. Hensel.

Compelled to live out my days on terra firma, as good luck would have it, in the Spring of '51 I entered Reuben Erben's Clothing Store on North Queen near Orange, and where for three years I continued on "big" days, such as April first, Whitmonday and Circus-day, to act as salesman.

In the carrying of packages, notably on April first, I usually found time to stroll down to Steinman's hardware store, where an ample "spread" was provided for their Dutch customers, who seldom failed to lay in a good supply of substantials. Indeed, so alluring had the "feasting" become in the fifties, as to cause at

least one other hardware man later to take at intervals a half dozen Germans to his home at the noon-hour. Then, to top the meal off with a "half-spanish!" Why, it's the easiest way of building up a profitable business at the least possible cost. What mattered it if in the purchase of a stove, the pipe consisted of but *one* single elbow-joint.

Passing these little episodes, even a growing boy couldn't help noticing during '51-'52, the beginning of a new era for the town. Over on East King, the thrifty John N. Lane had set the ball of improvement rolling by erecting a new store of sandstone with metal shutters that could be raised and lowered with the greatest ease. So far in advance was he over other merchants who had to bang theirs shut nightly, making the streets look as if they had gone into mourning for one of their class, as to cause him to be looked upon as the foremost business man in the city.

It is scarcely conceivable to note the change between then and now, with store-windows of plate-glass before which hundreds stand during a Christmas-Eve, filled to overflowing with such an assortment of gifts as to have turned the heads of the merchants of half a century ago, topsy-turvy.

During the early fifties, signs of improvement everywhere met the eye. The cotton mills began to loom up with evidence that a newer order of business thrift had set in. But in the midst of this seeming prosperity, came a lamentable bank-failure. As Lancaster has always been quick to recover from these periodical upheavals, things soon began to assume their normal status.



STEFFY

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On the Fourth of July, '51, amid the booming of cannon, the people celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of American Independance. Later, beginning October 19, came the opening-day of the Lancaster County Agricultural Fair, held a short distance north of the Groffstown road, midway between that and the Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike. And what a glorious time for the country-boys who had come with their sweethearts to see the sights.

It was during this week that the "Museum" was in full blast with Daniel Boone's club, with which he had killed all the Indians in the state of Kentucky, as one of the attractions. In an open lot not far removed were the "Flying Horses," with the "Indians" performing their acrobatic evolutions. In still another tent were the "India-rubber" horse, and the "Wild Man of Borneo" with the grind-organ turning out its sweetest melodies for the edification of the country lads with a few of those older in years measuring swords with the "light-fingered" gentry, usually departing wiser if not happier.

But since we come to think it over, what's "Fair-Week" for, anyway, if not to cater to the wants of the unsophistocated "innocents" whether from town or country? A little of this world's experience gathered early in life and profited by is more wholesome than to be unconsciously entrapped into the many snares when one has passed his half-century milestone.

Referring again to the "Museum," we have no recollection of ever having met "Steffy" posing as a "dwarf" or strolling 'round taking in the sights. We

have, however, a very distinct reminder of having seen Ben Mishler's protege, who, usually when in the city, made his home with the man who built a house in a single day of ten hours.

It's been said that on one occasion Steffy was approached by a showman, who on learning he had passed his century-mark, offered him a good round sum to travel with the show as a freak. The bargain having been consummated, Steffy asked time to consult his father before leaving home. "Your father, your father! Why, why, where in the thunder is your father?" "Oh, he's up-stairs nursing grandfather," came as he started to go his way.

"Steffy," whose portrait is seen opposite, was born and reared somewhere in the eastern part of the county. Only four feet in height, with body out of all proportion to the length of his pedal extremities, and half-century-old stovepipe hat perched on the top of his well-shaped cranium, with a long, black stogie between his teeth, our prototype could be looked for after each important election with the returns securely stored away in the crown of his steeple-shaped headgear. Stepping into the headquarters of the "Thugs" and spreading out the tally-sheet before the coterie of political bosses, Steffy stood prepared for any changes which might make things solid for "Mulhooly," as the saying went.

Whether this product of the Welsh-mountain district had imbibed too much of Mishler's Bitters of labels of different quality, has escaped our storehouse of memory, which, at times has been in the habit of "leaking" when least expected.



"TOODLER" RICHARDSON

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Glancing with a sort of inward satisfaction at a recently acquired half-tone, mailed the autobiographer by a leading citizen, I am lost in reverie, as my eyes take in none other than that of "Willie," otherwise known to the town as "Toodler," painter, glazier, and all-round handy man, always ready in a pinch to turn a willing hand in the line of his calling to serve a friend.

It was "Willie" who, when called to varnish a mahogany door or a grand-father's eight-day clock, would just as likely give it a coat of the vilest black, green or blue. Then, if a single pane needed replacing, the owner was fortunate if he didn't have a few others needing attention.

However, we must picture "Tood" as we found him sitting on a barrel, happy, contented, done up in a piccadilly collar and red necktie with cheeks of vermillion red and moustache of cosmetic black. But, oh, glory! what a sight to behold when the perspiration began to flow and the colors mix, with the thermometer up in the nineties. It was then that all 'round handy "Willie" was a subject for the artist's pencil or the photographer's camera. Apart from his grotesque appearance when not under the influence of too many mint juleps, Toodler was a useful citizen. One or two he could withstand, but the third, as many another has discovered, compelled him to remain over night in or on a barrel.

Taking the next half-tone in hand, and holding it before the sun's rays to bring out the lines of the portrait, we are almost overcome with a congestive chill

as we glance it over. "None other than the inimitable 'Jake Parks'" we soliloquize, as we look it over more critically. Reaching Lancaster at the time of the landing of the first African ship on American soil, Jake is going to live as long as there's a push-cart to push or a banjo to play. After all, what matters it if during a February blizzard, Jake is encased in the supplements of all the discarded Sunday newspapers as a preventive against certain epidemics common the world over.

"Yes, yes, it's many a long day since we last heard the ring of his voice and the strains of his banjo in the 'Yellow-Front' cigar store. While not a professional of the late Charlie Loag order, he had a way of manipulating the strings of his banjo for a few stray nickels to charm the hearts of his hearers, of both high and low degree. But Jake, too, is happy ever since he sat before the camera to have his picture taken."

Drifting back to the "Museum," the place where the boys of the fifties used to congregate, we have no recollection of ever having seen Mammy Staines on exhibition, but we are not so short of memory as to overlook at least four old mammys—Mammy Jordon, Mammy Bender, of "sparemint" fame, Mammy Haggarty and Mammy Staines, with her hoop-skirts of enormous size, resembling a small circus tent, such as "Boogy" Hambright used to tote 'round the country.

The oldest and best remembered of this quartette is Mammy Haggarty, who usually held forth in front of the State-house. On one occasion, for which there



JAKE PARKS

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are no records to confirm its truthfulness, something occurred during an important trial in the Penn Square Court-house. Holding a bottle of fermented mead in the direction of court and judge, the cork went sailing through the open window and striking the venerable justice on the side of his wig, caused a regular stampede for Reigart's liquor store for a little something more appetizing than the flavor of a cork from a bottle of Mammy Haggerty's home-made beer.

Anyone strolling down North Queen during the fifties from the "Museum" to the "Grape," might have fallen in with many an eccentric character, one of whom comes in mind. To imitate a short-set German's vernacular was a boy's greatest delight; and so, in passing old "Oscar's" place of business, it was singular if one or more glancing into his store wouldn't call out, "Jakey, tie der dog loose; Jakey, lock der key un' puts der door in yer pocket." And it was only the coming of one of the town's constables, calling "Get a move-on, or I'll send you to the lock-up on a barrow, you young heathen," that gave Oscar rest from the torments of the town's hoodlums.

However, to pass the "Grape," presided over by the two Michael brothers, would be to forget the *literati* who used to congregate around the "cannon" stove during frosty evenings. Among the best known was none other than Colonel Dittmars, or "Ditt," as he was called, as he went his way, leaning on his staff.

On one occasion, as the story runs, he had just returned from Niagara, where he had taken his educated "Betsy" to see the sights. Standing before the bar, with a coterie of his chums, he exclaimed, in sonorous voice, "Gentlemen, I took Betsy to see the wonder of the world—to Niagara. As I stood pointing to the rapids, with the waters rushing down through the whirlpool, I turned to the old lady and said, 'Where before, in all of the Good Man's handiwork, did you ever see a more magnificent panorama? Ah, yes, Betsy,' I went on, 'cast your eyes here, there and everywhere, and tell Ditt where in the heavens above or in the waters under the earth, another Niagara can be found?'

"At last, at last, after exhausting my vocabulary of descriptive adjectives, that educated Betsy turned and said, 'Why, Ditt, where's the mill?'

"The mill! Great heavens, Betsy!" And with this I brought her back to the Conestoga where she might see the stone grist-mill and hear the wheels go 'round."

And yet if Betsy had lived a half century longer, she might have gone to Niagara and seen the wheels go 'round, in sending the electric current to turn the wheels in thousands of industries.

Great Scott! just as we are about to conclude the town's galaxy of celebrities, here comes a long, ten-page letter with the half-tone enclosed. Removing it from its snug hiding place, our eyes at once take in the image of "Hiram," the scissors' grinder and baritonist, who years ago used to sing in nearly all the



HIRAM KROOM

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church choirs. One glance at his profile and his identity is at once established.

"Hiram" had no counterpart in the circle in which he moved, being at all times a peculiar character unto himself, possibly, for the reason that at an early age he was disappointed in love. Many, indeed, were the times, while leaning over his machine, he would unconsciously hum the few lines he had dedicated to his beautiful Maria, who had so cruelly turned him down for another unworthy of her love. Born in Ireland, he made but one trip to his native land, but whether in search of the girl who had jilted him, he never could be prevailed upon to disclose. However, on his return he was wont to say, "Ireland was good enough for Hiram as a boy; but America, the 'land of the free and the home of the brave,' is the one place for the scissors grinder to end his days." And here he ended them not so many years ago.

Blessed with an over-amount of self-assurance, his baritone voice, apart from the jingle of his bell, was sufficient for any housewife to tell that Hiram, the scissors grinder, was in evidence. His favorite expression on meeting anyone of a family was "And how are the children?"

Throwing myself back in the old arm-chair, I begin to chuckle inwardly as I recall "Shinnerhonnis" and "Georgie Kuhns," the old colored denizen who used to sleep in a ramshakle of a car in the rear of Thaddeus Stevens' residence, with little "Ikey" as his bosom companion. Then there was Jesse Britton, who, on

being sent for a beefsteak or a slice of ham during August, always carried it in the crown of his hat to keep it from being devoured by the pestiferous fly, as numerous in those days as are the mosquitoes on the Jersey coast. Old "Black Ellen" and "Shouting Hanna!" Hanna was sure to get religion at the shouting "Holy Roller's" colored meeting regularly once an evening, only to fall from grace the morning following.

"Hi, ho! And what can this contain?" I mumble as I break the seal. Oh, yes, some good friend hasn't forgotten blind "Johnny!" How many years he's been siting with back against the telegraph pole at Hirsh's corner entertaining the country boys and girls! Once he was young, now he's feeling the approach of age, and yet he's industriously playing the accordion at the "old stand." Drop, then, a penny into his wooden box and you'll have the pleasure of knowing you're helping the blind, the needy.

Again, whose likeness is this? Can I be mistaken? Oh, no! it carries one back to war-times—to "Father Abraham," and the late Ed. Rauch's "Pete Schifflerbrenner." This small sheet of Dutch dialect was peddled years ago by "Baker," who, while not as musical nor as young as forty years ago, is still on the town actively engaged in selling the John Baer's Dutch and English Almanac. Cheerful, happy, amid all his adversities, "Baker" may yet be seen on the "Square" dealing out the annual weather reports which the "Dutch" prefer to rely upon rather than on "Old Prob's" uncertain daily predictions, hitting



BLIND JOHNNY

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it one day and missing it the next. Lend, then, Baker a helping hand in the hour of his needs, rather than to wait the time to be sending a few roses to decorate his humble tomb. And so say we all.

Before drawing this, the last chapter on "city life," to a close, it may be said that, for a period of three years, from my fourteenth to my seventeenth year, the total wages received, at \$1.50 per week, amounted to the magnificent yearly sum of \$78.00, most of it going into the hands of the family. And yet, during these happy years I had a royal time, as pleasures went in those days, with never a thought of spending a summer at the seashore. As familiar as I had become with "city life," the reader may in due time learn that the beginning of life over again in the country wasn't, for a time at least, a bed of roses. I had much to learn that a city text-book in no way afforded. The contrast to follow may well repay the reader in comparing rural life of more than half a century ago with what it is to-day. Apart from any desire to hold my early life as an example for others to follow, I was always ambitious, and ever since I've had only contempt for the boy who isn't willing to "stick" at whatever his hands may find to do until something better comes along. To linger by the way-side and never look forward is to go backward. And once a young man goes sliding down the hill of life the chances of success are as one in a hundred. Speaking from experience, never give up one position until you are sure a better one is awaiting you. And as a concluding truism, the most critical time of a youth's life

is from birth down to the seventeenth year. Bridge well over this chasm and you will have done an act worthy of all praises, be ye teacher or parent. And now to the continuation of the narrative.



BAKER YOUNG



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## PART II.

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### CHAPTER X.

#### LEAVE LANCASTER FOR PARADISE—EXPERIENCES EN ROUTE.

HAVING given an account of my boyhood experiences in "Old Lancaster," it will now be necessary to invite the reader's attention to the Spring of '54 when I became a pilgrim to Paradise.

As another of those singular coincidences, it was some time during February of the above-named year that a tall, slenderly-built countryman called at our house on a mission little differing from that of a half-score years before when, at the age of seven, we left for Leesburg, Virginia.

Without entering largely into details, the conversation between Mr. Samuel Brua and father ran as follows: He had started a manufacturing industry less than a dozen miles east of the city of Lancaster, and had come to secure a foreman with a thorough knowledge of what the new "plant" required. Among other things, he was overheard to remark that he was desirous of securing the right to manufacture a corn-sheller of which father held letters of patent, mention of which was made in a previous chapter.

Little of interest was manifested by myself, who sat behind the wood-stove to be seen, not heard, until

I overheard the remark that his place of business was along the Pequea, a short distance removed from a village called Paradise, some of whose dwellers were Huguenots, others Scotch-Irish, with still others residing nearby of the Mennonite persuasion. Who they were and what they were I had not the slightest means of knowing, for at no time within my recollection as a boy, had the subject of local history been taught in any of the public schools of the town. Then, as nothing had occurred to take me country-bound beyond the big Conestoga bridge, like most of the other boys of the city, I was satisfied to paddle my own canoe within its limits of two square miles.

And now, having declared somewhat apologetically my lamentable ignorance of "country-life," I can truthfully go a step further by saying that the only Paradise I could at the moment recall came as the result of a Sabbath-school lesson of that faraway "Garden of Eden," which I now associated with this earthly Paradise. This delusion led me to picture in my mind's eye the pearly streets of Paradise, with its "celestials" enrobed, if not in the Millerite garb, such as I had seen down in Leesburg, at least in one equally becoming to the dwellers—the Huguenots, Scotch-Irish and Mennonites. At one moment, I was almost ready to blurt out my entire willingness to leave this town of Hades for Paradise, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, including myself, of course, as one of the weary, leaving all my past sins for the Lime Streeters to settle at their leisure.



"MAMMY" STAINES

U.S.A.M.

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This hypnotic condition I can attribute to my Sabbath-day teacher, who, as regularly as the hour came, would hold before my imagination the pearly streets of the "celestial" Paradise, where all good boys might expect to find an abiding place.

Be this as it may, a few words may be said of "country life" of fifty-six years ago, when scarcely more than sixty per cent. of the soil was under cultivation. As far back as our recollection extends, on both sides of the two turnpikes running in an easterly direction from within a mile or two of the town of Lancaster, were heavy timber tracts making it dangerous for boys to venture upon. Unlike to-day, there were no street cars nor automobiles. Besides the one line of railroad was the rickety stage coach, a half dozen or more departing six days out of seven for the extremities of the county. There was one other means of transportation, the "new plank road," extending to the conservative town of Manheim. But it wasn't long until the planks began to flare up at the ends, causing it to be abandoned by the "sporting fraternity."

Again, there was, at the time of which we write, a feeling of antipathy on the part of the dwellers of the rural districts against those of the town, and *vice versa*. A paragraph from one of the Lancaster papers reads: "It is difficult to account for the intense opposition which prevails in certain sections of the county against the people of the city." As a result, few country boys in the fifties came except to enter a store or a profession. And even many who arrived

on gala days were oftentimes made to feel that their absence was more to be desired than their presence. The same with the town boys prowling 'round over the country, at times to return wiser if not happier. "Town boys for the town and country boys for the country," if not one of the unwritten mandates, acted as a restraint in keeping the two sections in a measure separate and apart. This is not meant to infer that there weren't times when an "inrush" to the city gave the town a holiday appearance, as on market days and others; for there has never been a time when Lancaster wasn't the center of trade and commerce. On the other hand, there was a time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant when few of the rural dwellers could be induced to exchange a country home for that of the town's. The turning of the tide from country to city may be traced to the home-coming of the "boys" from the war of the Rebellion. Having seen life as they had never seen it before, thousands refused to go back to the farm after having become more closely in touch with the centers of population.

With all of a boy's hopes and aspirations centering around "city life," it is in no way strange that, in my seventeenth year, I should have conjured in my imagination all kind of notions, many of which were in time to be dispelled like dew before the morning's sun.

At last, after two months of anxious waiting, the first of April came, with a six-horse Conestoga wagon, at early sunrise, ready to convey our household effects to old Paradise. Whatever may have escaped my

memory during the past five decades, the sound of the jingling of the bells on the hem of the six iron grays remains, never to be effaced.

As the other members of the family excepting "Terry," the terror, and myself took the steam road, to be on hand when the goods arrived, it remained for the only boy to take a seat on the off-mare, for what reason I know not, except to protect the more costly



CONESTOGA WAGON.

of our mahogany furniture and silverware from falling into the hands of one or more of the Huguenots, should either attempt to waylay the team enroute to Paradise.

And here let it be said, as an historical statement, that the only parting present received by the writer was a rib-bound history of the county as he was about to step into the saddle. This present I accepted from a friend with the request that I make it my guide and companion as I went my way to enter upon

that newer life to me at the moment, so full of unseen possibilities.

In addition to this little appreciated bulky volume, which I enclosed within my coat, I was followed by a coterie of the Lime street gang as far as Witmer's bridge, beyond which it wasn't safe for them to venture for fear of being lost, requiring the constables to start out with bells in hand, as had only too frequently been the case when one of the more venturesome of the town-lads failed to return after night had set in.

Proud! Never before, except on my trip on horseback from Leesburg to Washington, had I ever felt prouder than while sitting by the driver's side. And now, to describe his appearance, in shirt sleeves with buckskin breeches scarcely reaching below the tops of his raw-hides, and black brim felt hat pressed well down over his head of long hair of deepest black with a few strands of silvery gray! That he was built for work, his stalwart frame clearly indicated, leading me to the conclusion that, if a resident of Paradise, he been sent to prepare the soil for the "celestials" who, if given to work at all, it wasn't with their hands.

However, all went well as we jogged our way over the macadam road to the tingling of the bells, until I had asked him such a flood of questions as to the kind of people I was to meet down in Paradise, as to cause him to view this inquisitive "greenie" with a look of down-right credulity, if not curiosity.

That he was of "Dutch" ancestry, his idiom made only too clear, leading his interviewer to divine that if he was a living specimen of the village dwellers

with whom I was so soon to cast my lot, the sooner I retraced my steps the happier I should be. What annoyed me most was his persistence in speaking a mixture of German and English, repeatedly asking, in his quaint way, "Kendst nicht der deitsch sprecha?" At last, to my satisfaction, I was to learn that he wasn't of Huguenot descent, nor a resident of Paradise, but a Mennonite farmer, residing some miles north of the pike, nearby what was known as the "King's Highway," but where located I know not and cared less—the village I was on the lookout for was Paradise.

Being of a happy, jolly turn, ever ready to crack a joke in broken English, we managed to get along fairly well until reaching the Mennonite meeting house, on the crest of a hill, when I concluded to rest my stiffened limbs by jogging my way along on foot, scarcely realizing the distance yet to be covered before I should enter the pearly streets of Paradise! Indeed, so friendly had we become before parting, that he kindly invited me to visit his two-hundred-acre home-stead when occasion took me to the "up" country, and where, nearly a century and a half before, the "Dutch" had settled themselves down in an unbroken wilderness. To this I signified my entire willingness, little dreaming how soon, or under what conditions. As the result of this invitation, as the reader may in due time learn, certain things happened of which at the time I was in no way conscious.

A moment later as the team passed from view, I was overcome with a feeling of such perfect content-

ment as to drive all thoughts of the town of brick and mortar to the winds. At last I had come in direct touch with Nature, with a language needing but to be understood to make "country life" a thing of beauty and joy forever. However, the next instant, as I turned and caught sight of the spire of the Lutheran steeple, a reaction set in, overcoming poor me with a feeling of home-sickness such as I had never but once experienced. A thousand and one recollections of the boys who had gathered 'round the Lime Street Bridge began to set my heart-strings to throbbing like the reel of an old-fashioned spinning wheel. With these came others, causing me to regret that I had ever been so foolish as to think of exchanging the life of the town, so near yet so far, for the village of Paradise, notwithstanding the fact that the sturdy Mennonite farmer had laughed some of my "celestial" notions clear out of my head. And yet, how little does a seventeen-year-old boy know of that Unseen Power which directs our footsteps, destined, perchance, to shape one's course of life, all for the better.

As there was no doctor within hailing distance to prescribe for a disease called "homesickness," to throw off the spell was but to cast my eyes in the direction of the morning sun where, before my vision, lay a picture more pleasing and artistically more beautiful than that painted by the hand of the town's most accomplished artist. The oaks, maples, hickories having just put on their spring raiment of brightest green, soon began to drive all my former forebodings, where, I knew not. Indeed, one blade of grow-

ing grain contained more beauty, more richness of color, more delicacy of shading than the grandest etching in the parlors of the well-to-do over in Lancaster. Here, as I stood on the crest of the hill, my mind drifted back to old Leesburg, to the field in which I had discovered the half dozen beautifully-colored Easter eggs so many years before. Sitting myself down on a lone mile-stone on the face of which were inscribed certain letters and numbers, dimmed by age, I drew forth the time-worn history, now my guide, friend and companion, and began to search for the map of the county, to make doubly sure I was on the right road to Paradise, my future home.

My future home! How could I convince myself that there was any other place under the broad canopy of heaven to compare with "Old Lancaster?" Thrusting the volume within the fold of my coat, I took to glancing over the long list of names I had jotted down in a note-book, of girls and boys whom I had promised to write an eight-page letter at least once a day; yes, particularly the girls, who used to come to visit my inquisitive sister. And yet, after these many years, I am led to exclaim, how prone we are to forget old friends as newer ones come to take their place, as the reader shall in due time learn.

With this ignoble confession which may fall under the eye of some of my former girl-friends of the middle fifties, have you ever thought, dear reader, how a boy's feelings can fluctuate? One moment they may be up among the nineties, the next, down to the zero point. And yet, after all, it is these little changes

of spirit that count for much in a boy's life. Too much sunshine isn't at all times best; we need the clouds so that we may all the better appreciate the difference between a paddy-cake and a spoonful of calomel jalap. It's, after all, the boy who bumps up against the sharp corners, even should he come out second best, in a tussle, in getting a black eye from his young antagonist, who usually comes out first-best in the end. And now to the continuation of my journey to Paradise.

## CHAPTER XI.

### HELD UP BY TRAMPS—A GARRULOUS GATEKEEPER. THE AMISH SCHOOLHOUSE.

CONTINUING these reminiscences, only those, perchance, who have passed their three-score can realize that there is a certain glamour that carries one back to irrevocable youth in which distance gives enchantment. Were this otherwise, the writer should never have attempted to set forth what may fall upon the ears of the over-critical-doubters as "dead coals." These dead coals that for more than five decades have been lying dormant in the chamber of memory, we have attempted to kindle into a flame; and in so doing it can hardly be expected that the imagination isn't to give coloring to some of the recollections that may have become dimmed by age. What then is to follow, is the result of personal experience on the one hand and close observation on the other, with such idealism as is permitted the chronicler who seeks to make a faithful portrait of events slightly colored as occasion requires.

Anyone in starting out from the city of Brotherly Love for the old town of Lancaster, along the Philadelphia pike, can scarcely fail to notice at intervals of a mile apart certain stone sentinels with letters and numbers engraved thereon, many of which have become bedimmed by age, planted over a century ago.

It was then, on one of these time-worn sentinels, I happened to seat myself with the map of the county's history before me, as a means of assuring a lone stroller that he was on the right road to Paradise! And it was while in this uncertain state of mind as to whither I was drifting, that my eyes took in as forlorn a pair of highwaymen as had ever strolled over, what at that time I had mistakenly conceived to be the "King's Highway," but which I was later to learn, lay some miles to the north—the "Old Road" over which Washington is credited with having traveled on his way to the town of Lancaster during or after Revolutionary times.

As it so happened, before I could gather my wits together to assert myself, came the pressure of cold steel against my forehead and with it, "Say, pard, can't you be makin' yerself 'gre'ble by sharin' part o' th' milestone with two o' per pals? No use in yer puttin' on style seein' ye're wearin' a suit o' better fixin's so be showin' up yer last 'pull' an' mebbe, it's Jimmy an' Si may be dividin' up with ye after goin' through th' Gatekeeper 'long later in th' day."

"No use to pander words, Jimmy; no use in wastin' time on th' young striplin'; pull th' trigger on him and go through his pockets later, fur, as he'll diskiver in th' next world a smell o' brimstone's more con-vincin' 'an a flow o' moral precepts," added Si, as he stood scanning the long stretch of macadam roadway with his eagle eye. Tapping his pard on the shoulder, came in a more persuasive tone, "Don't be usin' yer gun without givin' th' youngster 'nother chance to be

deliverin' up, seein' he looks like a innocent sort o' a town-stroller, engaged in readin' th' Holy Book, th' kind me own mother handed me 'fore startin' out livin' on th' rich farmers durin' summer an' puttin' up at th' county's 'spense when th' snow's deep on th" highway."

"An' now, me tenderfoot," lowering his sharp-shooter, "it's a sorrowful task it becomes weuns to be makin' ye to be handin' over yer ready cash, an' yer Sunday fixin's fur that o' a tramp's that's seen its best days. So, be sayin' yer last early mornin' prayers, an' be quick 'bout it, or ye're a goner 'sure's gun's made o' iron."

In this my *first* experience with "country-life", the only thing in addition to the foregoing that I can recall is, "An' now, to be takin' a tramp's 'vice, go back to yer mother an' tell her that for her pious trainin' out of yer Bible, she might have been sendin' on a rough-box fur yer remains." That I was scared beyond the power of words to express, goes without saying.

In the town from which I had so suddenly departed I was full of the spirit of adventure, courage and self-assurance, ready to assume if needs be, the initiative in a scramble for supremacy in all games of chance. But now, almost at the very threshold of my starting out, all my former daring had turned to sorrow and wormwood.

However, to regain my perfect equilibrium required but a minute as I took in the sublimity of Nature's handiwork, so interesting in anticipation.

And now, as I stroll the highway after these fifty-six years with only these lone sentinel milestones to bear witness of other days and other scenes, I am at times overcome with a feeling that, after all, my first trip to God's country was in accordance with the regulation of a mysterious Providence.

Ascending a hill, after applying at a farmhouse for a cup of coffee and a slice of homemade bread, the kind my mother so often baked, I pressed my way forward, hoping against hope to catch but a glimpse of the Conestoga team which was nowhere to be seen.

After a time, in glancing along the great stretch of pike, my eyes instinctively took in another gate with pole extending the whole distance across the highway. "Oh, ho! only another 'catch-penny' gate to round 'up' the Huguenots, Scotch-Irish and Mennonites," I mused as I approached a blink-eyed, middle-aged keeper dozing contentedly on a slab bench before his lone place of habitation.

Stepping froward with spirits renewed, I exclaimed, tapping him gently on the shoulder, "Good morning, Mr. Gatekeeper; see anything of a Conestoga team with six iron grays passing eastward along the highway?" Suddenly startled, came, "Three cents, three cents." Then, "Oh, it's only a youngster a-foot; thought sure it was one of Sammy's Dutch farmers always ready to meet the keeper with a 'Goota morrier,' forgetting the 'three cents' owing the gate-keeper."

"Yes, I see you're still in the land of the living and haven't been done up by the worst pair of tramps it

it was ever my displeasure to meet," came for something more apropos, still feeling the pressure of cold steel against my temple.

"Glad you've made a lucky escape; so, take a keeper's advice and don't be caught napping without a gun to be protecting yourself against the scums of creation, ready at any moment to enter a farmer's hennery, carrying off every thing but the coop itself."

Glancing into my face with his deep, sunken hazel eyes after relieving another passer-by of his "three cents," he broke into an even jollier mood, and in his rambling way continued, "Mebbe, you're in search of a job, as you seem like an honest sort of a chap out from the town on a stroll for your health such as the cities don't afford during these bright Spring mornings. And now," he resumed, drawing his guest to a seat by his side on the "slab," "if you're of a restful, contented turn of mind, it's the gatekeeper who might be employing you for a day or two as a substitute while visiting his own Malinda down at the village church where she's getting rid of some of her past sins at protracted meeting. Ever been down at the mourner's bench? You haven't? Well, if so it be, and single, steer clear of the gal with bee of religion buzzing in your ears, morning, noon and evening, scaring the very shingles off the roof."

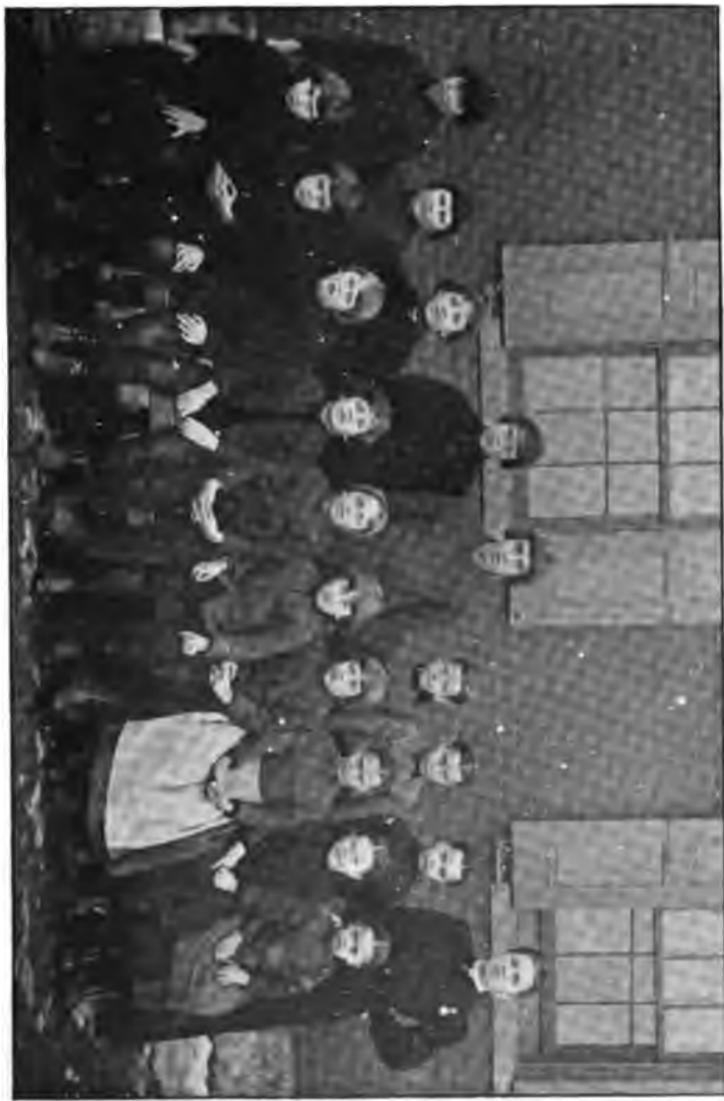
Turning from the humorous, it needs only be said that "Sammy" was no myth, as years after I came to know him more intimately as the gatekeeper a half mile east of Leaman Place at the "cross roads," since made memorable by a tragedy in which a well-known

gatekeeper was cruelly murdered by several highway tramps, all within the recollection of the people of the county.

"Sammy" was short of stature, light of weight, with a happy disposition when not aroused to anger. But a word reflecting on his good Malinda, and he would go to her rescue not alone in words, but at times with a grip that sent more than one stronger than himself sprawling to the ground. We well recall how on one occasion, a decade later, he followed the non-payer without coat or hat, on a dog-trot to the Hotel Kinzer, a distance of three miles, and after collecting the "three cents" due the company, went his way back to meet his own Malinda with a smile. With a streak of Irish humor, and a screechy voice, he was the soul of honor. We loved Sammy, for he was kindly disposed, generous to a fault, and as full of reminiscences as he was full of the milk of human kindness.

During the more than four decades that have gone since I first met this gatekeeper, I have had occasion to know others. And as I pen these lines, how many miles wouldn't I be willing to go to recall many a harsh word as I reached a closed gate on a cold, stormy night. Oftentimes forgetful that these faithful public servants are but human, to hurry, maybe, some good old motherly soul to lift the pole with trembling hand, and then harshly berated for her tardiness, this was a cruelty for which there was no reasonable excuse. Then to quibble over a penny or two, as she stood with lantern in hand, only too frequently to be compelled to find change for a five-dollar bill, this too, as I've

AMISH SCHOOL



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girls. To me, this was a revelation. As young as I was, I couldn't help wondering what kind of human beings their parents were and wherein they differed from the "celestials" I was so soon to meet down in Paradise.

The longer I conversed, the more I was to learn that there was a wide difference of opinion among the Amish, as they were called, as to the rotundity of the earth, some believing it was flat, others that it was square and a few of the more intelligent that it was spherical in shape. When appealed to for my views on this weighty question, I hadn't any to offer, not having the slightest conception whether it was flat, square or round, nor was I anxious to be informed.

And to his own, he was equally unconcerned, being willing to teach the subject when required, any way the patrons wanted it taught, whether round, flat or square. And yet, from the following story, related by my pedantic schoolmaster, the reader must judge for himself as to where he stood on this weighty question.

You know, he went on, as he dangled his pedals over a rail, "that there's a lake over in the old country with no bottom at all?"

"Never heard of it, as I can recall," came my prompt reply.

"Well, I will tell you all about it. My cousin was showing the pond to a gentleman one day who looked incredulous like, just as you do yourself, and as my cousin couldn't stand to have his word doubted by the fine gentleman, he said: 'By the great Jehovah, I'll prove the truth of my words,' and so, off with his

clothes and in he jumped, dived under and he didn't come up again at all, at all. But certain it is he wasn't drowned, sir, for a month later I received a letter from my cousin in China to send on his clothes."

Apart from this and a few other stories relating to school-life, I found my schoolmaster friend kindly disposed, ready to take me with him to an Amish home of which there were many on both sides of the highway, with their red barns as distinguished from others here and there surrounded by stately oaks. As to his monthly salary, it only amounted to fifteen dollars, but, then, as he explained, boarding 'round was an item worth considering, with farm laborers receiving but fifty cents a day with board thrown in to clinch the bargain. As to joining him in partaking of an Amish supper and perchance, a night's lodging; this I politely refused, having later other matters to consider, one of which was the carrying the lighter of the household effects up the winding stair of our new home down in Paradise.

As this happened to be the year in which the law created the office of County Superintendent of Schools, my pedagogic friend seemed to be considerably exercised over such unfavorable results as were to follow in the new-fangled branches which had already been added to the school curriculum by Legislative enactment. Without expressing an opinion, pro or con, as to the outcome of the examination, of one thing I felt reasonably sure, in that Schoolmaster Kessler's theory as to the rotundity of the earth might involve him in a sea of trouble with the superintendent, whoever he might chance to be.

And now, during the more than half century that has rolled by, I have seldom passed this lone sentinel of a school house, whether driving or in a trolley car, that it hasn't brought up fond recollections of other days.

Colored as may have been a few episodes thrown into the narrative, this Amish schoolhouse has ever been a living reality. In how far the teaching of the common school branches have undergone change, and whether yet confined to the four fundamentals, the writer is not prepared to say. The chances are that with the onward progress in "child culture," the Amish, as I have reason to know, from years of experience, pay their school tax yearly without protest. And as school directors, they have been found among the most progressive in the county.

However, after a friendly hand-shake, with the sun well on its downward course, I passed through the village of Soudersburg, the same to-day as it was a half-century ago. As to the cause, this may be attributed largely to the "inrush" to the cities with their well-paved streets, electric lights and other daily and nightly amusements so tempting to the average country boy, only to return when old age comes creeping on. And now to Paradise!

## CHAPTER XII.

### ARRIVAL AT PARADISE—MY FIRST SHAVE—A TRIAL AT FARM-LABORING.

SOMEWHAT colored as the contents of the preceding chapter may seem to the incredulous reader, whose emotions can be imagined, the general trend of thought contained therein, conveys a condition prevailing along the highway at the time of which mention is made. However, later in the afternoon, dust covered, with my boots looking as if they had passed through a lime kiln, I reached the "cross-roads," one finger of the hand-board pointing in the direction of a large frame church standing on an elevation some hundred yards to the right, the other, to the left, leading to the "up" country, where resided, if I had been correctly informed, the Mennonite driver of the Conestoga team.

Glancing at a few articles of furniture standing in the gateway of a two-story brick dwelling on the northwest corner of the intersecting roads, I stood for a moment almost insensible to the fact that I had at last reached the very threshold of the village of Paradise. Look where I would for the driver and his team, they were nowhere in evidence, thus saving poor Me the trouble of helping unload the heavier articles, the lighter and more costly, as I've since discovered at all flittings, receiving the least attention.

Taking a hasty view of the surroundings, I was about to slip in at the rear door, when Tarry, the black canine, started to wagging his tail, thus betraying my presence to my inquisitive sister, and yet observing the rule "silence is golden." And for this reason, if for none other, I've ever since taken kindly to the terror breed, knowing at all times how to behave themselves in never betraying a boy's secrets which experience and careful training had taught them to hold inviolate.

At last, after telling her how I had been waylaid along the great stretch of pike by a few Indians lurking 'round ready to dangle my scalp at their belts, I managed to take a peep into the dining room, where around the table were seated a goodly number of the town's celestials, men, women and children, all engaged in partaking of the many good things that had been sent in by the "reception committee" in advance of my arrival. And oh, what a "spread" of pies of every make and bake, from custard, apple and mince to others, on which I later managed to exist, until the supply became exhausted. And even down to these my later years, I am prepared to testify that in no other place on this mundane sphere are better pies baked than down in good old Paradise! Where they learned the art of pie-baking, whether first introduced by the Mennonites, Huguenots or Scotch-Irish, needn't be determined, so long as the quality and flavor of these delicious articles of pastry still maintain their old-time supremacy.

And now, a half century later, without attempting

OAK HILL



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to fathom the depths of the legal mind's understanding, I have often wondered how it came that a Justice of the State Supreme Court later took up his residence in Paradise, in the mansion widely known as "Oak Hill," standing like an English palace amid a cluster of oaks and other lofty trees; and wherein as a boy in our eighteenth year we were one of a "surprise" party in paying our respects to the Wardle family. But later, for the President Judge of the Court of Lancaster County likewise to take up his summer residence in this "elysian," was for a time a problem not so easily to be solved. Both may have had reasons best known to themselves. And yet, I am inclined to the opinion that, having heard of the delicious pies baked by the many good house-wives of Huguenot, Mennonite and Scotch-Irish ancestry, what less could these two dignitaries do than to hie themselves and family off to Paradise where, with a minister of the Gospel at either end, they might indulge themselves in the spiritual on the Sabbath, and a plentiful supply of pies during their otherwise peaceful moments.

While not in the village, and yet in the township of Paradise, a few miles east, on an elevation, stands "Bleak House," presided over by still another member of the legal fraternity, known far and wide as what might be called the "Traveler's Rest," in which all are accorded a hearty welcome.

However, with this my first appearance, it needn't be assumed that I was to go strolling 'round the house like a honey-bee, tasting of a little of this, that or the other of the many delicacies without rendering value

for value received. Oh, bless you, no! For immediately on the discovery by the head of the house that I had at last turned up, I was sent up stairs to screw up the bedsteads, and string the cord to the small, round knobs, some of which had been lost enroute, with others jerking themselves loose as I, with the other end of the cord in hand, would go tumbling a double somersault backward with heels high in the air. And here let it be said, in all seriousness, that the boy who has never had the pleasure of stringing a bed-cord, so much in evidence before the patent spring came into use, has missed the joy of his life.

Rising to my feet, I happened to glance into a small mirror, and was astonished to find that what I now most needed was a shave. A shave! Yes, I needed a shave before I could ever hope to appear before the goodly people of Paradise! As this was the first time my face had ever shown signs of what I had often longed for—a pair of "burnsides," to find a razor, brush and soap was the next in order. So, after rummaging here and there through a bureau-drawer, these barber supplies were soon brought into use. As it so happened, all went well with soap and brush; but when I began to apply the razor, whose edges resembled the teeth of a wood-saw, my troubles began. Being left-handed from the cradle up, to get a grip on the infernal handle with the blade as loose as the purse-strings of a railroader, I began with the thought of how the salubrious climate of Paradise had, during one half hour, stimulated my beard's growth.

Neglecting to turn the key to the door, I had hardly

more than applied the blade to the left side of my face when, lo! who should appear but that inquisitive sister! Ashamed! yes, I was mortified to be caught in such an undignified undertaking! As a result, and at a moment when least expected, the blasted razor caught me under the chin. Disappearing as suddenly as she came, with a chuckle, what could I do? There was no antiseptic plaster, no nothing to apply to the glaring wound. But as cobwebs were plenty and not at this moment otherwise engaged, to apply the soothing balm, permitted the tonsorial operation to proceed.

Well, after this labor of love was ended, I was called down to arrange the joints of the parlor stove, which had been twisted into every imaginable shape while being hustled over the nine miles of macadam roadway. But like an obedient son, awaiting what his stomach most required, a substantial meal of pies, the ends were at last joined and run into the chimney. But as I hadn't taken the precaution to crawl through the flue to determine the width of the wall, I rammed the end of the pipe in, how far, I wasn't aware until the fire was started. Then, to my chagrin, I discovered that the smoke, instead of following the usual upward course, as in old Lancaster, came bursting out of the stove-door, and in such clouds as to cause all the windows to be thrown wide open to prevent the whole concourse of "celestials" from beating a hasty retreat. Of course, I was to blame, for where, in the broad universe is there a family of three girls and only one good-natured boy who isn't made

the scape-goat for all the sins known since the stove-pipe was first invented? To argue the question, one against three! Well, what is a boy's opinion to count for, anyway, with the old folks generally on the girls' side?

At last the cause being discovered by one wiser in dealing with stove-pipes than myself, up went the smoke and down the windows with a bang; for by this time I was thoroughly disgusted with country life. Having paid the penalty for my tardiness, I was admitted to the "spread," consisting of more of the good things than I had ever tasted during my previous fifteen years over in the townstead, Lancaster.

To these goodly Episcopalians, and equally generous-hearted Presbyterians who had come to be present at the "flitting," I was an entire stranger. However, as the years ran on, I came to know them not as "celestial," but as peaceful, law-abiding citizens of more than average intelligence. Divided as they were in their religious opinions, yet on all questions pertaining to the community's welfare they were a unit.

At last it soon became an absolute necessity for the only boy in the family to get a move-on. With the girls it was somewhat different, for they are as much of the household as the old grandfather's clock.

During my first night in the strange house, I hadn't time to weave into concrete form all the many air-castles conjured up in my vivid imagination. The night to follow, however, after having taken a survey of the village street, which wasn't lined with rubies, nor given a coating of kerosene, I was less tired, and all

the better prepared to lay out some course of action best suited to one who had so suddenly entered upon that newer life, without a thought of consulting the doughty "Squire," whom I occasionally passed on my way to the village store.

My first resolve, as I lay awake trying to escape the knots, as a fellow might at the present day sitting on a wire-fence in avoiding the barbs, was to start a chicken ranch in and around the double-decker barn that stood in the rear of our earthly place of habitation. How I was to secure my first stock in trade of Shanghais, a newly-imported breed, resembling more the ostrich than the common variety, was a matter of secondary importance. To my untutored mind this was a noble resolve. The last thing I thought of before retiring was the noble hen, and the number of eggs I could count on her laying each day. And as the morning opened, the crowing of the rooster was even more delightful than has since become the twittering of the sparrow.

To be entirely truthful, for a week or two I was like one of the lost tribe of the Children of Israel, in search of anyone of the young men of the village with whom I might affiliate. Without actually knowing it, I was in a transition state; had entered, as it were, a new-created world, with everything around me so different from what it had been over in the town. At last, it began to dawn upon me that I had entered upon "country life." And so, I was soon to learn that, of all places outside of the county work-house, a country village is the worst. In the town from which I had

departed there was always something to do for a growing boy, and even when not engaged, he could go his way unmolested, with little danger of being rounded up and made to give an account of himself. If occasionally I was sent to the butcher's for a slice of ham, I was glanced at over the top of his spectacles, held in abeyance and compelled to answer a dozen questions as to who I was, whence I came, what I was doing, and what I proposed doing. In fact, I hadn't been strolling around a week until it seemed that every little thing I had ever done amiss was generally known to every Tom, Dick and Harry, as if a transcript of some alderman's office had been sent to the head boss of the town.

If this condition has changed, the fact remains that in nearly every hamlet the county over, a half century ago, there was either the minister, deacon or squire charged with the important duty of keeping tab on the actions of old and young. But what was I to do? There was no wood-chopping, no pavements to clean of snow or ice. No! no nothing suitable to one of my peculiar temperament. At last, at last, came my opportunity to turn farmer at corn-planting in a twenty-acre field a mile distant. As I was to report the next morning, no time fixed, I arose along about the hour of seven, and after dressing myself in my best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, hurried over to the farm in time for breakfast. Imagine my surprise on reaching the farm-house to find it deserted, the only outsider being the "defender" of the house, a ferocious bull-dog, looking up as if to inquire the

purpose of a stranger, and perchance, for all he knew to the contrary, a lightning-rod agent.

Glancing hurriedly in the direction of a ploughed field, I made haste to get there in time to earn my first day's wages. A moment later, I was in the presence of the pessimistic farmer who, after casting his eyes up at the sun, and asking me, in broken English, if I intended earning a full day's pay, handed me a hoe, with the admonition that I get a move-on in making up for lost time. Thus I went my way following the "droppers" in covering the four or five grains as best I could. And here, I am willing to be qualified, that this morning was the longest I had ever experienced. Would the dinner-horn never blow? Would my poor, aching back nevermore assume its upright position? Ah, but at last came the ring of the iron bell calling one and all to the farmer's well-supplied table. Always being a speedy walker, on this occasion I simply out-did myself in being the first to reach the water-trough.

As my notes show, after filling myself to the danger-line on metsel-soup, brode-warsht and paunhaus, I naturally concluded that an hour's rest on a seat of the porch was what tired nature most needed after a hearty meal. Stretching myself out to my full length, I had hardly more than lost consciousness when I was awakened by the shrill voice of the disgruntled tiller, admonishing poor me that the middle of the day was no time to be taking a cat nap.

With this peremptory command to get a move-on, back to the field I went with hoe in hand, swear-

ing vengeance on the heads of all farmers the world over. It wasn't long until the blisters began to show evidence of others to follow before the sun had settled itself to rest on the opposite side of the meandering Pequea. Hour followed hour, as I followed the furrows. At last, at long last, my eyes took in a cloud, at first about the size of Dan Rice's circus-tent. On, on it came, compelling all hands to seek cover in the double-decker bank barn. And it was while standing alone, hoping it might rain for a month, that the jaundiced farmer stepped forward, and after handing over a silver quarter, exclaimed, "Ich gleixt nicht a city cal; du kendst hame gehen."

Jamming the silver coin into my trousers' pocket, and without the usual hand-shake, I found my way back to my good old mother, conjuring up some plausible excuse for my sudden, unexpected return. Slipping into her hand the "quarter," I then and there told of my first day's experience at farming, at the same time showing up the blisters. Instead of what I expected, a scolding, I was condoled with, told not to worry, that sooner or later something would turn up to help me along in the world.

Ah! how many times since have I recalled my mother's kindly words of good cheer when all seemed dark around! She was the go-between, always ready with a kind word or a pleasing smile to drive dull care away. Yes, between my mother and myself there was much of "each for all and all for each."

If then I had plenty of consoling words in the home, what I had most to grieve over was that, before a week

had gone by, every half-grown lad in the village knew what had happened over on the farm.

And so, as the spring months passed slowly by, with the chicken scheme still in embryo, I was ashamed to look a hen in the face: I had been tried in the school of farming only to prove a lamentable failure. More than this, I had lost caste among farmers' sons, who usually met at the village store and tavern on each Saturday afternoon.

Thus for a time I kept within doors, writing poetry—yes, poetry of the higher order for the editor of the "Strasburg Bee," a flourishing sheet, whose circulation began to grow after my first poetical effusion appeared, to be read and re-read before many a fireside during the long winter evenings, as I was led to suppose.

Well, my first "hit" was in describing one of the first country girls it was my pleasure to meet, in the little stone church at Soudersburg. Sending it to the "Bee," over the nomdeplume of "Naoma," I sat myself down to await the first copy to reach me through the mail. At last it came, and mark my feelings as I sat reading it over for the tenth time in solitude!

At last growing weary of lack of financial returns, only to feel how little appreciated was my creative genius by the people of Paradise, I changed from poetry to prose, sending my articles to the "Lancaster Inland Daily," whose circulation extended over a wider scope of country. With little more to do than to meddle with other people's private affairs, it wasn't long until I had resurrected every little episode occurring in the village for more than two generations.

Sometimes I'd head my squibs "fads and fancies," which I felt were so appropriate in showing up a recently-invented coffee mill by two of the mechanics of the town, warranted to turn brown bread-crusts into the finest Mocha or Java. This brilliant display of genius I felt sure would eventually hand my name down among the greatest writers of the world.

Ah, but alas! how little do we boys know the results so soon to follow our inadvertence. A gentle hint from the township justice soon brought my correspondence to a close. To the minds of the village dwellers I wasn't long in learning that the pen or quill was all right in its place, but something more was required of the hand that wielded the pen—the handles of a hoe or plow. For this dearly-paid experience I was to profit in many ways as the years came and departed.

And now, as a conclusion to this chapter, I have no apology to make for the writing of my first poetical effusions for the "Strasburg Bee." These, and others since, have afforded the writer unspeakable pleasure. Indeed, I can at no time recall when I wasn't ready to pass over all other matter the paper contained in searching for my own contributions to the world's storehouse of knowledge. Others may have passed them over as so much literary rubbish, but what cared I? And to further conclude my highest ambition has ever been to resort to the old scrap-book, and thus read over and over newspaper clippings, wondering at times if some other hand than my own had not penned them. Self-flattery—vanity! Oh, bless you,

no, dear reader, there is a certain satisfaction in feeling that as the newspaper is the medium for the exchange of opinions, happy is the man who, in using his pen to good purpose, isn't above sending his editorial friend an occasional account of his travels.

And now, how do ye editorial critics like a poet's philosophy?

## CHAPTER XIII.

### I BECOME A MACHINIST'S APPRENTICE—AN AMISH LOVE-FEAST.

**H**OW the township and village happened to be named Paradise is somewhat involved in tradition. It has been said that years before the separation from the mother township, Strasburg, in 1843, the elder Witmer, on being asked to give the village a name, exclaimed, "I know not what it has been to others, but to me it has ever been a Paradise."

Passing this beautiful sentiment as one dear to the old man's heart, it is more than probable this hamlet had been called Paradise by the early settlers long years before, maybe, by a Mary Ferree, a French Huguenot who came to the country in 1709, and was later buried in the Carpenter's graveyard, a mile south of the village.

Coming within our recollection, there was among the village dwellers a type of men who usually held the balance of power when the question of education became an issue. Along the turnpike from the Pequea where it crosses the turnpike, east as far as the Gap, were a thrifty class of Huguenot, Scotch-Irish and Mennonites. Rich in all things which go to make a people prosperous, contented, happy, these various sects have lived together in common forbearance; if not at all times agreeing on all religious and political

questions, they were still a unit in defense of their sacred rights, as against ignorance, superstition, persecution, and have so remained down even to the present day.

It was not until I had dwelt a year in the village that I began to catch on to a newer order of events leading up to a higher intellectual development from an academic standpoint. The first to arrive after my own advent was the Rev. B. B. Killkelly, as the pastor of the Episcopal church on the "hill," and wherein the Rev. Edward Buchanan, the brother of "James," had officiated at an earlier date. East of the town, opposite "Oak Hill," stood the Presbyterian church, erected in 1840, whose membership was composed principally of Scotch-Irish descendants of culture and refinement.

Along about the time of my failure as a farmer, I had thrust aside the pen for a pair of overalls in the shop of the Bruas. As financial assistance was at all times necessary, this was furnished by Mr. Amos Witmer, of whom there were four brothers, Elam, Hiram, Adam and the aforesigned, with Elam a resident of Philadelphia. While all were active, progressive, enterprising, Adam, being the eldest, was perhaps the most favorably known, connected as he was down to a ripe old age as director of the Farmers' Bank of Lancaster. And here it may be said, as a link connecting those far-off days with the present, that his goodly wife is still living in the city of Philadelphia, in her hundred and third year. Although nearly a half century has gone by since we last met

this good woman, fond recollections yet linger in memory for one whose long and eventful life was rich in all earthly and spiritual blessings. May her last days be as peaceful as was her young life at all times filled with hope and sunshine.

And now a few words with reference to the large frame foundry and machine shop which stood along the banks of the Pequea. Where they were located is now a perfect fairy land of flowers and shrubbery, turned into an "Eden" by the owner, Mr. Parks, known far and wide as the "seed-farmer."

If, as stated in a previous chapter, it was my pleasure to come in touch with Amish life at the little brick school house a short distance west of Soudersburg, where I met a number of little tots, it was while an apprentice that I first fell in with the three sons of Samuel Kauffman, whose large bank-barn stood directly opposite the Pequea. Old "Sammy," as they called him, was one of the most delightful Amishmen it was ever my pleasure to meet. And as for his good wife, an elderly person of sweet, motherly face, this goodly soul has left her image upon memory, never to be effaced. Of the boys, only one remains. If they differed from other young men, it was only in their peculiar garb, their spoken language differing little from my own.

It is, however, to the first Amish love-feast I ever attended that a word or two, descriptive of this old-time custom, may serve to correct an impression only too general, as to the habits and traditions of a people born to the soil from the cradle up. To enter into their

home life, it will be necessary to overlook their "garb," which, after all, is only outward, with their better nature beyond the reach of those who view them with a sort of unmixed curiosity as they walk the streets with their broad-brim black felt hats, short round-about, with trousers scarcely extending below the tops of their raw-hide boots. But who ever heard of an Amishman begging alms or serving at the county's expense in the home devoted to the poor?

It was on a beautiful Sabbath that I crossed the wooden bridge spanning the Pequea. The day previous had been a busy one in the baking of pies, custards and such other substantials as were to decorate the table on the barn floor after the religious services had ended.

On the porch, at an early hour, stood old "Sammy" casting his eyes here and there awaiting the arrival of the incoming hosts. Calling us boys to his side, he said, "Un' now, fine chaps, be sure when you unhitch to mark both 'gowl' and conveyance, so that you make no mistake when hitchin'-up time kume. You see," he went on, drawing his buckskin breeches closer 'round his waist, "as you care for der faithful roadsters, so will 'der gooda' Father care for der inner wants of the worshippers who may be kumin' along before high noon to enjoy de many blessin's, first, of a spiritual kind, and later, der best der farm can produce."

And when the noon hour came, what a concourse could be seen approaching in traps of every kind and make! Some without springs to their dearborns,

others in spring-boards, and yet others on horseback, as they came galloping, with their black hats covering their foreheads, with hair cut long from back to front, and yet not so short as to render themselves liable to church discipline; not, however, that the width of their hats was to admit their spirits into the New Jerusalem; no, not by any means. For, indeed, were such an edict to be issued, what would become of all the city girls with their hats of every imaginable shape, color and style?

What followed as they crowded the barn floor is easily described. At the end of the long rows sat the goodly bishop, a kindly-disposed, elderly Amishman, all ready to partake of what was to follow an hour or two's preaching and silent praying. With the services ended, was ushered in the long table around which sat the multitude. And such a "spread!" When all was over and the festivities ended, to the barnyard the young men went their way to engage in a game of corner-ball. Here and there the girls played hide-and-seek, while those older in years betook themselves to the old-fashioned sitting room to talk over the crops and such other topics as the farm usually suggests.

At the close of this day, I went my way with a feeling of friendship for the Kauffman boys. And ever after, on meeting "Sammy," "Mike" and "Christ," it was with a hearty hand-shake. Nor have I forgotten that only one remains. But the grandsons, somehow or other, they never pass me by without a kind word, recalling the days when their fathers and I had played in the double decker so many years before.

At the close of my two-years' service as an apprentice, it was only natural that I should assume some little importance among the leading business men of Paradise, who were not slow in recognizing true worth, on the principle that it always pays a boy in the end to be making himself generally useful, even at \$1.50 per week, and no tips.

Feeling the need about this time of some additional book-learning, I began to look around for the means of paying my way in attending a summer school that was about to open in a log house, near Mr. Jacob Eshleman's mill, under a teacher who had been engaged by the parents to instruct their sons in such branches as the common school curriculum failed to provide. As I was without the means necessary to pay my way, to go a-borrowing was not to be considered for a single moment. As better luck would have it, I secured a contract for the making of twenty-seven window frames and blinds in a barn directly in the rear of our home, and wherein I had erected an improvised work-bench. Starting at sunrise, and continuing after school hours, I had earned sufficient not only to pay my weekly board, but my tuition as well.

After a time our school was moved to the "center" building, close by the toll-gate, a short half mile east of Leaman Place. And here, at this opportune moment, I have an episode to relate and an error to correct. Among the boys who attended this school was as fine a young "heathen" as ever kicked the panel of a school-room door in. During intermission, I was

inside holding the fort against all outside intruders. But at an unfortunate moment, in came the panel, and as my face was too close to the obstruction, my right eye became as black as an Amishman's round-rim beaver. Ever since that unfortunate occurrence I have been compelled to listen to how this same youngster of more than half a century ago had blackened my eye! But I have long since forgiven "Milton," now the president of the First National Bank of this city. As a boy, he was the soul of honor; as a man well up in his three-score, he is still one of the writer's most devoted friends.

However, with this slight tribute, well deserving many more, the time came when the school moved in the new brick building close by "Oak Hill." It was then that Mr. Amos Hurst, our beloved old schoolmaster from Muddy Creek, gave place to a Mr. Rodgers as principal, with Professor McGibony, of the celebrated McGibony family, as first assistant; Horace Yundt, Esq., now of Reading, second, and Dr. Leaman, third assistant. After the resignation of Prof. Rodgers, Mr. Yundt became principal. Later, the Hon. W. U. Hensel attended this school as a lad of twelve.

But we must pass over much that comes tapping at memory's portals. Having imbibed the contents of Kenyon's Grammar and sufficient of the other branches to make my way through the world, my next step was to join the Paradise Literary Society. Here, in Witmer Hall, we met almost nightly, discussing such weighty questions as predestination, foreordination and others which the village parsons seldom tackled except under

fear and trembling. As a result, it wasn't long until I had written essays on every conceivable subject since the subsidence of the deluge. Of course, I would occasionally look up some century-old magazine from which I could appropriate enough matter to make discovery an impossibility.

To close this chapter without reference to the Paradise Female Seminary would, I feel sure, never be overlooked by the many beautiful young ladies who attended this institution of learning during the later fifties. Living, as many of them are, in the halo of a ripe old age, few can fail to recall their instructor in instrumental and vocal music, the late Professor Karl Merz. Known at the time for his kindness of heart, and as a composer of national reputation, he later became instructor in the Oxford Female Seminary and still later, at the head of the Conservatory of Music in the Wooster University in Ohio. As the editor of "Brainard's Musical World," he ended his short life beloved by all who knew him.

It was during our leisure we together had constructed a boat, and after launching it on the Pequea, invited a number of ladies to go rowing. We had hardly more than started from the shore when through some cause, Miss Annie Killkelly's medallion, containing her venerable father's picture, fell overboard. This mishap ended our pleasure trip.

And now to the sequel: An hour later I returned to the water's edge, and after disrobing, plunged into five feet of water. Feeling 'round with my feet, at last I felt something, and diving down, drew up the missing

medallion. As this most amiable lady is residing in the city of Washington, it is the hope she may in no way remain forgetful of this episode which up to this moment had rested half forgotten in the writer's memory.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE CAMPAIGN OF '56—FOX HUNTING—A JUDGE'S TURKEYS.

DURING the campaign of '56, then in my nineteen year, I was too busily engaged in the discussion of abstract questions to manifest more than passing interest in the Buchanan-Fremont election. However, on a bright October afternoon there came driving up to our house an omnibus containing a half dozen political speakers on their way to a Democratic meeting billed to be held at the village tavern the same evening. The principal speaker, as I recall, was a young lawyer, the late Samuel H. Reynolds, then noted as a rising attorney of more than average ability as a public speaker.

This coterie of distinguished gentlemen I should long since have forgotten except for one of the songs they sang:

“Oh Buck and Breck, you'll surely win the day,  
The woolly horse has gone to grass, so all the people say.”

After indulging themselves in a few others, they drove their way to the hotel, around which a motley crowd had already congregated. But as I was noway in sympathy with the election of “Buck” and “Breck,” I was not present to report the proceedings for the “Inland Daily.”

There came a time later when I was called upon

by a committee to assume the role of violinist at the village inn in the absence of the town fiddler, and where a "dance" was awaiting a musician. Flattered somewhat at this compliment, with fiddle encased in green bag, a short half hour later I sat upon an improvised platform the center of attraction. At a later hour, as I homeward went my way, I felt I had been raised a peg or two, at least in my own estimation, if not in that of the dancers. But it wasn't long until I discovered I had lost caste with the goodly pastor, disposed as he was to look with disfavor on these worldly promiscuous gatherings. Prone as I was to keep this, my first departure from the straight, narrow path, a hidden secret, I was soon to learn that things going on at a country tavern usually managed to spread with a sort of lightning rapidity.

For a time, until Thanksgiving eve, I gave the inn a wide berth. But once having tasted of the sweets of a night's outing, I wasn't long in falling from grace. Learning that a turkey-raffle was being held, I concluded to take but a peep at the "dice-throwers," making sure that none of the "elect" was in evidence.

Without going into any extended explanation, it so happened, I started home with Mr. Turkey Gobbler, at the risk of only two levies. That the gobbler was most thoroughly enjoyed the Sabbath following by the rector and his good wife, who had been invited to the feast, goes without saying, my well-concocted story of how it came into my possession never for a moment being questioned, at least while the turkey-dinner was in progress. Later, however, there was

more or less commotion among the church-goers, in no way redounding to my credit as treasurer of the Sunday-school on the "hill." But as the "auditing committee" bore witness, none of the Sabbath-school collections went the way of the turkey-raffling.

Passing this little episode as a picture from "the school of life," if there was the written law supposed to govern all classes in accordance with a certain high standard of morality, there was also the unwritten mandate which usually held the balance of power among those little inclined to follow the dictates of the town's *literati*. Between these two irreconcilable forces there was at all times an irrepressible conflict—the one class looking after the spiritual, the other, the common affairs, notably the political. Of course, even among the latter there were exceptions, when the most hardened sinners would gather 'round the mourners' bench, in the stone meeting-house of the village, a short mile west of the Pequea, only to fall from grace when the fox-season set in.

The fox season! Turn back the dial of time, search the records of history for a time when the "hunters" weren't ever on the alert to follow Reynard in a little playful gallop over the hills to his capture or snug hiding-place.

And this recalls the yarn that used to be told by old Eli, the fox-hunter, as he sat before the inn with feet crossed, surrounded by a coterie of young and old sports. It seems that the fox-hunter had been having a spell of melancholy for a playful "run," and as his score of beagles were growing restless for a

"spurt," he caught on to a way of tickling their fancies by a make-believe until the time for winter sports began.

Calling his spreckled-face Ebenezer to his side one August evening, he exclaimed, "Eben, me edicated chap, as it's Deacon Smythers who'll be spendin' th' night with yer parent to be on hand for early service in th' mornin' to be 'sistin' th' parson in baptisin' all th' hardened sinners, it might be well in blackenin' th' deacon's raw-hides, to be takin' this fox's foot which th' old man's been savin' from th' last hunt. An' be sure, Eben, to be warmin' it good and hot 'fore rubbin' it over th' deacon's kips, for ye see, they haven't been greased since they first come from th' cobbler, who's to be baptised himself for th' makin' of them rawhides.

"An' so, comin' mornin'," chuckled the relator, his sides bursting with laughter, "when th' aged deacon started over to meetin', I jis' let go th' whole score o' beagles for th' benefit o' their health. But gee whiz! when they got th' scent, away they went howlin' to beat th' Reamstottle band. Tell ye, men, it was a happy time for th' beagles, but a sorry one for th' head-pillar o' th' faith who went movin' 'long in th' middle o' th' road, with his broad brim straw hat kiverin' his gray locks.

"Lookin' back over his left shoulder, thinkin' it only a little playful Sabbath-day mornin' run, th' worthy Deacon Smythers stood kind o' enjoyin' th' sport, as deacons mostly do 'cept on th' Sabbath, when their minds be occupied with th' thoughts o'

baptisin' a few o' th' converted fox-hunters. But, in th' name o' Eli, th' fox hunter! when the whole pack got to surroundin' th' head pillar, fightin' their way in gettin' at them raw hides, it was a sorry sight for even meself to be viewin' without goin' to th' old man's rescue.

"First he got to runnin' this way, then that, with the howlin' kritters snappin' at his heels thinkin' they be some o' th' foxes I'd been keepin' housed in th' cellar for th' comin' Thanksgivin' run. Yes," continued Eli, rising to his feet, as if ready to mount his old nag for the chase, "I was standin' on th' porch watchin' th' fracas, as th' deacon stood kickin' in wardin' off a calam'ty. First, he started to coaxin' th' beagles, then to prayin', an' sich prayin', causin' th' people to thinkin' camp meetin' hed broke out in th' middle o' th' road. Seein' quotin' Scripture wasn't bringin' th' answer, he got to sayin' cuss words; yes, men, cuss words, an' in th' plain English, makin' even th' fox hunter a wee bit sad at th' thought o' pious deacon des'cratin' th' Sabbath in th' presence o' the church-goers."

Before the fox-hunter could reach the sequel, old "Natty" Trout chimed in: "Ever heard of how one of the judges of the county court got to raising turkeys back of his country homestead near by the colored meeting house? No? Well, it was at a time when the court was running short of criminal cases that the jedge, after sending up for twenty years a poor colored person for doing nothin' more than sittin' on his fence durin' the dark of the moon listenin' to the sweet music of his turkey-hens and gobblers.

"Yes, men," he went on, sipping away at a five-cent glass of Kenagy's old rye, "the judge may have been correct in his suspicions that Sambo's ears weren't trained for sweet music as was his taste for roast turkey. And so, to give the court his dues, he had best of reasons to think the colored parson wasn't hanging 'round his turkey-ranch listening to his favorite gobbler singing 'Me Old Kentucky Home,' one of the tunes it had learned before being imported from an old Southern plantation to improve the Lancaster county stock, which at the time was showing signs of becoming extinct.

"It was 'bout four each morning when one of them sweet singers was missing from the court's turkey ranch. This set the jedge to thinking how to circumvent Sambo! Looking here and there for a safe roosting-place, at last the court spied an old cherry tree, standing close by his bed-room window; planted, some said, long before the deluge had subsided, and dying of old age."

Relighting his cob-pipe, which had been overlooked, as it frequently had been, when his mind was given to reminiscing, he resumed: "Calling all them hens and gobblers 'fore him like a company o' 'Continentals' on dress parade, just 'fore roosting-time, the jedge got to tell'ng them all about Sambo's love for their sweet music: Said the court, persuasive-like, 'The opinion of his honor is, that the only safe roosting-place be on the topmost limb of the cherry-tree beside his bed-room window, where he can be keeping an eye on ye.'"

"Of course, turkeys of sense, took the court's advice?" chimed in one of the unsophisticated, who had never had the pleasure of turkey-raising

"Kind o' think a few of the wiser did, and others didn't; for, 'long about roosting-time it was the colored parson's business to be skylarking 'round waiting for the ceremonies to begin, and begin they did, bless you, men! First, one then another began to flop his wings ready to obey the mandates of the owner of the ranch. So, up they flew, with the judge eyeing them sitting one beside the other close to his bed-room window. Looking up, he called and said 'he'd be responsible for the stronger limb, but if anything happened to the weaker branches of the tree, the fowls of the air would have to depend on their wings.'

"Anything of a serious nature happen?" came the interruption of a young farmer, by way of learning all there was concerning the raising of turkeys not contained in the latest treatise on horticulture and agriculture.

"Anything happen?" repeated the relator, glancing at his stupid friend for failing to catch on. "Happen, bless you! Along about four in the morning there was the greatest kind of a commotion. Hearing the gobble, gobble, the judge ris right up out of his dreams, when, there on the window-sill stood his favorite gobbler, beseeching him to be hurrying down as fast as his pedals could propel his three hundred pounds of avoirdupois. Looking up, with tears in his eyes, there sat his favorite, the only one left to make merry over; the others, harkening unto the voice of Sambo, telling

them how the tree was dying of old age, got to following him of their own volition into the wilderness. Acquit the parson? Better believe; for, according to the sworn testimony before his honor, it was the sweet music of Sambo in imitation of 'Me Old Kentucky Home,' that robbed the court of his winter supply of turkeys, compelling him to be living on salt shad during the balance of the season of his discontent." Ever since, as I'm informed, there's been a short supply of turkeys in Paradise.

## CHAPTER XV.

EXAMINED BY COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT CRUMBAUGH.  
MY FIRST SCHOOL.

IT was sometime during the spring of '58 that I started a-foot before sunrise for the village of "Blue Ball," in East Earl township, a distance a dozen miles or more from Paradise, and where, as I had been informed, County Superintendent John S. Crumbaugh was to hold an examination. Reaching said point, wrapped in a shawl, such as were commonly worn at the time instead of overcoats, I entered the class with some few of my own age, others old enough to have been my grandfather, at least so they seemed at the time. To my great surprise, as well as to my inward pleasure, at the close I was handed a small blue paper on which were inscribed certain numbers, all "threes" and "fours," one of the "fours" indicating that I had missed only twenty out of the thirty words, but what mattered it! It stated the holder was entitled to teach school; of this there could be no mistake, for on the lower right-hand corner was the examiner's autograph signature written in his fine, delicate hand.

Seeking a secluded nook, I read and reread it over to my inward satisfaction with a feeling that I had passed safely the ordeal over which I had for some days given myself much worriment as to the outcome.

As I sat alone, handling what I considered equal to a college diploma, I couldn't help rejoicing over my good luck, as I thought what a surprise it would be to my inquisitive sister on my return to Paradise. All that was now necessary to fill my cup to overflowing was to get a school among the "Dutch" of this the "up" country.

To the old school-masters I looked for congratulations, but as they spoke a language difficult to understand, I pressed my way into the room where the directors were giving out the schools to the various candidates. For a time I stood in their presence with certificate in hand, but not a word could I understand of the bedlam of voices. At last the secretary, a short-set German, reached for my paper, and after glancing it over through steel spectacles, exclaimed, "Kendst dere nicht der deitsch sprecha?" Awaiting a reply, it was passed to the other members, with eyes riveted on the "threes" and "fours." Putting their heads together over the table, they held a sort of pow-wow; and a moment later I left the room with my temperature nearing the zero point.

Stepping into the bar-room, I was met by the goodly father of Horace Yundt, who, noticing the pressure under which I was resting, kindly advised me, if at all anxious to become a teacher, to seek a school in an English-speaking community where the German was not required to be taught; for this friendly advice I felt more kindly disposed toward the Dutch secretary, who had returned my certificate, as he called it.

On my homeward journey the morning following, I took occasion to let every passer-by who looked like a "schulemaister" (of which I was one in embryo) understand that I too was one of that noble profession of teaching the young idea "how to shoot." If I knew little of what "keeping school" actually meant, I still had the sweet consolation of knowing I had a certificate, and woe be to the highwayman ready to rob the possessor of what was now equal to a legacy.

At last, as I entered the pearly gates of Paradise, it seemed to me that everybody within a square mile knew or thought he knew that something out of the usual had happened, as without a moment's hesitation, I rushed pell-mell into the house, saying, as I swung the certificate over my eldest sister's head, "Take a good look at this, and tell your brother if he isn't deserving of a gold medal."

Up to this time, it had never occurred to poor me in my enthusiasm that a certificate without a school was like a boat on the Pequea without oars. However, to frame it and hang it beside the profile of the immortal George Washington, might, in addition to serving as an ornament, lead the young ladies of the seminary across the way to know that George and I were born in the same month of glorious old February. Later it occurred to me that certificates had been stolen, and to have this occur meant my eternal ruin. And so, what less could I do but to carry it nearest my heart?

As day followed day without a line from anyone of the more progressive school boards in search of a

teacher capable of "keeping school," I began to grow weary with a feeling of what might happen to the educational status of the county. While in this delusive state of mental suspense, my eyes instinctively took in an "ad" in the "Strasburg Bee," calling for a teacher well qualified to teach one of the borough schools.

"Oh, ho! and what can this mean?" I continued to soliloquize, glancing the "threes" and "fours" over. "A teacher *well* qualified!" As no mention was made of the length of the term nor of the salary per month—this I took for an oversight on the part of James McPhail, the secretary.

Hurrying to Leaman Place, I boarded the fast express running between there and Strasburg. As the locomotive sped its way along at the rate of five miles per hour, I was afforded ample time to jump on and off, picking an occasional berry as the engine puffed its way monotonously along. Growing impatient, I approached Engineer Beahm with the modest request that he hurry the shebang along. With a knowing shake of the head, I was politely informed that, owing to a short supply of rails, he was compelled to wait until the track-workmen had taken one from the rear placing it in front of the engine. How many were thus taken up at one end and fitted at the other, my diary fails to record. However, after many delays, I reached the borough with my certificate well protected against all intruders. Of those who left the train the only one whose name I can recall was the Hon. Thomas H. Burrowes, who, as I later learned, was on a visit to his home town.

Those familiar with the saddlery-shop nearly opposite Massasoit Hall fifty-two years ago, might have seen a young man full of enthusiasm enter, and where, to his surprise, he met six gentlemen—Robert and William Spencer, Christian Rowe, William McPhail, attorney-at-law, and his venerable father, James, the secretary of the school board, and one other, whose name I cannot recall. If the president was slow in asking to see my certificate, I wasn't anxious to produce it, for, by this time I had learned the full meaning of 1, 2, 3, 4, as noted on the lower margin of the printed form.

Asked if I had ever "kept school," and if I thought I could manage a half hundred youngsters, I replied, with all my self-assurance, that I thought I could. Then came the question of salary—twenty-five dollars per month, term, six months. Would I be willing to accept the position on the terms stated if elected?

"Great heavens!" thought I, as I mentally figured out the sum total—one hundred and fifty dollars! more money than I had ever before earned in six months in all my life! "Yes, gentlemen, I shall be only too glad to accept, provided I am elected." And elected I was.

The first Monday of September, '58, opened bright and clear as I, for the first time, entered the little brick school house, a photograph of which appears on an opposite page. As I well remember, it stood directly south of Echternacht's hotel, some distance removed from the main street. The desks and benches were of the crudest home-made kind, with cannon stove in

the center of the twenty-four by twenty-six room. In one corner was the rusty tin bucket with an equally rusty tin cup, from which all drank, with no thought of bacteria or other of the more prevalent diseases of the present day.

Of this school, so dear to a young-old man's heart, a volume might be written; and as to the town of half a century ago, I can well recall when it was a center of learning, of high literary culture, which it has doubtless maintained down to the present day. And yet, it is strange how one's ideas undergo change concerning things we had set our heart upon when we were a part of the moving multitude.

It was along in the middle of February, and at an unlooked-for moment, that the school was visited by the John S. Crumbaugh, who a few weeks later passed away, in his twenty-seventh year. Little more needs be said of this broadminded Christian gentleman except what the writer's "One Hundred and Fifty Years of School History" contains: "His life was a short one, and yet it was an inspiration, a life not measured by years."

Passing over much of interest, how can I forget one of my first interviews with "Pappy McPhail," a man beloved by all who knew him. Sitting in his saddler-shop, he started to saying, "You may not be as highly educated as some of the young college professors who have been making application for the school. But as it is not so much a college training our children need, if you will drill them well in the four fundamentals—reading, writing, spelling and common arith-



STRASBURG—MY FIRST SCHOOL

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metic—the other branches will follow in due course of time. Yes, young man," he went on, in his fatherly way, "lay a good foundation in the four branches named, and the board will have no fault to find with your school-mastership."

Accepting this wholesome advice from a plain citizen, it was the ambition of my life during nine years to follow, to look well after the four fundamentals.

Some things have been forgotten, others, as fresh and green in memory as the last of the closing year 1858, when we stood on the platform in Massasoit Hall reciting Prentice's "Closing Year, 'Tis Midnight's Holy Hour." Apart from this we have often had occasion to glance in upon the two-story brick dwelling on Decatur street in which dwelt the Christian woman with her two daughters, with whom we boarded during our six-months' stay in Strasburg. Then there was the small brick church we attended, and not so far distant, the drug store in which our young, old friend Joseph Potts was the all-around busy apothecary's clerk. He yet remains as one among the very few of the writer's dearest and nearest friends.

No, we have no fault to find with Strasburg, even though but slight improvement has been made as a commercial center during these fifty-two years. It's a goodly place to dwell with its excellent schools, which for a decade were under the principalship of Mr. Charles B. Keller, of this city. Following in our footsteps later, he deserves credit for bringing the schools of "Old Strasburg" to a high degree of proficiency. Nor are he and his successors to blame that

many of the young folks after graduating depart for other fields of labor, only to return later to end their days in this borough of peace and plenty. And here it may be said that it seems to have grown into a proverb that, while many of the towns are just the place for girls and boys to be born, reared and educated, they are no longer the places wherein to dwell down into a ripe old age. But as the race in life is usually to the survival of the fittest, the unsolved problem is one yet to be determined, namely, whether in the end those who have departed from the towns, the farm, for the over-crowded centers of trade and commerce have, all things considered, bettered their condition. The very few undoubtedly have, but it is very much to be questioned whether the great majority, as old age comes creeping on, haven't had time to regret the day they ever departed from the old homestead. Every city has its living examples of those who have not only wasted the products of the farm, but the farm itself, amid the glittering shadows of city life, where, when one man goes down under financial distress, a dozen others stand ready to step in to take his place, perchance, to regret the day they ever left God's country. But it's the old, old story, told and retold through the columns of the newspapers. And yet, unless our own observation counts for naught, the time must come when a reaction must set in to maintain a just equilibrium between city and rural life.

Fairview, to which we moved in '59, couldn't well be considered a village unless one single house and

a small frame shop so constituted it. However, before the time of railroads, it was one of the best known hostelry's standing at the intersection of three roads, and commanding a view not to be excelled the county over. As the township line separating Strasburg from Paradise ran through the middle of my bed-room, I had the credit at times of sleeping with feet in one township and my head in the other. It was here, at this most delightful point, that father carried on a small industry until the breaking out of the war.

Not to overlook one other episode: it was on my return from Millersville that the wedding occurred, in that my now beloved sister, who had so frequently been a thorn in my side, became the wife of the since departed Prof. Karl Merz. What might seem like another coincidence, his field of labor, until the beginning of the conflict, was in a small Virginia village, not so many miles removed from Leesburg.

With this slight departure from the thread of the narrative, the reader's attention shall be directed to the "up" country, where the "Dutch" settled nearly a century and a half before.

## CHAPTER XVI.

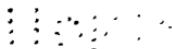
### INTERCOURSE IN THE 50's—HICKORY GOVE SCHOOL. MENNO MENGEN.

**A**T the close of a month's stay at Millersville, I was compelled to foot my way back to Fairview, not that I didn't prefer even the rickety stage that bumped its way along before the time of the trolley, but for the reason that footing it was more economical, with my last dollar gone for board and tuition. And yet these four short weeks were sufficient to enlarge the scope of my vision; in other words, I had learned to think for myself and to determine questions not contained in the course of study.

This coming in touch with instructors of the higher order, and students from all parts of the county, resulted in forming close friendships which I have always valued most highly. Only a few remain to be met at a Director's Convention or Teachers' Institute. There were other advantages, at least so we young teachers used to imagine. This recalls my second examination at Intercourse, following that held at the "Blue Ball" the year previous. Being the custom of the Superintendent to ask what school was last attended, it was with a sort of pride that I called out "Millersville." Whether this prompt answer resulted in reducing the "threes" and "fours" of the year previous to "ones" and "twos," would be an admission I am in no way

disposed to make. If, however, as was the case, I had succeeded in getting rid of the "four" in orthography for a "one-minus," it wasn't owing so much to the fact that I had spent four weeks at the Normal, as to the way I had applied myself to Webster's small blue spelling-book, to be followed by a book containing one thousand "jawbreakers," which the examiner took pure delight in dictating to the class standing at the blackboard, with an eye to a few of us copying the more difficult from the "crack" speller of the class.

However, my first acquaintance with the village of Intercourse was in '55, when I was persuaded to attend a horse-race along the great stretch east of the town known as the "Old Road" or King's Highway, where I came near losing my only "fiver" in an innocent game in which three small "cups" and an atom the size of a pea, constituted the manipulator's stock in trade. The trick, as I recall, was to tell under which cup the pea was located. As I, not unlike one of Mark Twain's "Innocent's Abroad," was among the first to observe it protruding out of the side of one of the three cups, I pressed my way forward with "fiver" in hand ready to double it in getting something for nothing, when I was hustled aside, possibly on account of my age, for another "greeny." But lo, when the cup was raised, presto the small white ball was nowhere in evidence, and the other fellow's "fiver" went where the woodbine twineth. It was, however, a valuable lesson in the "school of experience," worth all the prior knowledge ever gained from the school text-book.



At the time and for some years later this "wide-open" hamlet was the Paradise of the sporting fraternity, where everything went, as the saying goes, from a fox chase to a horse race. Nor were the celebrities confined alone to Lancaster city; they were as much in evidence in this "go-as-you-please" town as were the two taverns in full blast in dealing out the "tangle-foot" to the numerous frequenters who gathered therein.

Among the hangers-on, as the story runs, was an eccentric individual with a wooden leg of the rough, home-made kind, extending well above the knee. Imbibing too much of the "elixir of life," he betook himself to the haymow. On awakening, the morning following, he declared that old Satan had performed a surgical operation on the wooden pedal, by amputating it with a common saw midway between the end and the knee. However, after this surgical operation, he was supplied with one of the automatic, double elastic kind by the "imps" of the village.

And now, before enlarging on my second school experience, let it be said that the change that has since marked the progress of this once "wide-open" hamlet has been phenomenal. The sentiment of the dwellers seems to have entirely changed, with schools and a full corps of lady teachers of the higher order. However, only a very few of the writer's old-time friends remain; among them being Jacob Rutter, former County Commissioner, whom we learned to know as a boy, and whose venerable father, since passed away, was as much of an all-round sport as



he was respected for his many loving qualities of mind and heart. If the two hotels are still doing business at the old stands, they are orderly conducted, showing that the older order has changed, giving place to a higher social and intellectual life.

It was some weeks after my appointment over that of a young lady who had presented a petition signed by all the patrons, that I went my way in search of the "Hickory Grove" school house, standing by the roadside well protected by the overhanging branches of a venerable oak. There were, of course, some things I hadn't considered when, for the second time, I made application for a school in a locality where the idiom was largely in evidence. It seemed, from the few people with whom I conversed, that I had crossed a certain line of demarcation which had separated the Huguenots and others of English proclivities from a class called the "Dutch," with a vernacular so pronounced as to make them an almost exclusive sect unto themselves. This imaginary line I came to realize during later years, was the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Having satisfied myself as to the location of the school, if not to its size and outward appearance, built possibly a half century before, I went my way in search of a boarding place, entirely unconscious of the deep prejudice existing, not only against the school board, but against myself as well. Reaching a farm house, I knocked at the door, where I was met by a farmer, whose only reply was, after learning my errand, that he had already boarded one "schule-

maister" and, in his opinion, that was one too many.

Discouraged almost to the point of despair, it was after making other fruitless efforts that I was rewarded for my time and trouble in meeting the identical farmer who had driven the Conestoga wagon with its span of six grays from Lancaster to Paradise some five years before.

As it happened to be the noon hour, I was kindly invited in to partake of my "midawk essa," as expressed by one we shall designate Menno Mengen. Taking my seat on the long slab bench, I sat with eyes centered on the blue washed walls of indigo, altogether so different from those of the cosy dining room over in Strasburg. Instead of table spread with pure white linen, was the plain oilcloth. With the brightest of silverware lacking, were knives and forks with bone handles, pewter spoons and dishes of variegated colors of every make and shape, leading me to imagine that they had been handed down from the time Mengen's great-great-grandfather built the first stone cabin in a wilderness. But what signified the walls if even bare of George Washington's profile, as my eyes took in the bountiful "spread," with pies of every make and bake; all to be partaken of with a spirit of thankfulness, as a moment later came Menno Mengen's long drawn-out silent prayer to the Giver of all good things, ending with "A-m-e-n, a-m-e-n."

To state my errand was hardly necessary, the news of the coming of the new teacher had already passed from farm-house to farm-house, and as bad news, like

weeds, is apt to spread, so all kinds of rumors were afloat. That a well-known young woman of influence and standing should be compelled to give way to an entire stranger, was more than the patrons could endure with becoming equanimity; and more especially among a people well-grounded in their prejudices, likes and dislikes.

That Menno Mengen had, among others, signed the petition in favor of the young Miss, was considered the same as a protest against any other who might be sent to teach the school. And it was not until the next morning that Nancy, taking me aside, told me that after a night of prayer they had reached an agreement that I was to remain as a boarder, provided their accommodations suited me. I was further assured that three of their grandchildren should be among the first to attend the school, the youngest a bright-eyed girl of thirteen, named Beckie.

With this encouragement, this goodly Mennonite mother took a seat by my side, and after hearing the sound of my voice, said, in her own, low, modulated tone, "I am only too happy to know that you have been sent to take the place of Rudolph Gottlieb, the former teacher, who, instead of teaching the plain English, taught the children a mixture of both languages, the result of which is, that our children have become lisping-tongue-tied, with an accent resembling that of Mengen's, who has never been able to overcome the prevailing idiom."

"Yes," she went on, "the German as taught when I was a girl was a most beautiful language, but in try-

ing to substitute the English, little has been gained among our plain people but a dialect so pronounced as to make it almost impossible to preserve the German as it was spoken by our grandparents."

For a time, as I sat in the presence of this more than ordinarily educated Mennonite woman, I couldn't help noticing the difference between her own expression and that of "my man," as she called him. How long the interview lasted with only a word of approval on my part, I have no means of knowing. Later, at the evening meal, as we sat together, the topic turned to farming, when I may have said that if I were the owner of a two-hundred-acre farm with three or more half-grown boys, I'd set apart a half acre to each as a beginning. I'd say, "Now, my lads, start to farming these on your own account; raise what you please, whether strawberries, cucumbers, radishes, or any one or all of the many other farm trucks that always command ready sale. And when the crops are harvested, I'd tell them, after deducting enough to pay the interest, that the profits belonged to them." I might have gone further in pointing out the competition between them and other farmers' sons, in catching the spirit in making them show more interest in the farm as a whole. If I neglected, I should have advised Menno to subscribe for a journal or two on horticulture and agriculture, in making the boys contented on the farm as a part of God's country.

However, be this but the result of later deliberation, I have often since interviewed farmers' sons as to why they preferred the life of a city to that

of the country. The reply has almost invariably been that they were in noway encouraged; yes, discouraged in being compelled to work year in and year out for only their bed and board, and maybe, to be told on reaching full manhood to wait the time for the "old man" to pass away.

The above compendium on the shortsightedness of many of our most intellectual farmers the country over can be illustrated in no better way than by what occurred in one of the Lancaster banks not so many years ago. After selling his tobacco for a good, round sum, the farmer and his three half-grown sons stepped up to the cashier, and after getting the check cashed, he said, "Now, give me three dollar bills." Turning to the boys and handing to each one of the bright, new bills, said, "This is your, your and your share for helpin' cultivate the tobacco. Now, take it home mit you, and put it in der bureau-drawer for safe keepin'."

Good advice! And yet, perhaps, these three young men are still struggling along on the farm, and perchance not. If still there, they are not getting out of life what the old homestead owes them. And now to enter on my first day's mission as teacher of the Hickory Grove school.

Of the five girls and six boys attending this school during the fall and winter term of '59, we know of only two yet living, the one known as "Harve," a retired blacksmith, residing above Florin, the other, "Amos," a respected citizen of Paradise township. It is well then to know there are at least two wit-

nesses to bear testimony to what is herein set forth. In noway disposed to betray their ages, yet at the time they attended the "Grove" school, the former exceeded the age of the teacher by some months. As both have reached an age in which they are in no way open to an "engagement" to any of the five girls, the hope is, that none of their inquisitive neighbors will start to computing their ages, unless, perchance, their former instructor's be taken as a basis.

With a certain pardonable pride, it is after these many years that the author's storehouse of memory is thrown wide open to the recollection of the many discouragements starting with the first opening-day, ending with the closing of the school-room door during the early spring. As my roll-book shows, for a period of three months, the number present at any time did not exceed seven, making the number all told eleven. It was nothing unusual on stormy days, for the teacher to sit alone, holding the "fort" with a pre-emptory order from the secretary to "close up and get out," for the reason "that it didn't pay for the township to keep a school open eight months with an empty school room."

There came a time, however, during the middle of January, when the issue was to be forced to a conclusion, the school closed and "der maister outdismissed," as one of the directors put it in Dutch. Well, to give credit to whom credit is due, it was the late David Evans who had followed the much-lamented John S. Crumbaugh as superintendent, and who, on a cold, stormy day, entered the school, followed by the

board, a very few friends, and a score of dissenters, filling the room to its utmost capacity. It was a trying hour, and but for the inner consciousness that I was trying to perform my duty, I should have given up in despair. With a kindly shake of the hand by the superintendent, the exercises began, at times with but a single pupil in any one branch.

At the close, the superintendent stepped to the platform, as I stood in the midst of what at the present day might be called "kickers" or "knockers," feeling that my doom as a teacher was to end in dismissal. But his recital, as he reviewed conditions, laying the blame equally on the heads of both parents and directors, gave me renewed courage. "Directors and parents," he went on, "this school I find in first-class condition with the teacher doing all that could be expected of one who has received but slight encouragement."

What followed, as those who came to see the school closed, needs not be herein related, except to say that it was Menno Mengen, the Dutch patron, who ended in a speech of such encouragement as to bring good cheer to a young teacher's drooping spirits. But, notwithstanding I received a number one mark, the feeling of resentment continued down to the close of the school with the number of pupils remaining the same.

But this is not the end: three years later, I attended an examination at the village of Intercourse, and while there was called upon by this same secretary importuning me to take charge of what was known as "The

"Pond" school, located in the center of the village. To refuse with thanks this generous offer was to me at the time a source of inward satisfaction, not that I didn't appreciate the change of heart, feeling as I did at the time that the school board was disposed to undo a wrong for which I at the time was in noway responsible. On the other hand, I was holding a position in another district, with little danger of being "outdismissed."

Among the teachers whose names have not been forgotten was that of Millard D. Evans, now a practicing attorney in Pottstown, and one other, "Joel," the present alderman of the Sixth Ward of this city. Apart from these and a few other teachers, it needn't be assumed I was without friends in the village of Intercourse, ready to back up the teacher by words of encouragement as against the action of the school board.

But as Menno Mengen, with whom I boarded during the long, trying winter, was an inimitable story-teller, the succeeding chapter shall be devoted to country life as I found it on the Mengen homestead.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MENNO'S STORY OF HIS COURTSHIP AND HONEYMOON TRIP TO NEW YORK—INNOVATIONS IN FARMING METHODS AND MACHINERY.

HARDLY more than a week had gone by when I discovered there was a wide difference between Nancy and "my man" Mengen, as she usually spoke of him. Nor was I long in learning that both had had their griefs and sorrows. These it remained for the grand-children to turn into moments of sunshine—the boys for Mengen to dangle on his knee at times, with the bright-eyed Beckie as a grandmother's darling.

It wasn't long until I reached the conclusion that Nancy was the go-between, and that to reach the near-side of Mengen, it was necessary to praise Nancy's big, round loaves of home-made bread, as well as her pies of every kind, make and bake. To follow her to the cellar where the churning was going on, and where the big, round rolls of butter were wrapped in the daintiest of cheese-cloth, occupied many of my idle moments. Indeed, so frequent had these visits become, with Nancy's domestic affairs, that on one occasion, as I reached the porch, Mengen exclaimed:

"Un' now, me yunga maister, so ye've been takin' a lesson or two in housekeepin' frum cella edicated Nancy, same as Mengen's been doin' many times his-self. Mit me alta frau, un' Mengen it's give un' take,

Nancy helpin' in harvest when a storm be brewin', un' der alta mon rockin' der cradle when der glana Mengens be down mit a spell uf der swump fever, one uf der 'plaints that used to be kumin' 'roun' spring un' fall 'fore der doctors got to perscrabin' alla kind uf patent med'cines, sume curin', others killin', un' no mistake."

Changing his position in the old arm-chair, "Denxt we kin be edicatin' ye up to a farmer's standard durin' off-days, pervidin' yer not hangin' 'roun der midawks-essa table waitin' fur der evenin' meal to begin, same as wus der case mit grossa Gottlieb, der former maister uf der destric' schule."

"Un' now," rising to his feet, "guess we kin be 'rangin' fur der price uf board, providin', too, ye aren't givin' to writin' po'try, un' playin' der 'cordeon, mornin', noon un' evenin', as was der case mit Gott. Secon' place, as Mengen kum to tink it iver, too much edication may be jist der right ting fur bankers in figgerin' out interest 'bove der legal rate uf six cent on der dallah, but fur plain farmers, it breeds discontent, fillin' der yunga cals' heads full uf highfalutin' ideas, makin' 'em dissatisfied mit a farmer's life."

"Well, Menno, let me here say, I've never been given to anything but hard knocks as an all-round town ball-player, such, maybe, as you yourself took a hand in before the rheumatism got to playing pranks with your joints—"

"Der dihinker, me grossa maister! don't be remindin' der head uf der farm uf cella days when corner-ball wus alla der go on der farm. Un' now," rising and



A MENNONITE MAID

Musical

stretching out his arms at full length, "if it wasn't fur Menno's rheumatiz, he'd be showin' ye how to be jukin' 'roun' in der ring."

Strolling our way in the direction of the double-decker, out of Nancy's hearing, the now jolly farmer resumed: "Startin' Mengen to talkin', keeps remindin' him uf der time when he took Nancy to Neia York on our weddin'-trip to see der sights more un' a half-cent'ry back, when der yunga wimmens wus more pertic'lar in choosin' a helpmate un' da be at present time, un' no mistake."

"Yes, Menno, let's have the story of how you happened to persuade a young Mennonite maid of your own Nancy's worth into marrying a 'Dutch' farmer's son. Of course, I'm not looking at present for a wife, but should the time come, my only hope is there'll be another Nancy."

"Un' so ye're kind uf smitten mit my woman? Any 'jections to marryin' 'nurther plain Mennonite maid, pervidin' her nam's Beckie when her time kum fur gittin' spliced?"

"Yis, yis," he continued, absent-mindedly, dreaming his early life over again, "Menno managed to git Nancy after he'd learned der way uf poppin' der question, which in dem days, mitout eny prev'ous 'sperience, wus a mighty ticklish op'ration, un don't ye furgit it! Fust, it took blessed near der whole winter in studin' up der way uf poppin' der question; secon', he hed to be consultin' der alta folk uf how da went 'bout it theirselves; third, der gal's parents hed to be courted on divers 'casions; fourthly, der be

der bishop who wus allaway a bit shy in givin' his consent 'fore guckin' up a yunga farmer's standin' un' char-act-or to be makin' sure that after jinin' meetin' un' wearin' a suit uf homespun mitout gallowses, he prove hisself true to his married vow. Un' fiftly un' lastly, der be der question uf finance, un' no mistake."

"And the old gentleman's farm thrown in by way of getting Nancy off his hands?" I twittingly remarked, leading Menno to the confessional-point, without arousing his suspicions.

"Denxt, me 'quisitive maister, when ye start 'mong der deitcha farmers huntin' a lovin' help-mate sich as Nancy's been provin', it's a snug leetle farm-house ye'll be needin', mit plenty uf fertile acres to be strollin' 'roun' on; un' so, be savin' yer wages, makin' each dallah be drawin' a six-cent interest iver in der bank? Un' now, if Mengen may be concludin', it's one uf der unwritten laws 'mong der Mennonite farmers that, in der givin' 'way uf der datters, der fellows wantin' 'em musdt be showin' up der deed uf indenture free uf mortgage or jedgmen', un' no mistake," with a knowing shake of the head.

"Sorry, Menno," with a deep sigh, "to be telling you, the prospect of my ever marrying a plain Mennonite maid is a mighty slim one; for, don't you know I'm only a poor, common school teacher."

"Tut, tut! alla der besser fur ye to be cumin' to der schule poor, un' mebbe, leavin' it rich, un' to be reachin' it rich, un' leavin' it poor."

"Can't understand your line of reasoning, Menno," came my pertinent reply, in taking a lesson in the theory, if not in the practice of farming.

"W-a-ll, to be 'lucidatin'. 'Cordin' to der records, alla der deitcha farmers cumin' to des der 'up' country at der time der alta Mengen built der stone cabin, wus as poor as Job's turkey in hatchin' season. But by un' by, mit der savin' uf der cents, mit der dallahs takin' care uf themselves, da made der leetle home-steads self-sustainin', mit a few golden nuggets laid side fur a rainy day, which used to kume long more frequently un' da do since der hevy timber be removed.

"But der be der udder side of der question to be told ye uf der scientific farmer cumin' frum der stadt rich, un' leavin' der farms in der hands uf der sheriff to be ousgasplied to der highest bidder, after der barn-doors hed been iver-kivered mit hand-bills 'against which der law won't permit ye to be white-washin'."

Glancing upward, in noting the direction of the wind, the versatile Mengen resumed, in his inimitable way, "Iver in der shire town lived, not so many year ago, Jimmy O'Neal, der Irish contractor. Said he to his son Larry, one mornin', says he, 'Me son, since yer parent's been reapin' a fortune at railroad buildin', 'curs to him to be sendin' ye to der farm-schule, so that, on yer home-kumin', ye kin' be showin' der deitcha farmers how to be raisin' two bushel uf wheat where only one hed been raised 'fore.' 'Cordin'ly, as Jestice Dugan's been tellin' me, Larry grad'-ated mit a cer-tif-'cate uf recommen' frum der head professor uf der college. Tell ye, der alta contractor wus mighty proud after readin' iver cella diploma,

embracin' a list uf alla der known product raised in der shtate fun Pennsylvania since der William Penn fust landed on her shores uf der Del'ware.

"Takin' Larry 'side, he said: 'Me edicated yungster, it's yer parent's purchasin' fur ye a two-hundred-acre farm to be growin' rich on. But me knowin' one, fore startin' to farmin' on scientific principles, ye musdt be junin' der Farmers' Society uf der county. Tell ye, me maister, if Menno may be concludin', durin' fust year, dere be more prosper'ty on cella farm, un' wus iver seen since farmin' fust begun. Crops! niver in me born days see so many 'rieties sent iver from der city uf Washington. Bless ye, took der whole uf der barn floor to be holdin' der seeds fur der spring plantin'."

"Nothing more is necessary, Mengen, I'm catching on; a sort of 'Experimental' station for the instruction of the Dutch farmers of this the 'up' country in the *modus-operandi* of conducting a farm on scientific principles. And how did the experiment turn out; suppose Larry grew independently rich the first year?"

"Grew rich, denxt dere? Mit der cellar full uf wine un' der parlor full uf vis'tors frum der farm schule, who hed cume to 'sist Larry, tings went swimmin'ly on fur a year or two. But by un' by, mit der crops takin' care uf theirselves, dere kume a change, one of der kind that allaway be overtakin' farmers who git to 'sper'mentin' mit alla kind uf products sint iver frum der Sthate farm schuyle. So, mit Larry kumin' to der farm rich, he left it poor mit der alta contractor

gettin' der hisself in pervidin' means to be keepin' der younga graduate's head 'bove water till der sheriff kume roun' tackin' a bill uf sale to der doors uf der double-decker, un no mistake."

Looking up at the sun, "It'll be doin' ye no harm," finally concluded Mengen, "to be keepin' der destric' schule pervidin' when ye've drawn yer salary, ye aren't hurryin' off to der stadt investin' it in coal-oil certif'-cates in tryin' to git sumethin' fur nothin'. Un' now, Menno might be sayin' as a warnin', keep yer farm-gate under lock un' key, less, 'fore ye know it, ye'll be loaded down mit a lot of certif'cates, fit only fur der paperin' uf yer kitchen, un' which ye kin' be seein' mornin', noon un' evenin' bearin' no interest.

On several after occasions I resorted to every device to get Mengen to tell the story of how he had taken Nancy to New York on his wedding trip to see the sights, but without success. At last, one evening, after having sold some of his wheat to pay off "old debts," as he expressed it, I found him seemingly at peace with all the world. And as the saying went, "when you find a farmer at peace with himself, it's a pretty sure sign he's at peace with his neighbors."

"It wus after der bishop hed tied der knot, gittin' a gallon uf daudy's hard cider un' der promise uf a porker at killin' time, that Nancy, turnin' to Mengen un' said: said she, smilin' like, 'As we'll be tied longa un' we've been untied, pervided ye're faithful to yer married vows, mightn't it be showin' a goota 'zample to der younga matales to be doin' likewise when der time kum fur gittin' spliced, by spendin' our honey-

moon iver in Neia York? Ye see, Menno,' pinnin' a geranium on me wammus, 'if yer willin', Nancy is.'

"Kind uf denxt, Nancy, that Mengen would be kind uf enjoyin' der trip pervidin' ye've got der ready dallahs to be payin' der bills at one of dem big taverns on Broadway, costin' each a dallah a day un' mebbe, sumthin' more by der week pervidin' we spend der summer in der big stadt uf Neia York."

Keeping an eye in the direction of the kitchen-door, to make sure the coast was clear, the jolly farmer continued, "Un' so, mit Nancy dressed in her Dolly Vardin fineries mitout hoop-skirt, un' Menno in his buckskin breeches, mit gallowses un' udder fixin's makin' him guck spruce-like, we took der stage fur der county-seat. Gittin' to der Inlan' town, we stop iver night mit der jedge, it be cheaper un' stoppin' at der 'Spotted Cat,' un' no mistake.

"Next morrier," lowering his voice, "we go sailin' down der Con'stoga to Safe Harbor on der Susquehanna, un' den up der Ches'peake, un' through der Del'ware Canal landin' by un' by in Phil'delphy, un' where long years 'fore Menno's great-great-granddad bought a redemptioner uf which Nancy may be tellin' ye 'fore leavin' der farm. Tell ye, me maister," warming up to the subject, "sailin' iver der river where der Christopher Columbus made his fust landin', was worth alla der cost uf Nancy in payin' der captain fur pintin' out alla der sights 'long der way."

Smoothing out a few strands of gray which hung over his forehead, then dropping the ashes from his

two-for-a-cent cigar, he resumed, after catching the thread of his story, "Un' now, hevin' reached der stadt uf Brotherly Love, me un' Nancy went paradin' 'roun', arm in arm, fur it wusn't Menno Mengen to be seein' his bride followin' in der rear, 'cordin' to der deitcha custom. 'Gin, in a strange platz, der be danger uf some smart fellow steppin' in twixt Nancy un' Mengen."

"Kumin' to der flyin'-carriages, same as we used to iver in der stadt, Nancy got to sittin' on a giraff, hookin' in alla der rings mitout gittin' skeered, mit Mingo by her side, mit arms 'roun' der lion's neck, same as he used to be doin' mit Nancy, after poppin' der question, as I've been tellin' ye."

"Well, well, Menno, aside from what I've already heard, proceed."

"Denxt, next we went iver to der Halls uf Independence to see der Liberty Bell. Walkin' by me bride's side, I got to pintin' to her pictures on der walls. Un', bless me, Nancy, says Mengen, if here isn't der George Washington's very image crossin' der Del'ware. Un', bless me, Nancy, if here isn't a likeness uf Benny Franklin, der maker uf der alta almanac, un' which be hangin' in der Jeremiah's kitchen. Drawin' nearer, un' guckin' through her Sundawk eyes, Nancy got to searchin' roun' fur her great-grandparents, daguerrotypes, as she called 'em, un' seein' none resemblin' her ancesters, that edicated Nancy turned on her heel un' said: said she, 'Menno, as der be none uf our great-great-gran'parents' like-nesses spread out on der walls uf der Shtate House,

it's to Neia York we'll be goin' to see der harbor un' mebbe der ship our ancesters kum iver in. Un' mebbe, she went on, leadin' der way to der Ferry, 'we may be learnin' sumethin' frum der alta seamen 'bout our grand-parents un' der boat da kum iver in."

"Of course, Menno, you saw the harbor, if not the identical ship that brought Nancy's as well as your own ancestors to the new world so many years ago?" came my query, with a view to adding to my own historical knowledge.

"Ships, ships! niver in alla me born days did Mengen see so many uf dem sailing vessels tied up at der wharf. It wus a sight wurth beholdin', sume new, others as old as Methuselah, un' still others that hed been sailin' der high seas iver since der diskivery uf America by the Christopher Columbus, who, der harbor-maister got to tellin' Nancy, wus still livin' iver on Broadway, where he hed been sent after his last trip to der niea wurld."

"You mean sailing *vessels*," came the interruption, with a view of correcting some of his faulty English.

"Yis, yis, sailin' vessels, as I've been tellin' ye, me 'quisitive maister. So, mitout sayin, tank ye to der captain uf cer'monies, up der Broadway went Nancy un' Mengen in search uf Christopher, who, me bride got to whisperin' in me off-ear, might be tellin' us alla 'bout how our gran'parents kume iver from Switzerlan' in one of Christopher's deitcha vessels.

"Un' now, if Menno may be addin'," resumed the jolly farmer, with eyes still in the direction of the open doorway, "mit me bride's Dolly Varden trimmins

flyin' to der breeze which kume sweepin' iver der harbor, it wus a anxious momen' fur Nancy to be studyin' out alla der pintaed questions to be askin' der alta Columbus 'bout her ancesters."

"You no doubt found the place of storage, and as a matter of course, learned in due time all about your own and Nancy's family tree?" again came the interruption.

"We did, un' no mistake! Steppin' up to der head-doorkeeper uf der museum, which Nancy took fur a modern boardin' house, she turned in her winnin' way un' asked, 'Am Christopher Columbus visitin' here-'bouts?'

"Christopher Columbo, as we used to call him when sailin' der high seas—why, bless ye, yis! Seems we've got der alta sea Captain somewhere on ex'bition ready to be interviewed by der descendants uf dem what kume iver in one or 'tother uf his three ships.'

"Un', un', am Christopher still livin', un' well?" asked Nancy, growin' anxious to be der fust to throw her arms 'roun' his neck.

"Vell, vell, me dear Madam, denxt he's enjoyin' as goota health as at enny time durin' der pas' four cent'-ries; can't recall der name uf der doctor who 'tended him durin' his last spell uf sea-sickness, nor der kind uf med'cine da give him, but whatever it wus, it acted like a charm, preservin' der alta sea-captin in goot shape iver since. Un' now, if not too 'quisitive, please give yer names, un' where ye hail frum, seein' ye're on yer weddin' trip.

"Took Nancy 'bout a mi-nute to be gittin' out one

uf her weddin'-cards, writ by der alta Hiram, der schulemaister, 'fore startin' frum der farm. Said me bride to der high 'ficial in command, dat we now, two in one, be frum der sthate uf Pennsylvany, cumin' clear through frum Phil'delphy, der city uf Brotherly love. Yis, yis," easing up the rheumatic foot, "took dat lovin' Nancy more un' half a hour in describin' to der head-boss alla der tings we hed eyed iver in der Phildelphy Shtate House. At last, turnin' un' glancin' at his watch one minute un' into der Mrs. Mengen's sparklin' eyes der next, he gits to interrogatin' her mit alla kind uf questions 'bout her early fam'ly 'fairs, leavin' Mingo sort uf entertain' hisself squintin' through der winder into der museum wunderin' howiver to be gittin' der two sep'rated. At las', holdin' both Nancy's hand tighter un' a possum in a steel trap, he says, 'Un now, me friends frum Pennsylvany, if ye wants to see Christopher 'fore der sun go down, it'll be costin' ye each dri-dahllah a head to be interviewin' der alta sea-farin' captain, seein' yer both frum der Keystone shtate der home uf William Penn, a distan' relation uf Christopher's.'

""Un' do ye tinks he still recomembers anytings 'bout Nancy Bruderly's fust gran'parents un' der ship they kume iver in?" asked dat lovin' wife uf mine, 'handin' iver der cash, 'spose fur doin' all der talkin.'

""Oh, bless ye, yis; if he kin recomember anytings at this late day, I'm sure he hasn't furgotten yer gran'parents, though his mem'ry isn't as goot as it used to be when sailin' der high seas 'long der coast

uf America in plantin' der blasted Spaniards on der islan' uf Cuba,' slippin' der half-dollar, quaters, levies un' fippinpbits into his vest pocket, in a way becomin' der head-master uf cer'monier he wus.

"Fust, as Mingo recalls, he got to showin' me un' Nancy a whole room full uf der mos' wonderful tings ye iver laid yer eyes on. So, py un' py, as he got to leadin' me gal by der arm, he turns to a petrified mummy, sayin', 'Take yer time, me plain country folk; no use in hurryin', seein' ye've got each three minutes mere to be interviewin' Christopher Columbo 'bout yer early ancestors, 'fore der sun go down, mitout extra charge.'"

The sudden appearance of Nancy on the scene admonished Mingo Mengen to defer the sequel to a more convenient season, with the caution to his apt pupil that no mention of the episode be made in the old lady's presence.

Apart from the double-decker, Nancy's at all times well-supplied table and the porch, where I'd sit listening to Mengen's stories, if there was one other place I was delighted to linger, it was around the "Old Oaken Bucket" which hung in the well. Of course, the Conestoga wagon, standing alone in the wagon-shed, and which long years before had plied its way from the city of Philadelphia to the far-off town of Pittsburg, seldom escaped our attention.

During odd moments, I was to learn that along this great stretch of highway, during the time grandfather Mengen occupied the sandstone cabin, the boy, Menno, was no stranger; he had traveled it to

the tingling of the bells and to the music of the horn of the trusty driver, as he drawled out words meaningless to all except himself and his trusty roadsters. As a growing lad, Menno had seen many ups and downs in splurging 'round in the sowing of his wild oats. To these numerous escapades he seldom referred after joining meeting, for it was one of the church mandates to forget, and if not to forget, to forego at least all mention of these youthful exploits, a violation of which resulted at times in severe church discipline or expulsion, the one being as unfortunate as the other in demanding obedience to such rules and regulations as scriptural observance required. As a result, it was only at odd moments, when in the presence of a stranger, that Mengen would throw off all reserve. At such times he would sit by the hour ready to crack a joke, except with the bishop or some of his Dutch, pious neighbors, whose words were aye and nay.

Occasionally his mind would revert back to the time the grain was reaped with the sickle, and later by the cradler in a twenty-acre field of golden grain, with the binders following in their wake gathering the sheaves ready to be threshed out by the flail or by the tramp, tramp of the horses' feet on the barn floor.

The old-time cradle! How few of the present generation of farmers' sons recall those happier days when a dozen or more harvesters swung the cradle in unison with some familiar tune, as they awaited the hour to partake of their midday lunch, with a drop or two from the "demijohn," resting in the shade of

a nearby tree. Picture if you can the feeling which overcame the cradlers along in the fifties, when the reaper and mower came to take the place of the scythe and cradle. Many indeed were the laments to which the writer was an eye-witness, in depicting all kind of dire consequences, with starvation staring the laborer in the face.

But the reaper and mower were not the only modern-day devices the ingenuity of man has since thrust upon the farming world, to be accepted by some, to be rejected by others—at least for a time. From threshing with the flail, later came the improved thresher and cleaner, sending the grain into the bags to be carted to mill or station-warehouse, now in a Studebaker, a year or two hence, maybe, in an automobile.

Still later, dating from the time the cradle was in use, came the “stump-puller,” the patent hay-rake, casting the “tumbler” on the scrap-pile. Last, though not least, we have the potato-digger, the tobacco-planter, the hay-tedder and numerous other farming implements never dreamed of by Mengen’s father, Jeremiah.

Whether, on an early September morning, as he stood leaning over the porch awaiting the arrival of those who were to assist him in threshing out the remaining forty acres of golden grain, he was thinking of the many changes time had wrought in the farming-world since he was a boy, is not so clear; what he was thinking of was the improved-thresher, among the first of its kind awaiting the farm help. He may have had

his suspicions that the same opposition prevailed against this innovation as had manifested itself against the reaper of a few years before. At last, turning to his "goot" Nancy, with bent head, he exclaimed, "It's der alta Mengen's restin' under a he'vy weight uf troubles, un' how he's to wurk hisself out of 'em, der goota Lord 'bove only knows."

But Nancy Mengen wasn't the woman to stand idly by without making inquiry into her husband's troubles, which she well knew at times were more imaginary than real. Long years as a devoted house-wife had taught her to read, as if by intuition, his inward thoughts and emotions. At last, after a prolonged pause, broken only by the warbling of a robin red-breast singing its song of welcome to its mate on the topmost branch of the old gum tree, Nancy began, in her low, modulated tone: "Yes, Menno, the Lord will provide all the help you need and that before the day closes; so, brace up, and forget not that every cloud has its silvery lining."

"Menno, Menno," came with increased emphasis, as a tear fell upon a few strands of gray resting on his forehead, "glance back to the time, so many years ago, when your great-great-grandfather built his stone cabin in this then wilderness, and of how he had to remove sufficient of the heavy timber to keep the wolf of poverty at bay during the long, trying winters, with snow covering hill and dale. If then, our good Father kept an eye on the farm, He will not desert those who continue in the straight, narrow path, trusting at all times in His goodness and mercy. And

forget not that you're getting well along in years with troubles hanging heavier on your shoulders than they used to before our two sons passed away, with the grandchildren in our care. But the boys are growing, and within a few years more will be able to take your place, so cheer up, and do not give way to despair."

At this auspicious moment, Mengen's eyes caught sight of his hired help coming down the long lane. Giving his "goot" Nancy a loving embrace, he rushed to meet them, saying: "A leetle late ye are, men, so be steppin' into der ketchen fur a cup uf coffee, un a few slices uf Nancy's snitz pies. Yis, yis, der Lord has been answerin' Nancy's prayers," was his ending, as they all repaired to the double-decker, to start to threshing out the forty-acres of golden grain.

Whether it was the arrival of the hired help, or the timely words of the motherly Nancy that had driven dull care from her husband's mind is for other farmers to determine, disposed, as many of them are, to thrust aside a woman's intuition for their own faulty judgment. And this leads to the thought, no doubt uppermost in the minds of the farmer-reader, "How much better might I not be off had I relied on my wife's intuition instead of on my own superior judgment, in sending out the value of the farm's products, and at times the farm itself, into some Western gold mine." Do you see the point, ye wise men of the farm?

It was after overhearing what had occurred between Mengen and Nancy that I found the now happy farmer strolling in the direction of the well for a draught of

its pure, sparkling water. Standing by his side a moment later, he turned and asked, "Iver heard uf der song called der alta 'Oaken Bucket?' Iver hear uf der mon who writ dem lines? It's a song worth yer singin' un' a story worth Farmer Mengen's tellin' ye if you care to listen. Yis; it was der alta Jeremiah who first got to singin' der song while sittin' on der porch iver yonder. Un' as he sung line after line, 'How dear to der heart be der scenes uf me childhood,' how we children gathered 'roun' des alta oaken bucket, mit tears in our eyes, pledgin' our wurd alla to der Jere that as longa as childhood lingered, so longa would der bucket un' windless be held sacred to der daudy's mem'ry.

"'Gin, me maister," resumed Mengen, leaning over the windless, after disposing of a few glasses of the pure liquid that came from the well's depths, "as der story go, a party uf tipplers hed dropped into a bar-room one sultry day, un' after partakin' uf der brandy-toddy, one turned un' said, der inn-keeper's toddy wus der best he had iver tasted. Jist then, 'nurther said, 'I know of a drink that beats der best brandy-toddy iver mixed to quench a drinker's thirst."

"'Un' pray, vas might that be?' asked one uf der drinkers.

"'It's der sparklin' wasser I used to drink frum der alta oaken bucket mit der promise to me goot murther dat what kum frum der depths below I would never exchange fur any other.'

"Un' now, as Mengen recall der endin' uf der story, one of der drinkers, Samuel Woodworth, as Jeremiah

called him, dropped his glass, un' runnin' frum der tavern, went straight iver to his printin' office, where he print dem lines, 'Der Alta Oaken Bucket.'"

And as I stood beside the tender-hearted farmer and drank of the health-giving waters, it was there he told me how he had pledged himself to his father, Jeremiah, that, as long as Go dgave him strength to withstand temptation, so long only would he drink of the limpid waters that came from the earth beneath.

Improbable as this story may seem to the skeptical, it is only one of many another to follow. If, then, it contains a moral, so much the better for the story.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A COUNTRY SALE—TENDENCY TO EXTRAVAGANT PURCHASES.

IT was on a Saturday morning following, with a drizzling rain setting in, that Mengen, dressed in his best corduroy trousers, said to his “goot” Nancy, “Seein’ der time fur der maister to be leavin’ de farm’s drawin’ near, to be takin’ him to der farmer Zimros’ sale of household un’ farmin’ impl’ments, may be helpin’ ‘long his edication uf der practical kind. Un’ Nancy,” he continued, drawing on his kips, “it’ll be fordin’ der maister on der way to be sayin’ goot-bye to sum uf der ‘kickers’ uf der schule.”

“Oh, Menno, Menno, you set me beside myself! From what the boys have been telling their grandmother, you’ve already been filling his head with stories unbecoming a man of your age, and now to be taking him to a country sale! Be careful then, Mengen, not to let the wily sales-cryer load on the teacher a lot of second-hand rubbish for which he may have no use in the school-room. Yes, Menno, as you know, a country sale is, of all places, the worst, leading to habits of extravagance.”

Chuckling inwardly at his “goot” Nancy’s credulity, and overlooking a woman’s intuition which usually surpasses man’s faulty judgment, Farmer Mengen repaired to the farm-yard, where “Old Trusty” was

already hooked to the spring-board ready for an early start.

And now, before leaving the farm on our twelve-mile up-country journey, it may be said that in a general way conditions of farm-life have undergone little, if any, change during the past half century. Whatever new departures have come with better educational advantages and improved appliances, making the labor of the farm easier than in ye olden time, many of the customs, habits and traditions remain pretty much the same.

Being a law unto themselves, they are disposed to let the outer-world wag itself along to its heart's content, being seldom disturbed except by some unforeseen calamity. In this respect, Menno was no exception, ready at all times to loiter by the wayside, talking over such common-place affairs as the city merchant might consider of little value during business hours. And why shouldn't one be interested in a neighbor's successes or failures? Having no "club-rooms" wherein to meet at the close of the day in discussing a friend's private affairs, who would deny them this God given privilege of sympathizing with a farmer whose tobacco patch had been riddled by a shower of hail, or whose last dollar had gone into a bucket shop?

Apart from these few suggestive thoughts, as the result of a short eight-months on the Mengen home-stead, it was after swinging back the farm-gate on its rusty hinges that I took a seat by the now jolly farmer's side on our way to the Zimros sale of what Menno took occasion to call "blooded stock."

On, on we drove our way with th well-informed Mengen pointing to this or that well-cultivated homestead, and of how after long years of patient toil, it had been made to yield an abundance of crops. Drawing up before a store and inn combined, it was necessary for Mengen to alight, first, to give "Trusty" a breathing spell, second, to lay in a supply of "bretzels" and cheese, in addition to a number of "half Spanish," to be stored in his broad-brim black beaver, for his own use. Mengen might have had other reasons; it being a rule, seldom to pass a country tavern without paying one's respects to the Dutch landlord; to neglect this, was to violate one of the unwritten laws custom had sanctioned.

Before dismounting came the familiar "Goota morrier, Farmer Mengen. Kum a-mole in un' nem a gla venic appell-jack mit der alta landlord." This free, open hospitality, coming from the stubby inn-keeper, soon convinced me that I had fallen in with a coterie of farmers also on their way to the sale. If hitherto Mengen had eschewed the higher German for the prevailing idiom, which we make but slight attempt to reproduce, differing as it does in different localities, he was now only too ready to rattle off the "mother-tongue," in which I might have been bought and sold a dozen times over without my knowing it.

Glancing through a window into the bar-room, I couldn't help noticing the Dutch landlord dealing out the "tangle-foot" to all who had come to indulge themselves, only to agree to disagree on any one of a dozen different topics, no single one of which, to my

way of thinking, was applicable to the farm, excepting the weather. However, all were happy, jovial and for a time good-natured, until the fermentation began to bear fruit, when, with the jingling of the glasses, the room seemed to have turned itself into a howling mass of unrestrained humanity. This was still another phase of country-life, no longer a dream, but a living reality. To my surprise, Menno seemed proof against the landlord's importunities to partake of a "gla venic eppel-jack," as he expressed it.

At last, as the motley crowd disappeared in the distance, we followed slowly in the rear. Breaking the silence, Menno said, as if by way of apology, "Ye musn't be jedgin' our Deitscha farmers by der few who be nemin' a leetle too much uf der landlord's beverage; sich ye'll allaway be findin' at der taverns on der way to a country sale. Most uf our peoples, as ye'll diskiver, be law-bidin' un' temperate, even to bein' devout Christians, 'cept bertime when sowin' der wild oats."

"Un' now," continued Mengen, changing the subject, "dere be no kind uf a edication dat beats der Deitscha auctioneer's, mit a way uf bamboozlin' der farmers into buyin' alla sort uf tings, fit only to be stored way on der barn loft. So, as a goota wurd uf' vice from Nancy, don't let der sales-cryer git his eye on ye, or ye're a goner, mit mebbe, a cribber on yer hands, mit Mengen goin' on yer sixty-day note. Besser keep watchin' der udder bidders gittin' not what da allaway be expectin', sumethin' fur nothin', un' no mistake."

Accepting this bit of wholesome advice, at a later moment I stood in amazement, as I took in the long line of teams hitched to both sides of the fences—traps of every kind and shape, some with, others without, springs or cushions to the seats; not a few of which, for all I knew, might have come over from the Fatherland.

Reaching the mass of gathered humanity, I strolled hither and thither, viewing some in shirt-sleeves, others in short runabouts and broadfalls, with black-brim felt hats, pressed well down over their foreheads, presenting a picture altogether different from what I had seen at the Kauffman love-feast, some half dozen years before.

It wasn't long until I found myself a stranger among an even stranger people, who eyed me with a sort of idle curiosity. And yet, as I was later to learn from Mengen, they represented the lords of creation—the sturdy yeomanry who felt themselves monarchs of all they surveyed in the realm in which they moved. Viewed from the standpoint of the city novice, they were a strange and motley mixture; but when measured by the standard of their own surroundings, they were a frugal, industrious, law-abiding people, owing their allegiance only to mother earth and what she was willing to provide. If the crops were short one year, with low prices, their hope was that better luck might follow them the next succeeding. Subject to no "trade unions," they could go where or when it suited their convenience, without being dictated to by a "walking delegate." Even the half-grown boys

and girls dressed in all kind and shapes of homespun, seemed contented, as they chattered away in their mixed dialect.

However, as a twentieth-century after-thought, if, in forming a "Farmers' Trust," may they not, in being dictated to by a "walking delegate," thus curtail, in a measure, that free, independent life known alone to the world of farmers?

Turning from this suggestive hint, I was left to paddle my own canoe, strolling from house to the double-decker, only to wonder at the piles of rubbish lying here and there awaiting the sales-cryer, whose voice, coming from where I knew not, could be heard even more distinctly than that of the vender's of what was to satisfy the hunger of the great majority who had come to gratify an idle curiosity in the enjoyment of a day's outing, such as country sales usually afford.

It wasn't long until I had found myself on the barn-floor, in the midst of a swarm of anxious bidders, each zealous to out-bid his neighbor. However, I hadn't been an eye-witness long until I discovered that each article had a value oftentimes beyond what it might have been purchased at any one of the city or country stores.

That the auctioneer understood his business, soon began to confirm what I had been told by Farmer Mengen. Being upwards of three hundred pounds in weight and of a jolly turn, pouring forth in his go-as-you-please way a volume of Dutch and English, he managed to keep the bidders worked up to the top-

notch by weaving in one of his stories, salted down for each occasion. Then, after the laughter had subsided, he would lean forward, with article in hand, calling for a generous bid. Catching but the slightest motion of the head or an involuntary wink of the eye, he would hold the bidder spell-bound in bidding against one of the cryer's paid hirelings, with "Ain, swa, tri, gone, gone to Adolph Conning at only half der price."

Catching in his arms the souvenir, the fortunate or unfortunate purchaser would start to inspecting his bargain, then turn it over to his competitors, who in turn would view it with as much curiosity as if it were some memento handed down from Noah's ark.

Comparatively easy it was for the on-looker to force his way into this mixture of men, women and children, bumping and pressing against each other as if in search of a gold mine, but to work his way out, with broad-brim hats and sugar-scoop bonnets jamming themselves into one's eyes, was no easy matter.

From the "bargain-counter" of the double-decker I went my way to the house, taking in the many womanly faces as they pried into bureau-drawers filled with linen, trinkets and other articles of a domestic kind, all awaiting the auctioneer's disposal. Bedding and ticking came under the scrutiny of matronly home-bodies, while those younger in years cast wistful glances at an old-fashioned cradle, whose oddity of shape and age, if not reminding me of the one I was compelled to rock down in Old Leesburg, served to bring conviction to the humorously-inclined

that it might have come from one of the Swiss provinces at the time the first settlement was made in this the "up" country.

In the kitchen below were crowds, indulging themselves in low whispers on the merits of what were so soon to bedeck their own homes. The antiquated sideboard, filled with plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks with bone handles of all sizes and shapes, was ransacked by old and young, each with an eye single to its purchase.

In this wonderland I lingered, almost persuading myself to catch the eye of the jolly sales-cryer in the purchase of the old grandfather's clock, standing in a corner ready to be offered at a sacrifice to the highest bidder. Stepping to the door, my attention was attracted by: "Des iz der platz fun der lemonade, only two benny der glass, mit a bretzel mitout extra cost. Yaw, yaw," continued the voice, "kum a-mole iver fur der oyster-stew, jus' six cent fur one bowl." And he might have added, after I had sampled the mixture, that a single bivalve had been thrown in to give the "soop" the oyster flavor.

Beyond, where the hungry loved to congregate, with the bidding under full sway, I caught sight of the tall Menno Mengen intensely interested in what the cryer called "blooded stock." In no way wishing to become hypnotized by the auctioneer catching but a wink of my own eye, I had little cause for anxiety, knowing that Menno Mengen wasn't so easily to be bamboozled by the wily tricks of the sales-cryer.

On due reflection, I could reach but one conclusion

for the close competition, no spot-cash down, only the giving of a thirty, sixty or a ninety-day note, with this or that farmer becoming endorser for his neighbor, and *vice versa*.

However, at the close of the sale and before starting homeward, in a casual way, I took an inventory of Menno's purchases, consisting of a set of half-worn harness, several old blankets, two copper kettles, punctured with holes sufficient to extinguish any fire during "eppel-butter-bilin" season. Added to these and other odds and ends, was a crow-bate of a cow, denuded of her once glossy color, described by the sales-cryer as of "Alderney stock," imported from the Channel Islands. In addition were two half-grown shoats, of the razor-back order, said to have come from Georgia, and which, when loaded into the spring-board with the other cast-offs, left little room for either Mengen or myself.

Fortunately for ourselves, the old reprobate with her baby-calf was compelled to jog her way along the rear, while on the crate, containing the long-nose shoats, I seated myself, with back facing the driver, in leading the nondescript whose musical notes were anything but a solace to my peace of mind. Perched on the front seat sat Mengen, who every now and then exclaimed, "Keep a tight hold uf der kritter, un' be keerful, me younga maister, uf der glana shoats reachin' out in bitin' off der ends uf yer coat-tail."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SEXTON HAMMERPUE—THE STORY OF JIMMY MCGUIRE. PATERSHINE TRADES HORSES.

TO pass from the sale without acquainting the reader with what occurred on our homeward journey, might be to throw some doubt on the story as already related. For a time we went our way, Mengen holding the reins, and I, guiding Brindle by keeping her at a safe distance from jumping aboard the spring-board when not trying to go the other way, in which I found my predicament a most uncomfortable one from the viewpoint of the teacher.

At last, breathing heavily, Menno exclaimed in a doleful tone, "Seein' der Mengen's runnin' short uf a fresh supply uf stories to be entertainin' Nancy when she gits to askin' alla' bout der tings her besser-half's been buyin' at der sale, it might be well to be stoppin' mit der alta grave-digger fur a fresh supply, to be entertainin' der Jestice Dugan when he kume 'round to be payin' a ten 'vance iver der price bersalt fur der Alderney un' mebbe sumthin' more fur der razorbacks."

Before I could realize the predicament into which I was so soon to find myself, Mengen, glancing back over his left shoulder, soliloquized, "As der sun's gittin' close down 'long der horizon, un' as der Sexton's eyes be not as goot as day once was, he may be takin' der

crate containin' der shoats fur der rough-box of der alta Sol Shindle's last earthly remains, un' which, if Mengen was correc'ly informed iver at der sale, wus delayed in transit in crossin' what in der alta time wus der 'Round Up.' So, jis' keep mum, un' we'll be hevin' a leetle fun at der alta Hammerpue's 'spense, un' no mistake."

Driving up, Mengen dismounted, and after hitching "Trusty" to a post, said in response to my inquiry, that the house to the right was the sexton's home, and the one on the left, directly opposite, the "Dead-House" in which all late arrivals were compelled to rest over night to be given public interment the morning following.

Glancing at the small stone structure with its two windows, oaken door and roof of tiles, came a voice, and before it had lost itself among the grave-stones, appeared in the waning twilight, two round, hazel eyes from the open doorway, and which for all I knew to the contrary might have been those of the late Sol Shindle's, if Mengen's words could be relied on.

As I attempted to seek shelter behind the Alderney again came the same screeching voice, "This way, back up, Mr. Undertaker, and we'll unload; too late to plant the old poet's remains before the coming of the 'morrow. And bless the sexton, where's the procession? Oh, I see, shipped the corpse in a spring-board to save hearse-hire, with the mourners coming along early in the morning, eh?" rubbing his eyes to make his vision all the more clear, being, as Mengen had said, a little 'nearsighted.

"And now, Mr. Undertaker," came in a milder tone, stepping forward with an acquired feeling of sympathy, "Was the old poet sick long? Were his last moments peaceful? Leave any bequests, in setting apart a small legacy to Sexton Hammerpue in keeping his remains from being carried off by the young medical students of the city in search of a 'stiff'? Reconciled to the inevitable, as most poets are, when they realize their last hopes have departed? Any tears shed by the near and distant relatives in expecting something for nothing, always only too ready to open the deceased's will? Compose any verses for his headstone? Have them patented to prevent other scribblers from claiming priority of title? Say how he wanted to be planted, with head north, south, east or west?"

"Kind of denxt, me alta grave-digger, ye musdt be hevin' a spell uf der nightmares; eyesight not so goot as it once be?" shouted Mengen, with a half bewildered look, feeling the joke was like a shoe on the wrong foot.

"Be they 'goot' or bad, drive the old nag up and we'll unload; have been waiting since noon for the cortege, and here comes the poet's body in a rough-box, and in such a crate! Guess, mebbe, after all," with a solemn shake of the head, "the scribbler was too poor to buy a decent casket or pay a respectable number of mourners to be risking their lives through the tangle-web of brush, without some guarantee of a safe return—"

"See here, Mr. Sexton Hammerpue, ye're a lettle wrong-shifted, un' der sooner ye right yerself der besser, bless ye. Ich bien der Menno Mengen, frum

der Menno Zimros' sale mit a pair of shoats penned up in what ye've been takin' fur a rough-box. Sorry to be disturbin' ye at des late hour, 'cept to denkin' ye might be 'commodatin' us mit a story to be entertainin' Nancy when she gits to pryin' into Mengen's purchases iver at der sale, un' no mistake."

"Why, why, yes, Mengen, if it's only a good story you want, it won't be costing you more than your time and patience; so, as it's growing a little chilly without, ask your hiding-friend to step into the dead-house, and it's the Sexton who'll be telling you both how the young laddy boy Jimmy M'Guire met his fate all the result of a little amusement Justice Maloney and a few of the rollicking laddy boys over in the village thought they'd be having at the Sexton's expense."

And, as we stepped within this woebegone place of refuge, the Sexton continued, after the closing of the door, and lighting a tallow-dip, "Make yourselves at your ease, my friends; those resting awaiting an early burial in the morning won't be disturbing you; you needn't have any fear of bringing back to life the venerable Doctor M'Ginty who died of the cholera, and yet could cure others; remains came a little too late for this day's planting. Knew the Doctor, Mengen?" directing his remarks to him who sat on one end of the casket, with myself on the other.

"And, and, do you mean to say the doctor died of a malignant disease?" I exclaimed, looking for the nearest avenue of escape.

"Un, un', gee whiz, Mr. Sexton, un' don't ye tink ye kin be deferrin' der story to a more conven't season,

seein' it's Farmer Mengen musdt be gettin' Brindle un' der shoats to der farm fur Nancy to be takin' a peep at fore' closin' her eyes in sleep?"

Placing his hand on the shoulder of the venerable Mengen whose nerves began to show the wear and tear of age, he was assured that there was absolutely no danger of either of the "stiffs" regaining his perfect equilibrium.

Having pacified us both that we should in due time pursue our way homeward-bound, without the danger of being followed by evil spirits or omens, we continued to rest peacefully until the Sexton had finished the story, one, if not the same, I have frequently heard mentioned since by the older residents of the "up" country.

It seems that the undertaker, after storing the body of Silas Brickenbine in the "dead-house" preferred to stop over night in the village instead of sleeping peacefully in the deceased Brickenbine's rough-box without extra cost.

Dropping a word here and there in the village, it soon became noised around the office of Squire Maloney that the remains of Silas were in the dead-house. Being of a jolly turn, the Justice started to offering a small reward to any one willing to enter this dismal place of refuge after night had set in; and after remaining with the corpse an hour with every evidence that he had fulfilled his mission to the squire's satisfaction, return with the evidence. It so happened as the night ran on that none of the village boys willing to make the venture, that Jimmy M'Guire declared that

having traveled old Ireland over without the fear of ghosts and hobgoblins, he was willing to earn an honest dollar.

To make good his promise, he was given a hammer, nail and a strip of red flannel which, upon entering through a window, he was to tack to the side of the deceased Brinkinbine's rough-box, so that it might be seen by the committee the morning following the event. Up to this time all went well as the courageous Jimmy went his way whistling an old Irish reel.

To quote the sexton's language: "It was along in the wee hours of the morning that startling results followed Jimmy's first and last visit to this dead-house. Awakened from my peaceful slumbers by a rap at the oaken door, and thinking it only the wind playing hide and seek, I raised the window of my bed-room, looking for the kind of weather for the morning's planting when lo! who should the sexton's eyes behold but Justice Maloney standing at the door of the dead-house trembling as if attacked by all the imps supposed to be strolling 'round among the grave-stones, but for what purpose I knew not.

"'It's Justice Maloney, and none other,' I murmured looking still further out of the window. 'Ah, ha, by all that's good and bad, if it isn't the defender of the peace that's lurking 'round trying to rob the sexton of his charge. Out of this at a double-quick,' I shouted. 'Yes, away with you, Mr. Maloney, or it's the grave-digger who'll be rushing down putting you into the rough-box beside that of Silas Brinkinbine, and that, before your early morning prayers.'

"Ach, an' it's yerself, Mr. Sexton Hammerpue who'll have to be hurryin' down, for don't ye know it's th' body of poor Jimmy M'Guire that's standing upright in the dead-house an' without any more life in him than a grave stone,' came Justice Maloney's lament, as he stood prying through one of the windows with the moon shining brightly down.

"Come, come, Squire Maloney, and what's bringing you here at such an unseemly hour when you ought to be resting peacefully beside your own Bridget. Got it into your head that it's Bridget instead of Silas that's lying in the rough box, eh? Well, if you have any doubts, give one or two more raps, and if you can't hear his voice, put your ear to the keyhole, and if good luck be with you, you may hear him twisting 'round in the coffin in search of a little of the fresh morning air.'

"Ach, and it's Justice Maloney who's responsible for—'

"Rushing down stairs, with shillalah in hand, I ups and gives him a whack over his bald pate, saying, 'Take this, Mr. Maloney, for your impertinence in disturbing Sexton Hammerpue out of his peaceful slumbers.' Then turning the key to the lock, I shoved the portly justice in ahead as a protection when lo! to my horror, who should be standing upright but poor Jimmy M'Guire and as dead as Silas Brickinbine himself.'

"Oh, ho, Mr. Squire, it's a pretty fix you've gotten yourself into with the evidence of your guilt staring you in the face. Yes, Squire,' I continued, as with another whack of shillalah, I sent him sprawling over

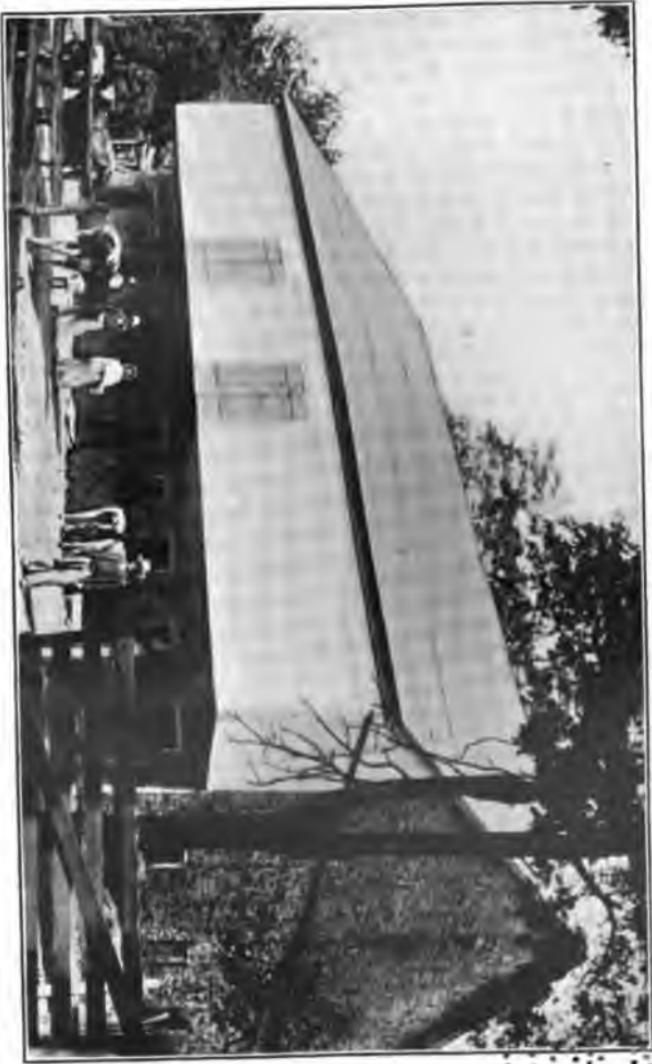
Silas' rough-box, 'you might just as well be making your will in favor of the Sexton, who'll be seeing you'll be getting a decent planting in one corner of the graveyard without the presence of His Reverence to be sprinkling a few drops of holy water over your remains unbeknown to court and jury, who may be convicting you of murdering and standing the poor Irish laddy boy upright in the dead-house, to be covering up your foul act.'

"And now," resumed the Sexton, lighting another tallow-dip, and pointing to the spot where the remains of Jimmy had been found standing, "it all occurred in this way: In tacking the strip of red flannel to the side of the rough-box, the bewildered Jimmy accidentally drove the nail through the end of his long coat. Turning to depart, and feeling something pulling at him, and thinking it to be old Brinkinbine rising out of the trance into which he had fallen, caused the Irish lad to stand stone-dead from fright, bringing on an attack of heart-trouble.

"To substantiate the statement before a Coroner's jury, there was Jimmy's coat-tail clinging to the side of the coffin as plain as if tacked there by some unseed hand. And now, to conclude," added the Sexton, with a grim smile, as we stepped out into the moonlight, "it is to be hoped, Menno, the story may have a soothing effect on your own Nancy's nerves, in accounting for the lateness of your return to the farm."

For a time during our drive homeward-bound all was as quiet between us as if we were returning from the

MENGEN'S DOUBLE DECKER



M. No. 1

funeral of the much lamented Jimmy McGuire. And it was not until the farm-gate was reached that the now much disconcerted farmer exclaimed in a low whisper, "Der alta grave-digger's story isn't restin' wery easy on der Menno's memory."

After all had been arranged with Brindle, her baby-calf and the razor-backs stored away out of Nancy's hearing, Mengen, after locking the stable-door, seated himself on the edge of the water-trough and exclaimed, "Ich glabst 'tisn't safe in buyin' Alderneys un' razorbacks to be derpendin' on ther heavens 'bove or on der earth 'neath, 'less yer usin' both yer Sunday un' week-day eyes. Un' even den, chances be ye'll be drivin' to der farm livestock mit more real-down cussedness un' Menno iver see since der Alta Patershine drive frum der stadt a gowl not wurth der room it take up in der stall."

"Well, Menno, to give you time to conjure up some excuse to be giving your better-half for our delay, let's have the story as a night-cap," came my half-sleepy response, taking a seat by his side out of reach of Nancy's bed-room window.

"Vell, 'side frum der alta Sexton's yarn, which kind uf make der Menno a gla venic nervous, der Patershine drive iver to der town, un' mettin' der dealer say, 'Mr. Rubenstine, heve ye a goota gowl fur wurk?'

""Der wery gowl to be suitin' ye, friend Patershine, der fust to 'rive frum der shtate uf Kentucky, mit a ped'gree uf der Blue Grass region, un' so quick on alla-fours dat it'll do yer alta heart goot to see cella improved stock uf gowl work, un' don't ye forget, Pater, what the dealer's tellin' ye.'

"Un' so, der Patershine pay spot-cash down fur cella goot gowl mit wha der veterans couldn't be curin', he later drive hot-foot to der stadt, un' gittin' dere 'fore der dealer hed 'ris out uf his dreams, he knock at der door uf his five-story residence.'

"Un,' un', who kum knockin' at dealer's door 'fore he kin be sayin' his early mornin' prayers?' mit his bald head out of the window.

"Du bist der Rubenstine, ich glawbst; un' ich bein der Patershine, kum to tell ye cella Kentucky gowl be a bawker; I hitch him to a load of stone dri dawk iver at der lime-kiln, un' des morrier, he be standin' in der same platz. Vas denxt dere iver cella goota wurkin' gowl?'

"Hum, hum; alla recht; goot nicht, goot nicht; didn't I tells ye, farmer Patershine dat *it would do yer alta heart goot to see him wark!*

"So, hot-foot der Pater drive iver to der Reubenstine's twin bruder, un', after tellin' him alla 'bout der last dicker, he say, 'Heve ye a goota gowl fur wurk?'

"Der wery gowl ye're needin' on der farm, stop when ye wants him to go, un' go when ye wants him to stop.' So der Patershine bein' a leetle hard uf hearin' in his off-ear, he gucks cella goota gowl iver, countin' the molers, mit a eye to der gowl's age, when he turn un' say, 'How much spot cash down?'

"One hundred un' thirty dallah, mit 'nuff off to be payin' der toll iver der King's highway,' say der 'com-datin' Rubenstine mit a smile.

"No, no ' say der pater, 'I gives ye one-hundred un' twenty-nine, no more no less.'

"'It's a go,' say der Rubenstine, reachin' fur der big roun' silver dallahs mit both hands.

"'On one condition, dat ye guarantee der goot wurkin' gowl to live ten year.'

"'Gut in himmel, Mr. Patershine, no honest dealer kin be 'surin' a Kentucky gowl to live ten year.'

"'Vell, so, goota morrier mine friend,' mit a wink uf der left eye un' his thumb at his nose.'

"'Holt a gla venic, it's der honest dealer who gives cella gowl a goota recommen.' Un' into his office he go un' write out in large writin, 'I hereby guarantees der goota gowl to be livin' ten year, un' in fine scribe, *if he don't die.*'

"Un' so, der Patershine gooks der 'greement iver mitout his spectacles, un' place it in his hat fur safe keepin' But sumethin' happened a week later when der goota wurkin'-gowl died. Drivin' hot-foot iver to der Jestice Dugan, he tells him all 'bout der dicker. Pullin' down der diges', un' guckin it iver, der squire say, mit a shake uf der head, 'Dere be nothin' in der law to pervent a gowl frum givin' up der ghost 'fore der ten year be up. Un' fur dis he charges der Patershine ten dallah, un' no mistake."

## CHAPTER XX.

### A KICKING ALDERNEY—SQUIRE DUGAN VICTIMIZED.

DURING the week following our return from the sale I couldn't fail to observe that Mengen wasn't altogether at his ease. And as for his "goot" Nancy, I was almost ashamed to look her in the face, seein' from her looks that something out of the usual had happened. At last, I began to hint around for the cause, asking the farmer in a casual way if anything had gone wrong with his recent purchases.

"Gone wrong! Took der sales-cryer a half-hour pintin' out alla der Alderney's fine qualities; said she hed been imported when a heifer frum der Channel Islands; a small eater un' a free milker, mit a disposition as gentle as Menno's alta frau's. But bless ye, Menno Mengen's diskivered one uf her fine qual'ties; she's a kicker; yis, a blasted kicker, un' don't ye forget it to yer dyin' day, un' no mistake Un' now, it isn't that Mengen objects to a leetle kickin' hisself betime when tings don't go his way 'roun' der duble-decker, same as he may be doin' iver at der bank when cella six-months' note fur der Alderney fall due."

"Why, why, Menno, no cure for a kicking cow?" I sympathetically asked with hand resting on his shoulder.

"Cure hust du nicht kared fur a cure fur der hog-

cholera, or der blind staggers? Ever read in der schule beeker uf a way of gittin' rid of der hay-fever that be kumin' 'roun' ivery summer? Ever learna, me stupid maister, uf a way of gittin' shut uf der lightin'-rod agent or der highway tramp? Prayin' by der Bishop un' der wimmen may be bringin' rain, but it'll niver break a kicker uf her tricks."

"Un' now," continued the much excited Menno as we stood at the stable-door, "if only der reprobate hed started to kickin' her didos at der beginnin' uf milkin' dere might heve been sume chance uf savin' der cream fur churnin'. But no; she allaway waited till the kettle wus full when, mit a spiral-twist uf der tail, away go der milk un' der milker alla in a heap. 'Side uf der loss uf der pails which Farmer Mengen kin be standin', what denxt dere uf seein' Nancy sprawlin' on her back alla kivered ever mit milk. It's 'nurther diskivery Menno iver dergucked at der sale owin' to der lateness uf der hour—she's blind uf one eye, 'un 'tother ain't much besser un' der blind one."

"Un' now, me financier," added the farmer, taking a glance along the lane, "it's Jestice Dugan may be callin' 'fore sunset to be guckin' der infernal Alderney iver. Dunerwetter if here ain't der Squire Dugan a minute ahead uf time. So, jis' keep mum while Mengen give ye 'nother lesson in finance by gittin' Brindle off his hands at a ten 'vance uf der price ber-salt."

Before I could more than juke behind a stray post, the Irish justice had entered, regaled in a black suit with a high-top beaver, to match, and body out of all

proportion to the length of his pedals, reminding me of "Steffy" when seen for the first time as a boy.

"Ach, an' it's the Alderney ye have for sale, an' for which you've no use the coming winter as yer note states. Is the Justice correct, Menno, me honest friend?"

"Kind uf denxt, Mr. Jestic, Menno Mengen's allaway ready to sell as well as buy; makes leetle diff'rence which, pervised he gits a small 'vance iver der price bersalt. Un' so, it's Brindle, imported frum der Channel Islands, ye're wantin' to be takin' der platz uf yer Susanna's Jersey that's died uf a lingering alta age? So, me glana maister," appealing to me, "trot Brindle out un' let der jestice guck der iver in der open twilight."

Obeying instructions, Menno continued, "Guck her iver, Mr. Jestic; no use in yer hangin' back, fur she's as fine a kritter as iver k—." And here the seller came near, making a bad break—"Yis, as fine a Alderney as ever kissed der alta Nancy's hand when feedin' her uf her own del'cacies."

"Seems to be well groomed; got th' proper height; o' a tawny color; not too fat, not too lean, with a kindly disposition. A free milker, I suppose?" glancing into Mengen's face, approvingly.

"Free, Squire? besser denxt she's free; if ye heve eny doubts uf her freedom uf motion, ask Nancy, who allaway do her milkin' when der maid be down mit a attack uf der swump fever, gittin' bertime as much as a kittleful at a single milkin'. But" (avoiding another break).

"The price?" glancing her over for the fifth time. "No use in wasting words, for with the Jestic Dugan, time's money, seeing he got a hearing, mebbe, in sending Timothy O'Neal to the work-house for six months for getting his blind mare off on his next neighbor for a sound horse as a three-year-old. Then, 'side of Tim, there are several cross-suits growing out of Menno Zimros' sale, and which'll be needing the squire's attention for the balance of the week."

"Hum, hum, 'side frum der Irish laddy boy's gittin' what's cumin' to him in a stock dicker, Mengen isn't differin' mit ye in gittin' nuff out uf Tim's hide to be payin' a goota 'roun' sum fur der like uf Brindle when she gits to k—," added the seller, hesitatingly, as if to avoid any hereafter entanglements. "Yis," indifferently, "paid a goot, 'roun' forty fur der glana beauty; kin' heve her, Squire, hitchin'-strap thrown in to klinch der bargain, at ten 'vance uf der price bersalt, which'll 'bout pay her keepin' fur der past month. Kind uf denxt though, der partin' mit Brindle'll be givin' Menno's alta frau a spell uf homesickness."

"The Squire's note, payable six months hence at the bank over in the city?"

"No!" with a stamp of the foot, "spot cash, or no sale; it's Mengen who may be givin' his own note fur der like uf Brindle, but he's not 'ceptin' 'nurther man's fur what she's likely to prove, pervidin' der frau uf a cross road's jestic furstays how to be ticklin' Brindle's fancy, as Nancy's be doin', un no mistake."

"Guess it's a bargain (handing over the silver dol-

lars). Sure, she'll be following quietly 'long behind th' squire's mare?"

"No doubt; no mistake; much success to ye un' yer own Susanna when she kum to do her milkin'" examining the cash to make sure he hadn't been hoaxed.

"Un now, me financier, seein' Menno got Brindle out uf der way, in 'fordin' Susanna a leetle innocen' 'musement, it's der Bishop who may be callin' next fur der loan uf Nancy's big copper kettle fur eppel-bilin', un' in der absence uf der head uf der farm, ye kin be gittin' off on der head-pillar uf der faith der two kittles mit daylight showin' through 'em. 'Gin, when der Patershine kum fur der loan uf a set harness, ye kin be lettin' der Pater heve der set cumin' frum der sale. Un' now since der be nuthin' lef' but what der sales-cryer call 'sundries,' des ye kin be loadin' on der fish-monger, at a glana venic iver der price bersalt."

"Yes, Menno, apart from any more visits, I am ready to express my unqualified disapproval of your recent actions; they don't tally well, coming from a farmer in whom I've always had unbounded confidence for fair dealing with your fellow-man!"

"Alla recht; un' while Menno 'preciates yer wurdz uf respec', it's only a lesson in finance I'm givin' ye in 'quaintin' ye mit der ways uf country life. Fur, 'cordin' to Mengen's 'sperience, dere be in ivery dealer in livestock a leetle uf der alta Satan mixt in his natur', same as in der Alderney, un' razorbacks; un' in des Jestice Dugan be no 'ception to der rule; fur in nine

cases out uf ten cumin' 'fore him, der costs go to der fellow havin' der means to be payin' em, be he der pros'cutor or defendant, un who, deservin' uf jestice, don't git, un no mistake!"

"Uf 'coose," continued Mengen, as he locked the stable door, "dealin' in like-stock mayn't be 'cordin' to der Scriptures, but it's der way uf der wurld. 'Gin, while ye kin be trustin' yer neighbors on gineral prin-c'ples, tisn't safe to be takin' enny religious chances, or to be trustin' in Prov'dence when ye kum to dicker mit yer fellow-man in der stock uf der farm. Un' now, to be concludin', be sayin' nuthin' to Nancy, who may be tinkin' der Alderney started iver in search uf der blasted razorbacks, un' captured by sume jedge uf blooded stock."

"The razorbacks, Menno! You don't mean to be telling me the squealers have deserted the Mengen homestead? Seems I've noticed the pens deserted."

"Vell, yis; de heve gone; un mebbe, if ye live till Thanksgivin' kum roun', we may be hevin' a leetle fox-chase mit der razorbacks out-runnin' der beagles. Ye see," resorting to his red bandanna, "it wus only a hour' go when Mengen ousgefunden hut that both had slipped through a six-inch openin'. Catch 'em? thought so at one time mit Bowser holdin' on to both der tails, un' tighter un' a possum in a steel trap."

For some days after this "lesson in finance," as Mengen put it, all kinds of rumors were on tongues' end around the school. Nor was I without a presentiment of what was likely to happen to Squire Dugan's Susanna when the Alderney started to kicking up didos, not by any means an unusual occurrence.

However, as I had been an eye-witness, and as I had reason to infer, a party to the "deal," I naturally kept silence, manifesting at no time undue curiosity in such rumors as were afloat. But as the school is the telegraphic medium through which all kinds of gossip find their way to the home, I hadn't long to wait until Mengen's own grandchildren had carried the news of what had happened to the squire's better-half. All that was necessary was to wait. At last, Menno, limping from the porch with letter in hand, exclaimed, "It's der alta mon who's been receivin' des perlite note to call iver at Jestice Dugan's office mitout delay on important business uf a dermestic character."

"Of a domestic character!" I repeated, seeing there was something resting heavily on his conscience. For well I knew that, apart from dealing in live-stock, Menno Mengen's word was at all times as good as his bond. Indeed, as far as I was able to learn, no aspersion had ever been cast upon his name. I had furthermore learned that even should Mengen be brought before the bishop, all charges would be dismissed, in accordance with the unwritten law which placed all dealing in live-stock beyond the pale of the church.

"Of a domestic character," I repeated for the second time; this cynical reflection was not to pass without a retort.

"None uf yer reflectin'; it's only a invite fur Mengen to be actin' as pall-bearer iver at der stone meetin'-house. Der letter wus writ on der last Sabbath, der day uf der Susanna's taken uff mit a spell uf der

swump-fever, ich denxt, un' bless me, des is Fridawk,  
what sume of der superstit'ous call hangman's day."

"Yes, Menno," came my reply, in an undertone,  
"there may be a hanging in this locality."

"Der dihinker! guck a mole ous; none uf yer reflectin' in remindin' Menno uf der Lechler hangin' iver in der stadt. But to be furgittin' sich tings, as it's niver too late to be showin' a friendly feelin' fur der parted, ye might be drivin' iver to der meetin'-house mit a few geraniums to be placin' on Susanna's grave. Un' since Menno kume to tink it iver, ye might be compositin' a few wersedes fur her hed-stone. Un' on yer way hame, it might be well to stop iver at Jestice Dugan's office, notifyin' his honor that, owin' to a spell uf der rheumatiz, Farmer Mengen's words uf symp'thy musdt be answerin' fur his presence in sheddin' a tear iver Susanna's last restin'-place."

To have done less than helping the much-disconcerted farmer out of his dilemma, whether his suspicions were well-founded or otherwise, would have been to prove ungrateful to my tutor of the farm.

Losing no time, the early morning following, astride "Old Trusty," I reached the graveyard an hour later, and meeting Sexton Strebig, sitting on a marble slab, was told the following story:

"Thinking his Susanna had been sent into the next world by one of an Alderney's spiral twists, Justice Dugan hurried over to the sexton to arrange for the funeral, which would be along at high-noon the day following. I lost no time in getting Mose, my colored assistant, to digging, and he was detained

late into the night in giving Susanna's grave its finishing touches."

"Yes, yes," came the mournful shake of the head, "all might have turned out for the best except for Squire Dugan's impatience in strolling around among the tomb-stones to make sure there wouldn't be any hitch in the burial ceremonies, as there sometimes is when the colored Mose gets loaded down with too much tangle-foot."

Up to this moment I was in a quandary as what was to follow. What the result might have been had it been night instead of day, I had no means of knowing, except to beat a hasty retreat homeward without sufficient consolation to relieve Mengen of his rheumatism. But as I had been sent on a mission involving life or death, with such consequences likely to follow, it was a duty I owed to the living as well as to the dead, to remain to learn the sequel to an episode to which I was in noway a party except as silent witness over on the Mengen homestead. And now, at this much later day, I am only too happy to be able to relate the sexton's story, one of my many other experiences while I boarded on the Mengen homestead.

"Seem'd, however," continued the sexton, after lighting his pipe, "the justice, with an eye to his own interests, got to skylarking 'round in search of his Susanna's last resting-place, when lo, what should his eyes behold, as he imagined, but a ghost bobbing up and down out of his old woman's grave. As the head of the 'imp' went down, up went the head of

Justice Dugan. And so, for a time, each kept bobbing up and down trying to wear the other out, with Sexton Strebiger leaning out of the window of his bedroom wondering who was to come out first best. At last, after playing hide and seek with the supposed ghost, the squire, thinking the place too small to be holding his satanic majesty and his own Susanna without too much crowding, started off at a double-quick for his office, where he sat himself down looking up the rights of a ghost's taking possession of his property without a permit from either himself or the sexton. Not finding any act in the digest to meet the case in point, the learned Justice Dugan started to framing a law that couldn't be overruled by a higher court, providing any of the ghost's relations should be coming 'round sueing him for a breach of the peace. Placing the new act among the other forms of Blackstone, the dispenser of justice reached for his rifle, and back to this old graveyard he came to put the new act into execution. On, on, the pussy squire kept sneaking his way among the gravestones, when what should his eyes behold but the same Mr. Ghost's head bobbing up and down out of his own Susanna's grave. At last, growing weary, he just let bang, when out jumped old Satan with a yell, only to disappear a moment later out of sight. When the coast was clear, the squire crept his way along to find his spouse's last resting-place, needing only a little rounding up at the corner from which Mr. Ghost made good his escape."

"It so happened," resumed the sexton to his at-

tentive listener, only too anxious for the sequel, "that on the morning following, as I sat by the squire's side recounting Susanna Dugan's many good qualities, who should step into his office but my faithful assistant Mose, minus one of his ears, compelling Sexton Strebiger to juke into one corner of the fireplace."

"Ach, an' th' top o' th' morning' to ye, Moses! An' what can Justice Dugan be doin' fure ye, seein' he's sittin' here weepin' his eyes out fur th' loss o' his beloved Susanna, who's soon to be laid low 'neath th' weepin' willows?"

"Am dere any 'pinion in de diges', Squire, protectin' an ole grabe-digger in persuin' de labors ub his callin'? Ye see, it's des way, while des chile wus ober las' ebening, gibbin' de las' fin'shin' touches to dat ole woman's grabe o' yourn, de debil, he come prowlin' 'roun' an' takin' des colored pusson fur one ub dem city-poets, copyin' th' 'scriptions off de mon'ments, he jis' let bang, cuttin' off des darkey's right ea."

"Ach, an' it's th' law ye want, Mose?" added Justice Dugan, wiping away a tear.

"Dat am de size ub it, boss," leaning forward with the place of the missing appendage resting in the hollow of his hand.

"Sorry to be informin' ye, me old colored friend, that there's nothin' in th' law coverin' yer case. But if it be consolin' to yer feelin's (drawing down the leather-bound digest), th' jestice'll be readin' to ye a new act he's been preparin' to be meetin' jis' sich cases, an' which may be in yer favor or furnince ye, all dependin' on th' wordin'." (Reads the new act.)

"Dat am a bad showin' fur des colored pusson, it am fur a fac', Squire. No way den to be pun'shin' de debil fur de loss ub des chile's ea'?"

"No, no, as I've said, th' new act's plain in its word-in' as be th' loss o' yer right ear. But if Justice Dugan may be suggestin' a way out o' yer troubles, take this old rifle o' the squire's, an' afther th' cer'monies, ye kin be hidin' behind one o' them Rev'lutionary monuments durin' th' wee hours o' th' night, an' if good luck be with ye, ye kin bang 'way, gittin' one o' Satan's ears in place o' th' missin' one. How do this sthrike ye, me unlucky grave-digger?"

"Des case am withdrawn, Mr. Jestic Dugan, an' de office ub grabe-digger am vacan'. No mo' shubblin' in de hard clay ober de jes' an de unjes'; ober de rich an' de poo'; so fare de well, Mr. Jestic, an' may de lawd hab mercy on de soul ub yer faithful Susanna."

"But, Mose," turning and wiping away another tear, "don't ye know that Susanna's lyin' in th' next room 'side th' pianner waitin' fur ye to be doin' th' las' act o' th' cer'monies? An' don't ye know, Mose, that ye're growin' old and feeble, an' haven't long to live? Now, what reason will ye have to give to old Saint Peter when ye come to stand 'fore him face to face with yer right ear missing?"

"Lawd, Mr. Jestic Dugan, des colored pusson he got all dat figgered out; fur when dat ebil day come, it's Mose who'll be jukin' roun' 'hind Jestic Dugan, showin' up de lef' ea', sure as yer a libbin' jestic."

"Ha, ha, ha! a pretty well-concocted yarn. But what, Mr. Sexton Strebig, became of Susanna? Not

still over in the old sitting room awaiting a decent interment? To learn all about the old lady's final ending is my mission, aside from your improbable story. Ah, but may be, she isn't dead after all, only lying in a trance the outcome of a sudden shock to her nervous system, the result of an Alderney's spiral twists, as I am now led to believe," quizzically retorted the searcher after information, ready to depart.

"Come to think it over, rather recall there was something said by Justice Dugan of how his old woman had been laid low by a recently-purchased Alderney. Be this as it may, Susanna, hearing the little setto between Mose and her own man, straightened up in her fineries, declaring that if she couldn't be given a decent send-off by the colored grave-digger, she'd be deferring the burial ceremonies until a more convenient season, even if she had to be disappointing the women-mourners, gathered 'round, discussing their own chances of marrying the disconsolate justice."

"Oh, ho, but who comes there!" suddenly exclaimed the sexton, jumping to his feet. "Yes, I'll be hanged if it isn't Squire Dugan with the blasted kicker; brought her over as part payment for the loss of Mose's right ear, in order to avoid a suit for damages. And now, young man, keep shady and allow Sexton Strebig to interrogate the justice without arousing his suspicions.

"Holy Moses! And such a specimen! And where, Mr. Justice Dugan, did you come across the like of this?" rushing to the road to meet the owner of what

I myself had recognized as the same Alderney purchased at Menno Zimro's sale several weeks before.

"Come 'cross th' loike o' this! Jis' out givin' Brindle a leetle exercise 'fore shippin' th' blooded beauty to th' 'Cattle Show' over in th' city o' New York, where she'll be winnin' first prize fur her foine qualities."

"Oh, ho, and that's a horse of another color! Takin' her to the cattle show, eh?" repeated the sexton, glancing her over with his trained eye. "And by the way, how's Susanna? Recovered from the trance, the result of being kicked almost into the next world, and by none other than this same blasted reprobate. Come, Mr. Dugan, let's play fair; own up to the Alderney's faults, and may be Sexton Strebiger can be aiding you in getting the slab-sided quadruped off your hands to Farmer Sweeny, the bishop's tenant, coming yonder, provided, of course, he hasn't heard of your own Susanna's as well as of Nancy Mengen's misfortune with the kicker's habits."

"Ach, it's th' top o' th' mornin' to ye, Farmer Sweeny! An, it's a splendid specimen o' a Alderney Jestice Dugan's been importin' from th' Channel Islands by first boat. And now, if ye're open fur a bargain, dismount, look th' beauty over; it won't cost ye more 'an yer time, unless ye're in th' humor o' addin' th' like o' Brindle to th' Bishop's stock o' half-breeds," added the seller, assisting the would-be purchaser from his saddle, as the other two stood silent witnesses to the dicker so soon to follow.

"Unless Farmer Sweeny's eyes deceive him, it's th'

cross-roads' jestice—a honest man if there be one in all der country 'roun."

"An' bless ye, it's the meetin' o' two—th' one bein' as honest as th' other; so, look the 'prize-winner' over, an' if ye're on th' lookout fur a bargain, with yer eyes fur yer market, it won't be necessary fur the jestice to be takin' Brindle to th' cattle show, 'mong th' rich buyers o' th' city."

"Recommen' her a goot, free milker, an' gentle, o' course, squire?"

"Gentle, Farmer Sweeny! It's th' preserver o' th' peace might be addin' if ye heve any misgivin's as to her gentleness, run over an' ask Susanna, who, fur three long hours lay by th' kritter's side without winkin' her lef' eye. Th' fac' is, Farmer Sweeny, if it hadn't been fur th' diskivery o' Susanna by th' jestice hisself, th' old lady might still be keepin' company with Brindle over in th' stable, seein' that they both hed become a leetle 'fectionate, one with th' other."

"Yaw, yaw," with a shake of the head, "o' a dawny color, nicht too young, nicht too olt; a goot un' free milker, mit an orraca goota dis'sition," soliloquized the farmer, adjusting his spectacles, glancing first at her eyes, then stepping aside, taking a broader view in perspective, with an occasional glance at the "go-between" sexton, who stood with a grinning look of approval. For another moment, Farmer Sweeny stood bending forward, muttering to himself, "a pailful mornin' un' evenin'; des much cream fur butter; des much skim-milk fur de pigs, levin' der balance fur

der bishop's alta frau fur der deitscher cheese,  
macha."

"Der price, spot cash, squire?"

"Sixty dollars, a 'vance o' ten over th' price paid,  
th' half o' which will be compensatin' Sexton Strebigr,  
'count o' th' misunderstandin' 'tween th' squire an'  
hisself," in an undertone.

"Sixty dallah! a gla venic high, denxt nicht?"  
Then, "Nemma Farmer Sweeny's sixty-day note?"

"No, no; can't be takin' no man's note; spot cash  
or no sale, with six per cent. thrown off fur prompt  
payment, throwin' in halter for good luck."

"Gla vennic iver high in der price," concluded  
Farmer Sweeny, opening the strings of his leather  
pouch, counting out the required sum, minus the dis-  
count. Then as a parting word: "Der Alderney is  
net fur der olt mon's own use, but fur der bishop's  
frau, who's gittin tired o' th' obstreperous kind."

"For th' bishop's wife, Rebecca!" observed the  
now awakened justice, turning to depart. "Wa'll,  
wa'll, my old friend, if th' jestice might be sayin' 'fore  
leavin' ye an' Brindle, that it mightn't be well to be  
placin' too much stress on th' kritters domestic qual'-  
ties, nor fur ye to be tellin' th' bishop that th' infernal  
reprobate come from jestice Dugan o' th' 'Cross Roads,'  
who buyed her from Manngo Mengen o' th' two-  
hundred acre homestead."

On my homeward journey, my stock in trade, as an  
observer of passing events, had enhanced a hundred  
fold. And as between the dealings of the city-  
sharers and those of the common run of farmers,

the difference, if anything, to my mind, was such as usually prevails among dealers in live stock. Judged from the higher point of morality, this difference was as difficult to define as were Brindle's innate qualities.

What struck the young amateur farmer most forcibly, after relating the result of his escapade, was the suddenness with which Mengo's rheumatism subsided.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE GERMAN SETTLER AND BRITISH REDEMPTIONER. AN UNCLE'S CRUELTY.

BEFORE leaving the Mengen homestead there was one story coming from the more than ordinarily educated Nancy Mengen, the main facts of which may be relied on as a part of the English Courts' Records, as far back as 1743.

As I recall the narrative, with certain foundation-stones of the old stone cabin still to be seen on the Mengen homestead, it was in the Spring of 1727, that a few farmers from the lower Conestoga stood at the foot of Market street, Philadelphia, awaiting the good ship, "The William and Sarah," with its cargo of human freight, comprising in all some four hundred souls, divided into ninety families. Having made known their intention of settling in Pennsylvania, the heads of the families were required under oath to declare their allegiance to the King of Great Britain and fidelity to the Proprietary of the province.

Among the number who stepped from the ship was a middle-aged German from one of the Swiss provinces, with his wife Nancy and only daughter Rebecca, or Beckie, a girl of thirteen. As it didn't require any large sum to purchase a farm of two hundred acres, which, at the time, was still a part of the county of Chester, our Mennonite farmer wasn't long in securing

a land grant for a strip of land lying along or nearby the "Old State Road," some forty miles west of the Delaware.

Reaching their destination in an unbroken wilderness, it was during this same Spring, after many hardships, that a stone cabin was erected, with its tall stone chimney sending its smoke over the tops of the lofty oaks. Within this crude cabin, Menno, Nancy and Beckie settled themselves down during the long winter to follow, to endure such hardships as only the early settlers knew when the broad acres were a wilderness.

"Picture, if you can," exclaimed this goodly grandmother, as I sat in her presence, "of a young girl of thirteen, sitting by the open fire hearth on a cold, dreary Christmas-eve, thinking of her home across the sea, only to find her way to the loft, through the many crevices of which the snow, sleet and rain found their way. Ah, yes!" she continued, wiping away a tear, "if hardships Beckie and others had to endure over in the Fatherland, there was 'Old Santa Claus,' who seldom failed to come with a pack of toys on his back. Now all this waif of the forest could do during this Christmas eve was to stand at the cabin-door longing for just one of her former girl companions." And here Nancy hesitated as she pointed to where the stone cabin stood in the days of the long ago, to add, a moment later, that in the family of the Mengens, even down to the present, there has always been one named "Beckie."

Omitting much that might be woven into the story



THE PRESENT DAY BECKIE

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to give it romantic effect, it was after the snow-drifts began to melt away that it began to dawn on the farmer's mind that what he most needed, in addition to his own and Nancy's two strong hands, was one younger in years, not only as a laborer on the farm, but to keep company with Beckie, who was fretting her young life away for a few of her playmates, now so far on the other side of the great "divide."

With this double purpose in view, the day came when the farmer determined to work his way back to Philadelphia on horseback in the hope of purchasing a redemptioner, one of the many who, at times, were sold at so much per head, their time of service being limited as per contract.

At last, after dismounting at the wharf, his heart began to stir at seeing an American ship unloading her passengers and freight. Rushing aboard and making inquiry of the captain, he was informed that his only hope of securing a redemptioner was in the person of a young English lad, in his thirteenth year, who had shipped in his care, under sealed instructions to have him taken as far into the wilderness as to make his return impossible. Beyond this promise and a few stipulations, the youthful redemptioner was bargained for to serve as a hireling for a term of thirteen years. Why the lad's term of service was fixed at the unlucky number thirteen, had not occurred at the time to the farmer, nor had he taken the precaution to have the lad brought into his presence until after paying down so much ready cash into the hands of the captain. His only thought may have

been the pleasure it might afford Beckie on his return with a boy of her own age.

Passing to the hold of the vessel, the youth was informed by the captain he had at last reached the point of his destination, and that he was to pass into the hands of his new master. After picturing the many pleasures upon which he was to enter, he was reminded that he was not to disclose his identity, nor the names of his near or distant relations under penalty of being locked up in the town jail for the balance of his life. Thus, under the promise, any poor, helpless lad might be compelled to subscribe, the homeless boy was hustled into his owner's presence, under a non-de-plume, and there compelled to swear allegiance to his master, through an interpreter.

That he was of English parentage, with a sweet, charming personality, needed only a glance at the outlines of his face, with two eyes sparkling like diamonds. These, in addition to his long, dark, wavy hair, which hung in ringlets over his well-shaped forehead, contrasted oddly with his suit of English cut and finish, now showing signs of the usage it had undergone in battling with the motion of the ship on its long voyage over the Atlantic.

What the Mennonite's thoughts were as he stood glancing his purchase over may never have been known. If, at one moment he had cause to regret his bargain on account of the difference in speech, the next, might it not be a blessing in disguise, in having on the farm a young lad who could act as interpreter in the numerous little trades between the trappers

and himself. Then again came the thought of Beckie, how pleasant it would be for each to teach the other, the one the German, the other the English? Again, as he reasoned, there would be little gossip between them on his homeward journey, and then, not until both had become familiar with each other's language.

There was one other thing resting on the Mennonite's conscience, mightn't he himself be arrested as a kidnapper in harboring a youth under the legal age? Making these surmises known to the captain, he was assured that no such legal entanglements were likely to occur, owing to the redemptioner's willingness to seek his fortune in the new world.

The contract having been arranged, the town's strollers the early morning following might have seen the hapless lad perched behind his owner as they together went their way over their forty-mile journey, landing at last on the great-great-grandfather's home-stead—the cabin already mentioned.

And now, apart from what tradition has handed down, certain facts since gathered from reliable sources, may awaken renewed interest in what is to follow:

"Arthur Annesley (Lord Altham), as the reader may now learn from a transcript of the English court's record, married Mary Sheffield, the natural daughter of the Earl of Buckingham. By her, in 1715, he had a son James, the redemptioner of whom mention has been made. The year following, the parents having had some domestic differences, a separation was the result. The father, contrary to the wish of the

mother, took exclusive possession of his son, James, manifesting much fondness for him, until 1722, when he formed some intimacy with a Mrs. Gregory. His legal wife having died in the meantime, no doubt of a broken heart, and Mrs. Gregory expecting to become his second wife, exerted herself in alienating his affections from his son by insinuating that the lad was not his lawful heir. Having succeeded, she had him placed in a school in Dublin.

"It so happened, in November, 1727, Lord Altham died, and his brother Richard, wishing to possess the estate and title, took measures to get rid of his nephew James, by having him placed on board an American vessel, which sailed from Dublin in 1727. Arriving in Philadelphia in the early Spring, it was on board this ship he was met by the Mennonite farmer, Menno Mengen.

"For some cause not entirely clear, he ran away from his master after having served twelve years of his allotted time. Alone, dressed in a suit of bagging or 'slouchcloth,' such as constituted the only wearing apparel of those early days, he made his way westward toward the Susquehanna, where he was arrested as a runaway and locked up in the wooden jail at Wright's Ferry.

"He was no longer a boy in his thirteenth year, but a tall, well-proportioned young man, well past his majority. And yet his appearance indicated that he was not to the manner born, nor indeed of 'Dutch' ancestry, as the German settlers were spoken of even as far back as the settlement of the county.

"Proving himself a fine singer, the result of his early training, it was only natural for the curious to gather 'round this log structure to enjoy the sweet strains which came from within this forbidden place of refuge, showing that amid all his long years of bondage, there was still within him that one touch of nature that makes the world kin. There may have been other reasons for the interest manifested in the young man's welfare, who seemed unable or unwilling to give an account of himself when questioned by the authorities as to who he was, whence he came and whither he was traveling. Apart from his being homeless and friendless, there was a certain something to convey the impression that he might have been a spy, owing to the fact that he positively refused to disclose his identity. Nor, perchance, was he to be censured in forgetting his own name, and may be, the town from which he had been shipped twelve long years before. However, it was by the merest accident he was identified as a refugee fleeing from his Mennonite master, and to whom he was forthwith returned to serve out the remainder of his allotted time as a redemptioner.

"But as all good things come to those who have the patience to await the hour of their coming, so the year 1740 brought a bright ray of hope to the redemptioner's dampeden spirits. It so happened during this same year that two Irishmen, John and William Broders, were strolling over the King's Highway through the 'up' country among the German Mennonites. As night approached, they knocked at the door of the Mengen cabin and were given shelter;

for it was one of the unwritten laws among the first German settlers that no traveler be turned away without a night's lodging and a little something to eat and drink.

"Entering into conversation with the hireling, they weren't long in discovering that they were severally from the town of Dumaine, in the county of Wexford, Ireland, and that the redemptioner, James Annesley, was the son of Arthur.

"It takes a vivid imagination to grasp the delight this announcement produced, as it fell upon the very heart and soul of the poor bound lad of a dozen years before, when he was carried from the ship to the stone cabin. What followed, as they all three sat together talking over many a little episode occurring on the Emerald Isle when he was a lad, can better be imagined than described. But if their meeting was a happy one, opening up a new world to James Annesley, it was also a moment of sadness to the Mennonite farmer, his good wife Rebecca, not to mention the plain Mennonite maid Beckie, who had grown from a discontented girl of thirteen into a lovely young woman.

"It was not, however, until all arrangements had been made for the redemptioner's departure to his far-off Eastern home, and the news made known to Beckie, that moments of rejoicing gave way to weeping. If these two had not already become betrothed, there was at all times enough of 'each for all and all for each' to have cemented their lives as two in one. Of course, during this long interval two sons had come

to bless the family circle. But what were they to the redemptioner compared with gentle Beckie, who had joined him in many of his rambles along a rippling stream that goes meandering the same to-day as nearly two centuries ago! Isn't it reasonable to suppose that in these little heart-to-heart talks James had told Beckie the secret nearest his own heart? Then it was from the Mennonite maid that James learned to speak the German, as it was from the redemptioner, this lone flower of the forest had learned the English. But as all love episodes must have an ending, it wasn't to be that James was to return to marry Beckie, such a happy consummation as the sympathetic reader could most desire. Whatever the intention of James, something occurred across the sea to prevent what might have been woven into a romance. But why picture a scene that had better rest for the reader to dwell upon during his or her quiet moments?

"As an historical fact, apart from such intentions as James had of ever returning to the Mengen home-stead, the two Broder brothers actually kept their word, in volunteering to go back to Ireland to testify to the discovery they had made in the new world. Reaching Philadelphia, passage was furnished this trio by Admiral Vernon, of the West Indies, at the request of Robert Ellis, Esq., a resident of the city of Brotherly Love, as it has since been designated, for its good will toward all men.

"Arriving in London, our former redemptioner's troubles were only to begin. Having accidentally

killed a man, he had to stand trial, being acquitted, notwithstanding every effort was made by his unnatural uncle to have him convicted. Regaining his freedom, action was brought against Lord Altham, going to trial November, 1743, with a verdict in favor of James. An appeal was taken to the House of Lords, but, unfortunately, while this was pending, the plaintiff died, leaving his uncle in quiet possession of his ill-gotten gains. For a brief time only was he permitted to enjoy the fruits of his long life of intrigue and deception. Compelled to bear the ignominy for the wrongs he had committed, he soon passed away, exhibiting the spectacle of the finished villain in the Irish nobleman."

With what has been set forth as an old-time historical episode, it remains for those disposed to discredit the Mengen homestead as the place where the redeptioner was discovered by the two Irish Broders to locate more definitely the farmer residing on the Lancaster road some forty miles west of the Delaware.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A LETTER TO CHARLIE, BY OLD-TIME CRONIE—FRESH RECOLLECTIONS BY “BILLY.”

IT was after listening to this somewhat graphic story that I betook myself to the attic, when my eyes instinctively fell upon a letter received some months previous. If, therefore, the following reply be not in the exact words as originally penned, it is still the recollection of half a century ago, with such additions as a larger experience of farm-life has engendered.

“HICKORY GROVE, APRIL 1, 1859.

“DEAR CHARLIE:

“With the incoming of this lovely Spring month, with its bright sunshine and balmy air, your friend is impelled, by a boyish impulse, to make up for lost time by penning you a somewhat lengthy letter before starting home.

“As it occurs to me, it wasn’t necessary for you to remind your Lime Street cronie that fully a half decade had gone by since you and the other boys followed the Conestoga team to Witmer’s bridge.

“And now, looking back over the years that have gone, I can most positively declare that never, except in rare instances, have I ever regretted starting from the city which, to quote your own language, is still flourishing like a ‘green bay tree in a virgin forest.’

Indeed, Charlie, it should have occurred to you that if anyone was flourishing, it's 'Billy,' who's turned teacher or 'master,' a term usually applied to all pedagogues.

"Well, aside from any attempt to become your rival in poetic lore (though at times I've assumed that distinguished honor of being the poet-laureate of Paradise), during the past eight months I've been both teacher and farmer, always in the best of health, and as I may say, seldom overworked in the school-room, with but a handful of scholars.

"Starting with the beautiful September, when I fortunately struck the Mengen homestead, there was plenty to do on the farm before the rigor of winter had thrown its mantel over all of Nature's handicraft. And as October set in with 'corn-huskin,' 'eppel-butter bilin,' there was little time for the reading of the Dutch newspaper by Mengen, and which, at this particular season, was used by Nancy in doing up her jars of gooseberry, currant and quince jellies for the goodly bishop and his Polly, who seldom failed to put in their appearance to partake of the many delicacies Nancy had stored away in her pantry.

"Strictly speaking, it was 'clearing-up month,' in which all the many good things, as Nancy expressed it, were stored away in her pantry 'to keep the wolf from the door' when the snow lay heavy over field and highway, thus shutting out from the school and the farm the busy, active world—the city beyond.

"And here let me say, it was during one of these bright October mornings that I found Nancy out in

her garden or 'truck patch' shelling beans and binding up the rose-bushes to protect them from the ravages of 'Old Jack Frost,' who had never failed to come along in giving the leaves a rainbow-coloring before the stormy month of November had claimed them as his own. And it was here in this old-fashioned garden, where had bloomed the many varieties—lady-slippers, sunflowers and other old-time plants, now almost extinct, that I found Mengen in one of his happiest moods, ready to take issue with the Dutch almanac, by exclaiming, 'Be sure, Nancy, to protect der rose-bushes mit plenty of rich garden loam, for der comin' winter's goin' to be a tryin' one for der many poor peoples livin' iver in den stadt where they'll hardly be knowin' how to make both ends meet until der early Spring kom round thawin' 'em out as it'll be drawin' the "rheumatiz" from Mengen's jints.'

"Yes, yes," he went on, "there's nothin' to beat der Spring in wakin' up old dame Nature in gettin' our farm well started on the road to peace un' plenty. Of course, sometime it be a little late in kumin', but she generally manages to get here in time for the sowin' of der seed. Un' now, to be gettin' to the pint," he resumed, "it's goin' to be one of der alta old-fashioned winters, mit snow kiverin' der tops of the Canada thistle, iver by the longa lane." And it was only necessary for his 'goot' Nancy to ask what kind of signs, not contained in the John Baer Almanac, he had been discovering, to start the Prophet Mengen to declaring, in his Dutch idiom:

"Not uf der goose-bone kind, to be hittin' it one

day un' missin' it der next, un' which der philosopher livin' iver in Berks county's been makin.' No, Nancy,' he continued, 'it isn't bercause der bark's stickin' closer to der nor'-west side uf der alta gum-tree; un' beside, if ye care to know, 'tisnt because der ground-hog's peradin' mit his vind'cation-cap tied 'roun' his neck in predictin' a early Spring that Mengen's got in mind at this perticular moment; it's der blasted razorbacks that heve been findin' der way back to der farm uf der own volition, un' so thin, as to be needin' der whole summer's crop uf corn to be gittin' 'em in shape fur Christmas butcherin', un' no mistake.

"Dere back, yes, der back, un' mit a new crop uf bristles standin' square up on ends, that'll be savin' Menno dere 'spense uf buyin' a fresh supply uf curry-combs comin' winter. Un' so, if Mengen be a jedge uf der signs that have never failed, it's der bristles uf cella razorbacks that beats der goose-bone ivery time. Un', Nancy, to be gettin' way frum der goose-bone, Menno's been diskiverin' that der shingles uf der alta Grumberger's barn heve been flarin' up on end, causin' him to be kiverin' it durin' der down-goin' uf der moon. Un' as der Squire Dugan's been writin' Menno, it's der posts uf der Fulstuff's fence that heve been takin' theirselves upward, makin' der post-holes ready fur 'nother plantin' uf posts mit der goin' down, 'stead uf der up-goin' uf der moon."

"And now, Charlie, after acquainting you with some of the superstitious notions of not a few of our Dutch farmers hereabout, you should have seen me dressed on Saturdays in an every-day working-suit,

costing at a country store not over two dollars, with gallowses thrown in as a bid for future trade, I suppose; although, with the great majority of farmers, suspenders are largely an unknown quantity, with a belt to take their place.

"Not to become too tiresome, it would have done your eyes good to have attended a love-feast on the barn-floor of Mengen's double-decker. On the morning of this one day above all others, there was no scurrying 'round in the greasing of boots, no carrying of wood, no brushing of clothes and doing of other chores. No, for all manual labor has been done the day previous, leaving this the blessed Sabbath to be devoted to holy things. And when at last it opened up, with the boys done up in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting fixings, and Menno and Nancy in their plain garb, few words were spoken as we betook ourselves to the table for an early breakfast, until Mengen had delivered himself of a prayer in which no mention was made of Brindle nor the razorbacks.

"And here, Charlie, let me correct what has so generally become a mistaken impression, namely, that the Dutch are clannish and hard task-masters, treating their offspring little better than they do the stock of the farm. What a libel on the customs of a community little understood by the city people! Work them they do during the busy harvest season, when even the women occasionally take a hand in the harvest field on the approach of a storm; and yet, it should not be forgotten that it has been through work unceasing that the Dutch have been able to hold the

balance of power during such financial upheavals as have carried more than one city-dweller to the verge of bankruptcy. Of course, Charlie, the Amish have their own peculiar notions of just how much education is required to make good farmers out of the boys and equally good house-wives out of the girls. But after all, isn't it better to lay a good foundation in the four fundamentals than to hurry them on through a college before they have mastered fully anyone of these four branches?

"They are not by any means as stupid as they might seem when beyond their own environment. We have seen a half dozen bunched together ourselves on the town streets when boys, and yet, could we have measured them by their own standard, the chances are, barring our own conceited ideas of what constitutes good citizenship, we ourselves might have been found wanting in more than one particular, notably our lamentable ignorance of 'farm-life.' It is not alone the plumage that makes the bird a singer, nor, indeed, an over-amount of self-assurance on the part of town-youngsters, with hair parted in the middle, that justifies them in turning critic by holding up to ridicule their country cousins of the farm.

"And now, Charlie, in this attempted defense of such Amish boys as I've met at a sale, a village store and elsewhere, let me say that the recent talk I had with Nancy has already been gathering fruit which may in time make the Lancaster county farms yield as much as a hundred-fold over what they at present produce. My little scheme was this: That each of her

grandsons be given a half-acre to be worked between times in the raising of any one or all of the many products the Mengen homestead can produce. To make sure there would be no backing out by Mengen, we've just gone over the farm staking a small plot for each. Never saw boys more enthusiastic in their zeal to persuade other nearby-farmers with sons to enter into competition with themselves. What the result is going to be, I may not be here to discover. But of one thing I am sure, Charlie, that the farmer who doesn't give his sons a chance on the farm, will find that in the years to come they'll be deserting the broad acres for the cities, which in time may become congested. And now, what think you of a young farmer-teacher's philosophy?

"With no intention of delivering a treatise on 'farm-life' among the Dutch, I can go so far by saying that I have caught on to sufficient of the dialect not to be found wanting when summoned to partake of roast-turkey, 'un' a gla venic brode-varst, metsel-sup, un' paunhaus,' the very thought of which should be sufficient to cause you to turn farmer instead of following the trade of machinist. Do you know, Charlie, what I've been thinking? There ought to be established in every city a 'recruiting station' for the enlisting of young men to become farmers. A few months of actual experience would, in the opinion of your farmer-teacher friend, be the equal of an education at a 'farm-school.' To have lived and died without having tasted of the bitters and sweets of rural life is but to imitate the rose wasting its fragrance on the desert

air. Growing poetic, eh? Can't help it, Charlie; guess it must be the effects of the aroma coming from Nancy's garden plot, where the roses have just started to budding, and beneath where the honey-suckle vine creeps its way along the sandstone walls of the old-time homestead.

"Well, Charlie, seeing my goose-quill's showing the effect of wear and tear, I should draw this rambling letter to a close were it not for a desire to give you an account of my visiting 'round with the motherly Nancy on the Sabbath among all classes of Mennonites, differing in their religious convictions as one star differs from another. In this you must remember that the term Mennonite is a relative one, embracing sects divided on only minor points, such as you'll find in every city.

"So changed have become my own views that I can no longer view the German character through my former boyish eyes, as in the days when seen parading the streets on Whitmonday and circus days. Difficult to approach by the stranger, yet once you meet them in their home-life, to have gained their confidence is, figuratively speaking, to have their purse. Along this line I can speak with some accuracy of farmers and their wives I met at Menno Zimros' sale of blooded stock, at the various wayside inns, where the men who hadn't as yet joined meeting were prone to indulge themselves in a few too many 'eppel-jacks,' and may be, a mint julep, which, if you've never tasted more than one, the advice is, don't.

"However, aside from the insidious effects of a julep

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(from hearsay, of course), and referring again to the various religious sects I have met, there are the 'Old Mennonites' and an offshoot, called the 'New,' a distinct class of religionists well grounded in their own faith, leading Menno to declare that they alone are to reach the heavenly kingdom. Apart from these are the Dunkards and Seventh-day Baptists, not as numerous as they once were in this the 'up' country, with the Omish or Amish, a people of simple garb.

"And lest I forget, there are the Welsh, on the far East, the Huguenots in and around Paradise, as well as the Scotch-Irish and Friends, residing largely in the 'Lower End.' Of these I know but little more than what Justice Dugan has been telling Mengen before he managed to get a blasted kicker of an Alderney off on his honor, at a ten advance 'uf der price ber-salt,' with the halter thrown in for 'goota' luck. And now, as a certain bishop is the sole owner of the 'kicker,' the chances are that the quadruped may in due time reach one or the other of the Rubenstines in exchange for a 'goota' workin' gowl. There is an even chance, however, that Brindle may eventually find her way to Squire Dugan's twin brother, residing in what I'm told is the earthly 'Eden,' and to which point I hope to find my way in due time.

"Before closing, let me describe what old 'Harry Stiff' would call 'a planting.' The meeting-house, twenty by thirty, was crowded from center to circumference, the only available space was that taken up by the wood-stove in the middle of the room, and which was kept at fever-heat, with the thermometer at the

zero-point outside. To my mind, the deceased must have been a very wicked soul while in the flesh, requiring no less than three bishops to undo what had been done amiss in the flesh during his four-score and ten. First, came two sermons of an hour each in German, with one of greater length in broken English. At last, when all was over in the meeting-house, the concourse went their way to the nearby burying plot, where they laid his body down to rest, and where there was more weeping over one who had reached the age of Methuselah than I had ever heard in the city over some miserly octogenarian who had fallen into the hands of 'Harry.' And yet, notwithstanding the deceased's age, one good, old motherly soul was overheard to exclaim, as she bent over his grave, 'Der alta dawdy died longa 'fore his time.'

"Ah, but at last, back to the house we went, and what a spread! For a time I kept myself busy counting the pies, custards, fasnachts, doughnuts, gingerbread, not to mention the more substancials. And now, Charlie, if you are on the lookout for a wife and helpmate, take a run over to the 'up' country, and I'll show you some of the prettiest Mennonite maids you ever laid your eyes on. Were it not that they are opposed to have their pictures taken, I'd be enclosing those of such as I've met. And now, with the flavor of Nancy's snitz pies finding its way into the loft, I am admonished to get a move-on lest I miss another of life's golden opportunities—a square meal.

"Your cronie of years gone by."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A TRAMP THROUGH THE "UP" COUNTRY—SCHOENECK. EPHRATA—NEW HOLLAND—CHRISTIANA.

IT was after reading Irving's "Sketch Book," and before starting for home, that I became imbued with the idea of reaching Fairview by a circuitous route instead of taking the more direct way. In the author's account of himself, he had this to say: "In visiting the neighboring villages, the rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyage and travel became a passion; and it was only after visiting my own country, her mighty lakes, her valleys teeming with fertility; her tremendous cataracts thundering in their solitudes; her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine—it was only after looking upon my own country's sublime and beautiful natural scenery that a desire was created within me to wander over scenes of renowned achievement—to read as it were, the footprints of antiquity."

Whether then, at the age of twenty-two I had become imbued with the enthusiasm of Irving to cover at least a portion of Lancaster county's nine hundred square miles during this genial spring month of April, I am at this much later epoch unable to say. And yet,

my recollection is, that on refusing the loan of "Old Trusty" and obeying the injunction of Menno and Nancy to be sure to drop them a line after having acquainted myself with the other parts of this "garden-spot of America," I went my way in a northeasterly direction, stopping long enough in the village of Intercourse to hand the key of the school-house over to the venerable secretary, who at this time was a well-to-do merchant, personally kindly disposed to the teacher who for eight months had proved a thorn in his side along the lines of his official duties as school-directors.

Passing the race course where, some five years previous, I came near losing my only "fiver" with the "thimble-rigger," I went my way aimlessly amid the silent raptures of contentment, as I gazed upon the magnificent panorama spread before my vision. Further on, as I reached the tier of upper townships, with the soft blue sky blending into harmony the various shades of earth's first spring covering, I stood watching the clouds of gray smoke rising heavenward as a locomotive went speeding its way eastward beyond the undulating acres spread like the revolving forms of a kaleidoscope.

Making inquiry of the "deitcha" landlord of the village I had entered, I was told in the idiom that I was in Schoeneck (Shaneck), or beautiful view. And oh! what a picture of unadorned splendor met my eyes as I stood on an elevated platform, with the "Gap hills" off in the distance to the south. Entering the hostelry for a newspaper, the only one I could

find was the German *Volksfreund*, published at the county seat, to be discontinued a half century later, as I have since learned.

Having familiarized myself with the reading of Rupp, in addition to a certain experience gained in visiting around among the "Dutch," with an acquired familiarity of their customs, I wasn't altogether a stranger in Schoeneck, where the vernacular was the common expression. And here, it is well to note the change of a half century later: instead of the Dutch newspaper we have since found in this same sandstone corner inn three of four others printed in English, with magazines and other literature in the same language.

As another of those singular coincidences, it was close by, that one Harry Shirk and his son Michael carried on the machine business in the later forties, and for whom father had worked at one time for some six months. Being absent for two weeks, I can well recall how we looked for his return with so much anxiety; and of how he told us children of the long stretches of timber it was necessary to pass on his outward and homeward journey.

To the best of my recollection, after warning the people of Schoeneck to be on the lookout for the blasted Alderney, I passed on to the hamlet of Ephrata, where the only places of interest were the Kloster buildings and the extensive "Summer" Resort on the "hill," which before the War of the Rebellion was frequented by the *elite* from all sections of the country. Nor has it since ceased to be a favorite place for those

who love to spend a summer in this old-time resort overlooking the town of Ephrata, since grown to be one of the most home-like boroughs in the county. In this description it needs not to be taken for granted that I had prolonged my stay on the hill in getting rid of my first hard-earned hundred dollars, as so many other young men have since done here and elsewhere in not knowing where or when the next hundred was to turn up.

Here around the Kloster where a few of the Taefur, or German Baptists, were still in evidence, I lingered for a time to learn from one of the descendants that the people who years before had made these buildings their place of refuge had been called "Seventh-Day People," because they kept the *seventh* instead of the *first* day of the week as the Sabbath. What surprised me was to learn that, from a printing press at the time of the Revolution, just before the battle of Germantown, three wagonloads of books, in sheets, were seized and taken away for cartridges. There was still one other place made sacred—the small burying plot where a number of Revolutionary soldiers lay buried. However, so many visits since have made the Kloster and graveyard so familiar that few except the historian think of paying them a visit.

Leaving the banks of the Cocalico, it was the day following I reached "Graef's Thal," or "Grove Run." Falling in with one of the Graef's descendants, I was to learn a story which to others may have become so familiar as to make it commonplace. And yet to me it was a revelation, awakening a desire within me to

linger on the homestead for hours. This, then, is the narrative, which, although set forth by Rupp, had up to this moment been overlooked by me:

As I recall, my informant had been a "schulemaister" for more than forty years; and learning that I had become a member of what was gradually assuming the dignity of a profession, he at once drew on his storehouse of memory, acquainting his guest with how the locality had been named Graef's Thal.

As Graef is equivalent to Earl, a name given before it was divided into Earl, East and West, the story of how the original owner Hans Graef happened to locate so far from his home along the lower Conestoga or Pequea at the time the county was a wilderness, proved intensely interesting to one not to the manner born.

The old settler's horses having strayed from his home, he felt it his duty to go in search of them, which at the time was an almost fruitless task. At last he was repaid not only in the recovery of his stock, but, what was of still greater value, in the discovery of a fine spring in a heavily wooded spot at the head of Grove Run. "In this Elysian," said he, "I shall fix my permanent abode." Returning to his home, he shortly after disposed of his effects, and returned to where, under a white oak, near a spring, he built himself a log cabin in 1717." Among other things, I was to learn how this Swiss Mennonite had become a trader among the Indians, and of how the magistrates in 1739 thought it proper to call at least one of the townships "Earl," *i. e.*, Graef.

In return, how could I well help relating the episode of the purchase of Brindle, the Alderney, at Menno Zimros' sale, and of the possibility of finding her way to the Thal. For this bit of information I was given a night's lodging and an early breakfast, and later sent on my way to carry the news to the town which lay at no great distance beyond.

"Kickers!" exclaimed the old ex-pedagogue, as I left him; "such we have ever had with us of the human kind, without a quadruped to produce an epidemic among the stock of the farm."

Having performed this gratuitous service without thanks of farmers when in convention assembled, I took the shortest road to the village of nearly a mile in length, lying along a great stretch of pike.

Entering the western end of what had been known in the years gone by as Shyswamp, reminding me of the razorbacks, I was to learn from another Simon, gatekeeper, that I had entered a community of still a higher type of German Mennonites, and whose speech partook less of the idiom of Menno Mengen.

Bent on doing the old hamlet up to my heart's content, it was only natural that I should draw comparison between the old and new residences, the great majority of the former being the survival of days when the hamlet was in its swaddling clothes.

Having rested over night at the "Styer House" as a guest of honor, I was detained long enough in New Holland to be surfeited with such an array of fox-race and horse stories happening at the Reamstown fair as to make those I had heard over in old Leacock turn to wormwood by comparison.

Falling in with the Dillers, Rolands, Millers, Diffenderfers and others, I soon learned my nearest way to the Welsh settlement, where the Charcoal Furnaces were still in active operation. Feeling that I owed the village people something in return for their kindness, what less could I do in return than to warn the community at large of Brindle's vicious habits as a kicker. To provide against any unforeseen approach of the Alderney, a committee was immediately dispatched to Simon the gatekeeper, to keep the gate closed against all cattle known to have been purchased from a certain Squire Dugan of the "cross-roads." In resorting to such drastic measure opinion seems to be divided, some arguing that as "kickers" had always been the rule rather than the exception in the town, why prevent a poor quadruped from entering?

With the discussion becoming somewhat animated, I went my way toward the next village, giving the New Hollanders time to reconcile their differences. Passing the "Blue Ball," where I had received my first certificate to "keep school," I hadn't gone so many miles until I had reached "Goodville," and where, I was led to believe by the name, all "kickers" had years before been given a ticket-of-leave. In this, however, I was greatly mistaken. At last I was overjoyed in reaching another village, such as Washington Irving had so frequently referred to in his travels through Old England.

Here, while the churches were not as numerous as its name might imply, the beauty and effect of the surrounding country, with its mansions here and

there, told the tale of its prosperity in language more forcible than words could express.

To tarry long in this second "elysian dale" among a people of English and Welsh ancestry would have been a pleasure except for my anxiety to reach home. However, what I desired even more was to follow the boundary separating my own home county from that of Chester. Passing southward in search of the "blazed" trees of which mention had been made by the historian Rupp, it wasn't long until I had reached another hamlet, lying peacefully along the same line of railway extending westward under the Lime street bridge in Old Lancaster.

Before I could fully realize that I had entered Christiana, came the thought that it was near the strip of wood-leave some distance north where a few years previous I had delivered my oration entitled "Mount Vernon, the Home of Washington," the effect of which, I now felt satisfied, had left a deep, lasting impression on the minds and hearts of the goodly Quakers, residents of the village and surrounding country.

At the time of this, my second visit to the village, fifty-one years ago, aside from the large brick hotel which yet stands with the Fieles brothers as hosts worthy of the name, there was but a sprinkling of houses, with no macadam side-walks nor electric lights. And yet we can well remember a time, even before it became a borough, that Christiana was as well and favorably known as any town of its size in Pennsylvania. As a recent writer has said, "The name of the town is associated with antebellum events

scarcely less known in political history than John Brown's raid and the Harper's Ferry riot; for it was in 1851 that the first blood was shed in the United States in the resistance of the odious fugitive slave law at or near the "long lane" leading from the State or Valley road to the Noble road. Nearly sixty years have gone by since Gorsuch, the Maryland slave owner, was killed, his son badly wounded, with the fugitive escaping to Canada. It's many a year since we last saw the "Old Riot House," of which little now remains to tell the story of those stirring times leading up to the war of the Rebellion. Let then the old stone house be rebuilt and dedicated to the cause for which the good old Quakers stood in defense of their sacred rights—freedom for those who entered her soil.

For all-round story-tellers, the hamlet of Christiana has, even down to the present day, but one equal, the historian of the "Lower End," and who, unless we forget, shall in noway escape the writer's pen. And here, it may be said that space alone forbids mention of an examination which took place in 1854, in the village school, conducted by "Sam" and "William," their pupil being none other than an elderly merchant who, in the hour of his adversity, had made application for a certificate to "keep school." Ah! how many times was my late friend "Ike" given to repeating it after banking hours of more recent years, as we sat on one of the long benches in front of the hotel! And, oh, my! if these time-servers were only gifted with the power of speech!

But we must be moving on toward Paradise, stopping only long enough at the old "Gap", from which two diametrically opposite views strike the eye, the one to the left depicting "Old Dame Nature" in all her rugged wildness, that to the right, overlooking a valley as rich in soil and landscape as are the dwellers of Salisbury among the most prosperous of the "Old Guard's" diversified other sects and nationalities, whose ancestors long years before took out their land-grants in this haven of peace and plenty.

Passing slowly along the turnpike toward Williams-town, we stop for a moment to take in the proportions of the Yeates homestead, passing, years later, into possession of our friend Mr. Daniel Denlinger. As a curio, we still hold as a souvenir one of the small square tiles of the porch-floor, said to have been brought from England at the time this residence was erected.

Beyond, over the crest of the hill to the left, there was no "Bleak House" for the young stroller to rest himself; nor, indeed, was the present owner, then a lad, old enough to foresee that half a century later he would be its genial host, at all times ready to welcome young and old, rich and poor, without price or hope of future gain, to "Bleak House," standing as it does in this year 1910, without a sign on its front-door, bidding one and all thrice, doubly welcome to the many good things always on "tap" for those who might go straggling along looking for a square meal. No! this outward display of welcome has at no time during the past dozen years been necessary, for the



BLEAK HOUSE

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reason that it has long since been known as "The Traveler's Rest," in which all the many good things are served in an over-abundance, whether to those coming on foot, by train, trolley or by automobile.

Reaching Kinzers, a short mile west, we halt for a moment to gather in a few "rat-tails" and "railroaders' sandwiches," of which there are piles awaiting the stopping of the trains, allowing employees as well as passengers to indulge themselves in what had been the custom since the first engine, the Black Hawk, went its way from Columbia to the incline plane in the short space of eight and one half hours, a little more than a score of years before.

Passing through Williamstown, where, on both sides of the turnpike loomed up now as then, the many delightful residences, at the time owned by the Eckerts, Slaymakers, McIlvaines and other well-known goodly Presbyterians, the mansion of the then Scott Woods is reached standing to the right, amid a cluster of oaks and other indigenous trees, awaiting the pen of an Irving to compare it with an English homestead of other days.

Wending our way through the covered bridge, we glance off to the right at a little log house close by Eshleman's mill, and wherein this same structure, for several weeks, the Dutch schoolmaster from Muddy Creek taught a class of young men the more advanced branches of learning. And what a splendid teacher was "Amos!" Coming to Paradise at the age of fifty, it was his daily precepts that have counted for so much during more recent years. Where the master's

remains lie we know not; but we do know that he was one of the many other educators who helped organize the common school system.

"Back once more to dear old Paradise!" methinks I hear myself exclaim, as I enter the village refreshed by the pure Spring air, such as only a perfect April evening can bestow upon those who love to commune with "Old Dame Nature" in all her varied forms. Stepping into the large brick store, after a "hand-shake" all around, we pass by the Leidigh tannery, thence close by the frame church on the hill, where only a few years before it was my pleasure to assist the organist in working the pedal which supplied the music for the choir. Being at all times ready to offer a willing hand, to stand back of the organ and "pump," during a two-hour morning and evening service, gave poor me a standing as treasurer of the Sabbath school. At last, as the full moon came into view, Fairview is reached.

1407



HOUSE AT FAIRVIEW

1800

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### BACK ONCE MORE TO FAIRVIEW—MY FIRST BANK ACCOUNT.

HERE in the large frame dwelling at Fairview, I received a hearty welcome, returning as I did with something to show in the shape of bank-notes, which I wasn't slow in depositing in the Farmers' Bank, at the county-seat, for safe keeping. What interest I received, if any, didn't at the time concern me so much as to know that it was safe and at my disposal when needed.

Of this my first deposit, there is one thing I distinctly remember, among the notes were a dozen silver dollars. As I wanted to preserve these, owing to their age rather than to their intrinsic value, I asked the cashier if I could get them back when wanted. "The same ones?" came with a smile. "No, we don't lay aside the same money, to be returned when wanted; it goes into circulation." As it didn't take me many seconds to see the force of his reasoning, I carried the silver back, handing it over to my mother, to be hidden away, possibly, in some old woolen stocking.

Having passed my voting age, I was full of expedients—barring that of opening a chicken-ranch, although, as I recall, I had captured at least one specimen as a starter. Setting a trap, in the shape

of a box for a squirrel, I started for my prey early the next morning, and after drawing up the slide, to my everlasting disgust, I had captured a rooster instead of Mr. Squirrel.

And now, while I had never heard of the house at Fairview being haunted, I had almost nightly evidence that it was, as I lay awake listening to the unearthly sawing that was going on under the eve of the roof. As the township line ran through the middle of my bed, I couldn't for the life of me tell whether the imps belonged to Paradise or Strasburg.

Each morning as I came down stairs, after a night of restless tossing and twisting, thinking of all the things I had ever done amiss, my good mother would ask me if I had become homesick to get back to the Mengen homestead? Telling her at last of how I had been haunted, night after night, she kindly consented to sit by my bedside the night following, when, on being awakened, I was told of the cause: the squirrels had been making the inner cornice their winter quarters, and the unearthly rasping that I had heard was their nightly gnawing at their supply of nuts. Half ashamed of myself, it is only a desire to be truthful that leads me to make this little episode known—one of many another for which there is always a cause.

During the weeks following, when not taking a hand in the shop at my trade at all kinds of farming supplies, I would pass at intervals to the borough of Strasburg, thence back to Paradise. It wasn't long until I discovered that the "villagers" had turned to discussing, instead of abstract questions, such as

pre-ordination and fore-ordination, they were engaged in those more weighty, such as the signs of the times had indicated were sure to follow in the near future. Later, when Lincoln was nominated by the Republicans for president, all other topics except those relating to his election were lost sight of in the maelstrom which everywhere prevailed. Men who the year previous had been bosom friends had now become irreconcilably divided. And no longer was the Paradise Literary Society given up to discussing the commonplace affairs of years previous. The two most strenuous opponents in times of peace, Dr. Strawn and Dr. Gibbons, had become the bitterest of partisans, in the pouring out of their invectives of sarcasm on the heads of their dissenters. Nor indeed was this diversity of expression confined to literary debate. With the fire of discord kindled, it needed only a Bole Miller, the "pump-maker," to start it into a flame. With his vocabulary of unmentionable adjectives, always at his tongue's end, and fists ready for an all-round fight, it was "Bole" who kept the political caldron usually at the boiling-point in any crowd in which he might find himself. Known far and wide as kindly disposed toward a friend, yet, when the question of the freeing of the slaves came up for discussion, he would rave himself into a frenzy, forgetful of friendships. Passing away at a ripe old age, he never relented in his abuse of all abolitionists.

With the machine business showing signs of going into liquidation, to fall back on another term in the school-room became a matter of self-preservation.

Hastening to the Black Horse Hotel, I entered the class, receiving my third certificate from the superintendent, the late David Evans, which entitled the bearer forever after to teach in any of the schools of the county without further undergoing examination.

To describe the exact location of the Cedar Hill school house, as it stood a mile directly west of the Wharton Smelting Works, with its tall chimney, would be as difficult as to locate the homes of the dwellers scattered here and there over a wide range of hilly country. Judging from the youngsters who attended the school, the parents were of nearly every known nationality, the larger number being employees of the Nickel Mines, at the time in full operation, a mile south of the smelting works. In noting the contrast between this section and that only a little more than a dozen miles north, among all the pupils there wasn't one who could speak the Dutch vocabulary. Where or at what point this line of demarcation began and ended has never been clearly defined. In the valley a mile or two beyond the hills northward, the German was, to some extent, spoken. But after reaching the "ridge" was a population as entirely different in their customs, habits and traditions as could be found anywhere in the country.

And now to the school which stood facing the lonely road leading from the toll-gate, where a murder was committed years later, southward almost midway between said point and Georgetown. To the north of this stone structure a few hundred yards distant, stood a lone, single dwelling and beside it a cooper-

shop. Back of the school, in a hollow, about the same distance, almost hidden from view, was a small log house in which five of my younger years were spent. And here, as I sit, fifty years later, in my cozy home in the city of Lancaster, with fingers on the keys of the typewriter, I am lost in reverie as I recall my first night in this low-down home of the "wood-chopper," John Nelson, and his good wife, whose kindness can never be forgotten. They were hillians, with a growing family of boys and girls, and yet in their way, everything was done to make life worth the living for one who hadn't as yet tasted of the bitter and sweets of city-life for the second time.

In an upper room, directly beneath the rafters and shingles, stood the high-post bedstead, covered with the finest of spread. And many were the nights, after retiring early, that I could see the stars shining in upon my face through the crevices of the shingles. Ah, but the cooking of "Mammy" Nelson, her chicken, waffles and flannel cakes! Yes, then I knew how to get away with a good meal at the low price of six cents, against which, at the close of each month, no exception was taken to my own book-keeping by the big-hearted wood-chopper, long since passed to his silent rest.

To be lost in the wilds of the woods, oftentimes within a few miles of home, is nothing unusual, recalling as it does how, on one occasion, I went my way aimlessly through the brush, with only the plaintive ring of a cow's bell, and the soaring of a buzzard overhead. On, on I pressed my way, and as I strolled

I was overcome with a feeling of such perfect contentment as to drive all other thoughts from my mind, except a longing desire to remain in the quietude of the solitude in communion with "Old Dame Nature," in all her virgin sublimity. Yes, yes, I had reached God's country where the woodman's axe had scarcely left its impress.

Passing from under a canopy of laurel, I beheld a woman; yes, a lone colored woman, standing in the doorway of a ramshackle of an apology for a dwelling. Startled for the moment by the strange presentiment, I was further confronted by a half dozen sleepy-looking curs with outstretched necks, as if to inquire the purpose of a stranger's interfering so unceremoniously with their between-hour naps. Unlike Bowser, the defender of the Mengen homestead, fed on the fat of the land, these blind-eyed canines, with long-pointed noses, ready to be prying into everybody's business, came sniffing and wagging their tails as if created for no other purpose than to keep the hillians on the verge of starvation. For, as a rule, these yelping hounds are most numerous where poverty is most evident.

Approaching the gate, and before I could inquire whither I was going, I was met by this same colored denizen, who, stepping forward and shoving a six-months-old infant into my arms, exclaimed, "Lawd, boss, so ye be de docto' come at las' wid a dose ub soothin' syrup fo' poor leetle Nanny, who's got de hoopin'-cough an' is all fallin' 'way."

"For heaven's sake, woman, I am no doctor; take

your baby; yes, take it (thrusting the poor, dejected foundling back into her arms). No, no, I am a stranger in these parts looking for a way out of this tangled-web of darkest Africa. And now, my good woman, if a few stray coppers will serve you, take them to buy all the soothing syrup you may need for a fortnight."

"Gawd, boss, I took ye fur de docto'. An' he not come to gibe des chile a dose ub soothin' syrup?" Then, in a loud, screeching tone, "Des way, Toby, Larry, Bessie, Pauline, Obediah, Mose! An' why don't ye be hurryin' long to be showin' de strangah de way to de tabern where he kin be gittin' a square meal ub herrin', salt shad an' drink ub appel-jack; fur der good Man 'bove knows we got nuthin' to be temptin' der strangah's ap'tite."

"Are all these your own?" came my inquiry, as from nowhere and everywhere came a troupe of half-clad youngsters, in bare feet, bright-eyed, ruddy urchins, the eldest not being over fifteen.

"Y-a-s, boss, six ub dem am owned by Pete an' me, de udder, mid marks on her face am our 'dopted chile, jis' gittin' ober de scarlet feber. An' mebbe ye know Pete who am ober in de brush cuttin' poles to keep de mines from fallin' in."

"No, no, I've never met the head of the home. But are you happy in this lonely, out-of-the-way place?" moving out of reaching distance of the convalescent.

"An' why shouldn't weuns be? Dat be Pete an' me wid all dese lubbin' ones roun' de house singin'

mornin', noon an' ebenin', wid a horse, cow an' three shoats, wid de boodles keepin' watch ober de farm scarin' off de fellows comin' roun' swipin' de stock durin' de dark ub de moon."

"And what do you live on, woman?" casting a few more cents among the troup of woolly heads scrambling 'round with open mouths and gaping eyes.

"De bes' we kin git. Ye see, de cow gibe de milk, costin' nuthin' fur de keepin' durin' summer; same wid de pigs, which go rootin' 'roun' de hillsides till killin'-time. Ub 'cose, we ain't libbin' like we useter was. But wait, boss, till de big, roun' yellow pumpkins be ripenin' out in de cornfields 'mong de rich farmers ub de valley. Yis, me darlin's," turning to them, huddled 'round her skirts, "ye tink ye are tastin' de pumpkin' pies, but ye ain't doin' nuffin' ub de kind, so ye aint, me honneys."

"And now, boss," handing the poor, distressed shadow of a babe over to Pauline, "eber hea' my Pete preach ober in de colored meetin' house? No? Well, my man am de whole show when he come to 'dres de followers ub de faith. Durin' fust hour he stick closer to de subjec' ub his text 'an do de rich farmers ober in de lowlands to der purse-strings."

Growing more and more pleased over the attention she was receiving, she continued, "Den Pete he spread hisself ober de pulpit, throw open his coat, back his shoulders, an' 'way he go puffin' like a stem ingine up grade, nebber stoppin' to take secon' wind until he hab gone clear thru der Scripture from Gen'sis to Reb'lations. Den, boss, arter reachin' de end ub de

Holy Book, he come back on de homeward stretch, repeatin' word fur word. Den 'bout de time he git ready fur de wind-up, he diskiver he miss a chapter or two in de line ub his march. So, to be findin' de place ub de missin chapter, be like findin' a cow ober in de brush widout her bell. Betimes, ub cose, he kin lay his finger on de tribe ub de children ub Israel wadin' clea' thru de Red Sea. At udder time he say, 'Sleep 'way, breddern an sisters, till de parson know where he am at. Den, boss, ye should see my man Pete wakin' up de whole cong'ration. Fust one, den de udder raise his woolly head wipin' his eyes to make believe he be repentin' ub his sins; but dat am only de colored pusson's make believe in hood-winkin' my man Pete; fur wen de collection come to be taken, dare stan' de two colored deacons wid dare hands jammed deep down in der own trousers' pockets holdin' on to de Lord's money jis as if dey be suspectin' my man Pete be slippin' his own hands in dere breeches' pockets, swipin' der hard cash, while de cong'ration be snoozin' way waitin' fur de rector to be pronouncin der ben'diction."

"Well, well, I hope the collection was in proportion to the length of the sermon—"

"Lawd, boss, wen de parson look into dem basket, he jis lean his woolly head ober de pulpit an' say, 'Breddern an' sistern, as we hab only taken in nine cents to night, ye'll habe to be hurryin' out, fur we can't 'ford to keep de lights burnin'.'

"And bless one who is a stranger in these parts, how does the parson manage to exist on such a measly pittance?"

"Dere be perquisites, betime, boss, bless ye. See, de two deacons, da' come 'roun' de cabin durin' de dark ub de moon wid a load ub chicken, duck, turkey-hen an' gobbler fur de parson's Thanksgivin' repas', an' who aint busyin' hisself 'bout other peoples' 'fairs. Ye see, boss, it am a rule ub de members ub de parson's flock not to be askin' too many questions, cept de be on script'r'al subjects."

Of all the object lessons I had ever received, this was the most convincing, proving beyond question that contentment after all was largely a relative quantity, not to be measured by the standard of the dwellers of this or that section of country.

It was at a somewhat later date that business called the writer to other stone or frame dwellings, located here and there along and over the "Ridge," extending almost from the rugged hills of the Octoraro to the Susquehanna, around the doors of which were scampering an equal number of white tots, seemingly as happy in their rambles as had been the parson's colored family of youngsters, at peace with all the world embraced within their narrow vision.

Many, indeed, were the times I had fallen in upon little patches of the open, cultivated by the hardy hand of toil, small farmers who were getting possibly as much out of their small holdings, in proportion to the money invested, as were the rich husbandmen of the valleys out of their own fertile acres.

Stopping at this or that dwelling to break "bread," I was soon to learn that these sturdy settlers were not of German, Welsh or Huguenot ancestry, but a race

of bone and sinew, of Scotch-Irish parentage—the advance guard of a still higher type of toilers residing further to the south.

Confirming in a measure Menno Mengen's stories of how the Scotch-Irish had missed their golden opportunity in overlooking the best of God's country for the scrub-oak, chestnut and laurel, I was not a little surprised, on a certain later occasion, to learn from a raw-boned driver of an ox-team that, with all his hardships, no inducements could be offered in exchange for his own possessions, for the best the Germans of the "up" country had to offer. If the soil, as he argued, was not as productive in its yield, the very atmosphere the people breathed brought compensation not to be measured by the number of bushels per acre.

Here among this class of hardy toilers, if much of the soil had never felt the roll of the reaper's wheels, there was yet sufficient to eat and drink, with enough of the where-with-all to clothe the body, besides the school and meeting house, wherein all stood on perfect equality. If, then, for a time the small church edifice had escaped my eye, hidden, as at times it was, in the density of foliage, one Sabbath was sufficient. With it's being ushered in, came from hidden byways the worshipers, some a-foot, others in traps of all kinds, recalling vividly to mind those I had seen at Menno Zimros' sale of blooded stock.

Mingling with a few of the more intelligent as they stood under the shade of a monster chestnut, I was not a little surprised to find them discussing, not the

spiritual, but the secular affairs of the day, in which self-interest seemed to be the first law of nature. Recalling Brindle, the Alderney, which Menno Mengen had sold to Justice Dugan as a "free milker," I wasn't long in catching on to how Quaker Reubens had, in an underhanded way, inveigled his neighbor Lundy into the purchase of a balky mule. In still another group stood the irrepressible Dunlavy, pouring hot coals on the defenseless head of Sylvester Coning for having pulled the wool over his eyes in a land dicker.

For a time, these acrimonious discussions went on until one after the other stepped within this humble temple, with its straight-back benches. Back of the pulpit, on which rested a time-worn Bible, sat the minister, with a smile on his wrinkled features. But when he 'rose, with outstretched arms, in deep, earnest prayer, I was compelled to bow the head, if not from a sense of deep humility, at least in conformity with the customs of this God-fearing people, whose ancestors, long years before, had dedicated their lives to the soil of the hilly ridges.

But to the lasting impression left upon my mind by the goodly parson's discourse; it was not as I had been led to imagine, the blaming of Providence for the unequal distribution of Nature's stores of worldly goods. Directly the reverse: words of thanksgiving rang through the assembly to the Giver for all the many blessings which had yearly come to the just and unjust.

Apart, however, from this delicate question of religious creeds, what is it that gives to the "hills" this

perfect contentment, on the one hand, and seeming want on the other? Is it to be found in the old man sitting astride a mule with cob-pipe, as away along the road he goes, with shaggy beard and trousers patched for the hundredth time with as many kinds of remnants as a country store could well afford to keep on sale? If it be not his clothes, which hang loosely 'round his lank form, built for work, what can be the cause as you see him draw up, with a happy, go-as-you-please, "Mighty fine mornin', stranger, an' how goes the world with ye?" And as you glance into his face, with a feeling of commiseration for his fallen lot, he will tell you he lives in the most productive country in the world; the best wooded, the best watered, and the healthiest. Start him to talking, as he sits with legs thrown over offside of the saddle, drawing away at his pipe, and he will tell you he owns a horse, cow, some shoats and a snug little home of a few acres, with no fever ague within a dozen miles of his home.

Should he grow a little confidential over his glass of toddy at a way-side inn, he will acquaint you with his domestic life, of how he came to marry Maria Jane he intends taking over to campmeeting in her best Sunday 'fixins after sellin' enough o' his farm products to be buyin' a dozen yards o' calico to be makin' th' young ones look spry like.

To cap the climax, he will invite you to spend the night in his cabin-home. Getting there, you will see at the front door a plain little house-wife, with her brood of little ones clinging to her skirts awaiting one

who, she whispers, has come to spend the night with dad.

Passing into the small sitting-room, with its two windows and low ceiling, you glance at the plain decorations, with organ in one corner, wondering what kind of a meal is to be forthcoming, maybe, salt herring or "brodewarsht." Ah! but a moment later, you hear the voices of the little ones as they go chasing a young pullet, which, captured, is soon frizzing on the improvised stove, as Maria Jane busies herself with the setting of the table. And such appetites! Well may you, if stranger you be, bow the head in the presence of this unselfish hospitality!

As you sit bending forward, you're asked to offer a blessing. This over, you begin to realize, if never before, that if peace and plenty reigned supreme among the "Dutch" of the "up" country, true, unmixed happiness is the lot of the "hillians." Pass from the table to the sitting-room and perchance you will find before the organ a girl of sixteen playing and singing some few tunes she had learned by note.

Later, as you sit out on the porch during the evening twilight, this same little Maggie will stand by your side, with sparkling eyes, only too ready to listen to such stories you may have to relate; for in this sixteen-year-old girl rest the hopes of the family. If you are kindly disposed, you will enter into her mother's thoughts and emotions. Her highest ambition is to make something more out of Maggie than to remain a waif in the small cabin home. And oh! how the young girl's heart beats with rapture as you

suggest that possibly she might become a teacher of a hill school!

Is this picture overdrawn? Let those who have never fallen in with the hillians follow the westward strata of woodleave from the Octoraro to the Susquehanna and they will find a civilization the equal to that of the long stretches of country handed down by the early Mennonites to their children as a legacy. And now to continue the reveries.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### NOMINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN—"WIDE AWAKES."

DURING the early fall of my first term in the Cedar Hill school, my evenings were mostly given to attending the many political meetings following the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, the Rail-splitter. To join a Club of "Wide-Awakes," with cap, cape and torch had become the heighth of my ambition, as at the close of school I would hie myself off to join the ranks of the "boys" in parade and speech-making. And so, with only the slightest conception of the issues involved, I was at times called upon to follow some young city attorney, in the delivery of his first speech. And as I stood listening to the applause which followed, how I wished I had become a student-at-law instead of a plain, common school teacher.

As it happened, I was hoisted on the porch of the Williamstown hotel on the evening preceding the election, and there predicted with out-stretched arms, in a voice that sent the echoes ringing, the election of Abraham Lincoln. Not to refer to the applause which followed this announcement, it was on the morning following I hurried to the post office at Bellmont for the "Philadelphia Press" to which I had become a three-months' subscriber. After reading "Occasion-

al's" letter, the author of which was the late John W. Forney, I naturally began to scan the paper for some account of the speech I had delivered, predicting the election of the great Lincoln. But look where I might, I was doomed to disappointment. No, not a word, not a line. Of course, of course, here and there were short paragraphs of speeches delivered by the young attorneys whose expenses had been paid by the Republican County Committee, and who for all I knew to the contrary, had sent extracts of their own speeches to the "Press."

Making my laments known to Mr. John Keneagy, he kindly consented to have me join him in a visit to the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Member of Congress, who, he felt sure would recognize my ability as a prognosticator of coming events by securing the young teacher-speaker, a clerkship at Washington.

Stepping into his office on South Queen Street, I was introduced as a promising young man who had worn the "cap" and "cape" at the numerous political meetings, all of which entitled me, as he put it, to Mr. Stevens' most earnest consideration.

In this enchanted state, with the clerkship almost within my embrace, he glanced me over with his critical eye and said, in his blunt way, "Young man, what are you doing?" After receiving the reply that I was teaching only a common school, he abruptly turned, and after sending a chill down my spinal column by his looks, exclaimed, "Go back to the school-room, where you have your future in your own hands, to be making out of yourself something more than a mere

clerk, reaching old age with little or nothing to provide for a rainy day." With this we left him.

During the summer of '65, after spending eleven years as mechanic, farmer and teacher, I reached Lancaster on the very day the much-lamented Lincoln was assassinated, entering the Recorder's Office. Later, on the first of September, I entered the South Duke street school as teacher, where I remained until '68. And here little need be said of what is only too well known to the scores of men, once boys, whether for good or evil. If for evil, the hope is it may have long since been forgotten. And yet as my thoughts drift back to those halcyon days on the "hill," I would be less than human to remain forgetful of how often since I've been met on the streets with "Why, old man, don't you remember *me*, one of the boys you 'licked' for doing just nothing but running away at recess without permission, in attending a circus!"

Apart from these pleasing reminders, it was after leaving the Duke street school, to get even with some of the legal lights whom I had met at Williamstown, I started to reading Blackstone with my devoted friend, the late Abram Shank. But I wasn't long in learning that the law was a jealous mistress, requiring more time than I felt I could afford to give to the law as a profession.

What led to my entering a well-known book firm as their representative is no way important to the public. It was at the close of my first year as teacher in '65, however, that I started a-foot for Quarryville,

in the township of Eden, where an examination was billed to take place the day following; with carpet-bag well filled with an assortment of every kind of text-books, not forgetting a few of the miscellaneous kind for the directors' children, whose mothers always had a good word to say to their director-husbands at, on or before the time of the meeting of the school board. As to the question of "graft" entering into what was to please the little tots—this may be dismissed from the reader's mind as incompatible with the teachers' profession.

If anything additional may be said, it is that business was at all times a first consideration, and I have never known a time since my first entrance upon country life, in 1854, that I wasn't ready to pick up a few "gems," needing only the hand of the literary lapidary to polish and perfect. Aside from a morning sunrise or an evening sunset, every old building, mill or furnace was sure to attract my attention. Then, I had an inordinate desire to visit the "Lower End," if for no other purpose, apart from business, than to find out what kind of "celestials" were living in this "garden of Eden." To visit "Providence," not far removed, and for all I knew, nearer the heavenly gates to the "New Jerusalem"—this place I could afford to wait my time and pleasure, and where yet resides our good friend, Dr. Helm, and where his venerable father ended his days in peace and plenty.

Passing along the Willow Street Pike, the same forty years ago as to-day, I switched myself off at the second toll-gate to that of the Beaver Valley. Turn-

ing to the right at the first lane, it wasn't long until I had reached what for nearly a century and a half had been known as the location of Lancaster county's first German Mennonite settlers in 1710.

Overcome with a feeling of intense curiosity, as my eyes resting on a sandstone cabin, and as I took in "C. H. H. R.—1719," what less could I do but to enter its bleak walls, reminded as I was of the story told by Grandmother Mengen little more than half a decade before, of the Mengen stone cabin.

And now, nearly half a century later, anything of interest that I might have to relate of my first visit to the Hans Herr cabin, which has already assumed historic importance by the erection of the "tablet" on the soil of the Mennonite meeting-house, located at no great distance from this stone home, long since fallen into disuse as a dwelling, has already gone down on history's pages.

However, the change which four-score or more years have brought in awakening public sentiment, especially on the part of the Lancaster County Historical Society, is only another indication pointing in the direction of preserving, by suitable monuments, the many landmarks made memorable by the deeds of those who were active in our country's welfare nearly two centuries ago.

While this slight tribute to the valor and sturdy character of the first settlers of this, the central part of our county, where others known as the Dutch also took up their homes in a wilderness, a continuation of my first trip to the "Lower End," among the

dwellers of the Scotch-Irish and Quakers will be resumed, with the thought always uppermost in mind, of impressions made upon memory's tablet at the time—forty-five years ago.

Leaving the Herr stone cabin, with its pictures at present on sale in the various stores, I hadn't gone far when, to my astonishment, my vision took in a pretentious two-story stone dwelling with mansard roof, with its six windows of sixteen panes each. To the left, above the porch, was the date, 1740, and to the right, 1823, recalling vividly to mind a picture of this same cosy home building I had seen in Rupp's history of the county years before.

Stopping to further view the exterior of what so many years earlier was called "*palace of sandstone, one of the most stately mansions in the county,*" I was met by an elderly personage who, stepping to the door, seemed only too willing to gratify his curiosity by asking where I was from and whither I was going.

"It was in 1842," he began his story, "that the Bishop, *Hans Tschantz*, with his elders and assistants, having repaired to the humble cottage hard by the 'stately mansion,' organized the meeting himself, in which the owner was questioned, upon conscience, to openly declare what his intentions were in erecting so large, so gorgeous a dwelling—reminding him of the *rumor* some twelve or thirteen years before; and lately of the prejudice existing against the Germans. And his reply, 'That he was consulting only his own comfort, and that he had no sinister views.' Next he was reminded that, in their view, the house was

too showy for a Mennonite. After some concessions, and mutual forbearance by the parties, it was resolved that the owner be kindly reprimanded; to which he submitted, all parting as brethren."

And now, three decades later, on glancing for miles around at the numerous other *stately dwellings* looming into prominence, the majority of which are not only more extensive in their outward design of architecture than any I had seen in the "up" country, leads to the conviction that the descendants—Mennonites—are throwing off the old and putting on the new. For, look where I would, stood not only the double-decker, painted in variegated colors, with their spires glistening in the bright sunlight, but their brick homes were even more delightful to look upon; some with lawns surrounded by hedges, others with little garden plots in which grew flowers of every variety, interspersed with the greenest spruce.

Crossing the "Little Beaver," with the foot-hills looming in the distance, I was forcibly reminded that possibly these same ridges were but a continuation of those far-off to the left, and over which I had gone my way while teaching the district school known as "Cedar Hill."

Glancing backward from this higher altitude, at the rolling landscape, over this garden of nature's handi-craft, as I entered the ridges of shale and mica, I couldn't well help recalling what I had so often heard, that a change of soil usually brought a change in the customs and habits of the people, all of whom I was now only too anxious to meet unless, perchance, as I

pressed my way further beyond the hilly ranges, I should be compelled to meet so few in number as to make my trip of no avail. Where I had actually crossed another line of demarcation, at least physically speaking, with the valley of limestone gradually receding, was as perplexing as it was annoying. However, after taking one road, only to intersect with another leading to nowhere, with a stray buzzard soaring overhead, and a jack-rabbit crossing the roadway, I, at long last, stood viewing the village off in the distance. "Yes, yes," came my soliloquy, 'I have reached Quarryville, in the 'Garden of Eden,'" pictured so many years before to my immature mind by the Sabbath-day teacher in one of our Bible lessons.

Stepping, with grapsack in hand, I entered the tavern, and after making diligent inquiry as to the secretary of the school board, I went my way in search of the "corner store," standing some distance westward, at the intersection of two roads. Wonderfully strange how one name can be associated with that of another, in the awaking of a guilty conscience at a moment when one's hopes are at a premium! For, as I kept revolving the secretary's name over and over, it seemed to carry me back to my own home-town, to a cherry tree on East Chestnut, and from which I, with others, reaped a rich harvest when old "Pappy" Hensel was quietly sleeping the sleep of the just.

With these vain imaginings, I bolted my way into the general merchandise store to find standing behind the counter a man of middle age, with countenance of marked resoluteness of purpose, and yet withal one

from whom I received a most cordial greeting. After showing up my "wares," with the assurance that I should receive his support at the coming meeting, I was directed to the president, one of three Scotch-Irish brothers, who dwelt a short distance beyond, on adjacent farms. Singularly strange, as I went my way, full of bright anticipations, I had forgotten all about the delicious "ox-hearts," so surreptitiously taken from the cherry tree, which few boys could pass without casting sly glances up among the luscious fruit.

Circling around like one of the lost tribes of the children of Israel, I at last reached Robert's farm, where sat lounging on the porch three stalwart farmers, whose appearance satisfied the agent that they were not only well-to-do, but of the old school as well. For a moment, with gripsack in hand, I stood glancing furtively through the foliage, wondering if here I should receive as kindly a welcome as had been accorded by the secretary, ever ready, as I was to learn later, to assist a young man in time of need.

Hesitating, to take in the artistic proportions of the buildings, the first of their size I had seen since leaving the valley of the Conestoga and Pequea, I overheard what could have reference only to myself and lone gripsack.

"Say, brother J-eems, I'll be scotched if there isn't another of them infernal oil-agents coming 'round, and a smart-looking chap at that; suppose he's here with another wild-cat scheme to unload on the old man, and before he's had time to forget the parting with his last hard-earned dollars. Guess, though,

HENSEL HOMESTEAD AT QUARRYVILLE



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we'll have to be inviting him in for dinner as the shortest way of getting rid of the broker."

"Yis, Robert, it's your brother James who's thinking it's 'bout time for you to be considering the consequences before risking any more of the products of the farm in oil-well stocks."

At last, approaching the porch with grip dangling by my side, I was saluted with, "Wa-ll, young man, from what neck o' woods do you hail, and what might your business be, if not too inquisitive??"

"A school-book agent with a supply of recently-published text-books to be taking the place of old Peter Parley's geography, Smith's grammar and Pike's arithmetics," I retorted, regaining my composure.

"Thought you were one of those slick promoters with an axe to grind at the old men's expense. And so you're from the city??"

"Yes, at one time a teacher, boarding for eight months with Menno Mengen, Mennonite farmer, residing along the King's highway; and whose opinion of the Scotch-Irish and Quakers hasn't at all times been the most flattering."

"Wa-ll," eying his visitor over the top of his glasses, "how are the 'Dutch' getting along, anyway, on their sourkraut, paunhaus, speck and scrapple? You see," rising from his chair, "between the Dutch on the north and Billy Penn's descendants on the south, I'm not searching the spelling-book for any choice words of flattery, dang 'em! Yes, yes, the one's on a par with the other; both have robbed the

Scotch Irish out of their natural rights in gobbling up most of the best farm land in the county. But, young man, open up your grip, and if you've anything in the books to be teaching the young how to avoid the speculators, you can count on Robert's vote, providing you can convince the secretary, living over in a part of the corner store, with three smart young lads running 'round."

What followed this hour's interview with Robert, the tall, rugged farmer, can easily be stated: A day or two later I succeeded in supplanting a line of textbooks that had been in use in the schools of the township since the system was first adopted.

At the time of which mention is made, Quarryville was an unpretentious country village, from which, to reach the county-seat, the rickety stage coach had to be resorted to. Then again, during the winter, many of the highways were almost impassable, owing to their being used for the hauling of oar and limestone from the immense quarries, still in evidence on the verge of the town.

But mark the change after a short half century. This pleasant retreat is now a borough with its trolley and two lines of railroad—the one leading to the city, the narrow-gauge to Oxford and the Susquehanna. Aside from its two banks and stores, with electric lights, the town has put on a new aspect, especially since the "low-grade" railway keeps running hourly east and west.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### LETTER TO MENNO MENGEN—FARMING CONDITIONS OF TWO SECTIONS CONTRASTED.

IT was during one of my much later visits to the “Lower End,” and where I had come in closer touch with the soil and its people, as I had previously with the dwellers of the “up” country, that it occurred to the writer to drop a letter to Mengen and his “goot” Nancy, almost forgetful that after these many years both had either passed the River of Time or had reached that of the prophet’s age. However, as diligence, industry and proper improvement of time are material duties of the young, how better could I obey Mengen’s admonition than by the fulfilling of a promise made years before. If, as I further reasoned, the old people were no longer on the homestead, there would at least be the grandsons and the once thirteen-year-old Beckie, only too ready to receive a line from their teacher of the “Grove” school.

And so, not without some knowledge of conditions prevailing in this southern Eden, I betook myself to the hotel, at the extreme eastern part of the village of Quarryville, to begin the labor of contrasting, for Mengen’s sake, conditions as they existed, altogether so different, in this extreme lower end, from those of the “up” country.

“DEAR MENGEN: Time has passed so rapidly since

we last sat together on the porch of the homestead, as to cause me to chide myself for having delayed writing you and Nancy for so long a time. Recalling one of the headlines I used to pen for the boys in their copy-books, that 'Procrastination is the thief of time,' I fear I have been practicing what I've attempted to teach others, to avoid putting off for tomorrow what ought to be done to-day.

"And now let me say in as plain language as possible, that if, when I left the farm, I had imagined I was nevermore to find another the size of your own double-decker, I must confess I was greatly mistaken. Here and there in the valley of the Conestoga and Pequea, it was my pleasure to find barns of immense size, filled with an overabundance of all that should unite a people in the common bonds of fraternal good feeling and lasting friendships. This discovery, before reaching the foot-hills, led to the conviction that, however the German Mennonites might differ on minor points, their hearts are still in the right place.

"With so much to write that couldn't be read in a single night, I can only refer to the more important: As an historical beginning, out of the sixty odd townships and boroughs of this glorious old county, I have broken 'bread' with all sects and religious denominations, and seldom have I had cause to complain of their hospitality. If then it was my pleasure to go driving to a Dutch country sale, where the idiom was as pronounced as were the dwellers in their peculiar garb, with their broad-brim, black felt hats, how

altogether different the people of this lower section of God's country, where the plain English prevails, almost to the exclusion of the German.

"This may be accounted for largely for the reason that both the Scotch and Quakers are of different nationalities, the 'Friends' from England, the Scotch from Scotland and the north of Ireland, settling themselves down where it didn't require the labor of removing the heavy timber of the low-lands further north.

"However, as all my information comes from the historian of the 'Buck,' and others, it must suffice. And yet, singular as it may seem, it was only after reaching the foot-hills, south of which only a few Mennonites have ever ventured, that the change became strikingly apparent. Occasionally, it is true, here and there a Dutch farmer was to be met, who, having sold out his belongings at a good, round figure, went his way southward, where farms could be had at nearly one-half the price of farm land in the valleys lying further north. However, as I was to learn, between his neighbors and himself and family there was little in common; not that they were not respected as hard-working, industrious farmers. And yet, from a social standpoint, they were largely discriminated against on account of their illiteracy, style of dress, and may be, their religious customs. Therefore, to fully appreciate the conditions which time alone can modify, you must remember that I have fallen in with the Scotch-Irish and Quakers, believers in the adage

that they alone are the survival of the fittest, whatever this may mean. If then it was my good fortune, in this 'valley of the gods,' to mingle with all classes—descendants of the Scots and Penns—I have found them little different from the common run of mortals, with the possible exception of the Quakers, who raise tobacco, not by any means for home consumption, but rather for trade, commerce and dieing purposes. Opposed to its use in any form as a soothing balm for nervous diseases, these God-fearing farmers' wives stand at all times ready to uphold their end of an argument, the question of consistency being in noway a 'jewel.' Happily for your young friend, in abstaining from the 'weed' in their presence, I have avoided many a little moral lesson, reserved alone for their husbands, who usually manage to take their after-dinner smoke at a corner store, where an antidote can be had warranted to deceive the average house-wife, without being subjected to the 'moral code' on their return home.

"In many other respects I have not been slow in observing the same prevailing conditions among the people hereabouts as elsewhere in my travels—a growing tendency to encourage their offspring to abandon the farm—the greater the facilities for seeking an education, the less binding the home-ties. More than once have I sat and listened to mistaken notions of 'child culture,' wherein it was set forth that the lad of brains should in noway be allowed to follow the drudgery of a farmer's life, with so many other positions of trust awaiting them in the cities. And as for



FULTON HOUSE, BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT FULTON

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their daughters—the pretty girls, to marry them off to ‘professionals’ of influence where they might embellish a city home, if not the rule, is by no means the exception among the more enlightened and prosperous—a prosperity largely the result of long years of patient toil on homesteads not to be excelled the county over for peace, comfort and a long, happy life for those who hold fast to the handles of a plow.

“And now, if, unhappily, your schoolmaster-friend has gone astray in many of his deductions, they may be attributed largely to the many inimitable young ‘story-tellers’ of the village, whose reputation as local historians stand as *par excellence* among the rank and file of dwellers of this lower section of the county.

“Known far and near as familiar with every old land-mark, from that of Fulton’s historic birth-place to David Ramsay’s, the fund of information furnished has required an additional number of note-books.

“What greater pleasure than to have pointed out this or that old stone dwelling with a history dating back to the Crusaders! And later, to sit on the porch of the self-opinionated Quaker Reubens, engaged in a spirited discussion with his neighbor, the irascible James McLadin, only to agree to disagree as to what nationality credit should be accorded for the preponderence of general intelligence, handed down to the dwellers of the ‘Lower End’ as a birthright—this alone was all-sufficient to start the writer to utter a prayer of thanksgiving for the privilege of seeking a solution to the much-vexed question, ‘How, for so

many years, these two irreconcilable sects, the Quakers and Scotch-Irish, were permitted to live in unity one with the other, with an occasional war of words, to be followed by tokens of love and friendship, even to the extent of endorsing each other's sixty-day notes.

"And now, Menno, if it was your friend's purpose to conclude this rambling letter an hour ago, it was not to be interrupted, as I have been since my return to the country-store, by a visit from Justice Dugan, twin brother of the 'up' country justice, on whom you succeeded in passing Brindle, the blasted kicker, at a ten advance of the price 'bersalt,' to quote one of your favorite expressions.

"In order that there may be no mistake as to their filial relationship, it needs only be said that Justice Dugan of this lower end is a short-set, eccentric personage, dressed in a suit of thread-worn broadcloth, with white high-topped beaver to match. His round face is plump, eyes bright and gray; back a little bent, voice strained from too frequent use in dealing out the law to the just and unjust, always with a leaning toward those best able to pay the costs in such cases as from time to time had been submitted to his lordship for an unbiased opinion.

"For fully half a century he had been, as he claimed, the township justice, swaying the destinies of both the Quakers and Scotch-Irish in their numerous dickers in a horse-trade. However, his main purpose in reaching the village, as he expressed it, was to meet one who had crossed the line of demarcation from the

homes of the ‘Dutch’ to that of the chosen people of God’s country, already referred to. Second only in importance, his purpose now was to learn wherein the *modus operandi* of his twin brother’s rulings, as expounder of Blackstone and other commentators, differed from his own dispensing of the law.

“In accounting for his lameness, which was only too apparent, as he leaned upon his staff, he incidentally remarked it was the result of being kicked by an infernal reprobate of an Alderney, which some years before had been shipped southward by a Mennonite bishop to improve the stock of bovines of the Lower End. Of course, Menno, as I had already become too familiar with Brindle’s loving traits of mind and heart, I concluded it would be unwise to betray ‘home secrets.’ However, I am happy to say, Squire Dugan finally succeeded in trading the ‘kicker’ off to Robert, a Scotch-Irishman, for a few shares of his oil-stock, purchased years before.

“In no way to be out-done by his own squire-brother, in the dealing out of the law to his Dutch constituents, Mr. Justice Dugan claimed to have married all the bachelor and maiden ladies within a radius of many square miles; had divorced an equal number, leaving the various parsons with little more to do than to attend to their spiritual wants, which were grievous and many, when their time came for handing in their checks. In addition to what he had already related, Justice Dugan claimed to have settled in an amicable way scores of disputes between the Quakers and Scotch-Irish over a ‘hoss’ trade.

"What seemed to trouble the Irish justice, and what he had most to fear in his declining years, was a sudden down-pour of emigration from the 'up' country, compelling him to purchase a dictionary of the German language, all the better to acquaint himself with the idiom as spoken by the very few who had already planted themselves down among the Quakers and Scotch.

"Following Mason and Dixon's line with my genial young historian friend, over which, as the learned justice was wont to declare, the Quakers and Lord Baltimore had got into quite a little squabble before the line was permanently established, I found this section of our great and glorious county a perfect Paradise of Nature's handicraft, needing only, what the dwellers' hearts most longed for, an outlet to the city, apart from the 'Narrow Gauge,' extending westward from the mother county to the Susquehanna. For years this fertile section has remained almost at a standstill, largely for the want of a direct line of double-track railway connecting the dwellers with the city of Lancaster.

"However, bereft of these modern-day means of inter-communication, they are an intelligent, progressive people, and what is more, they live on the best the soil can produce. Without, many of their homes are of the olden style, surrounded by hedges of deepest green; within there is all any family could desire, from the organ or piano, to that of unadorned splendor, with walls papered and overhung with many an old portrait of grandparents. This much can

hardly be said of their out-buildings, many of which look as if they had been twisted 'round by a western cyclone, with farming implements lying helter-skelter. The soil, however, while not as fertile as that of the valleys beyond the ridges, yields nearly, in bushels per acre, the equal of that of the most favored of the other sections of God's country. Then, the difference in price is such as to attract the attention of farmers elsewhere.

"As one of the Quakers' peculiarities, they seldom go borrowing trouble, and little given to worrying over what the morrow may have in store. Unlike the Germans, to barter away their last horse or cow to-day with the hope of buying another the day following, causes no lying awake nights lamenting over how the crops are to be gathered in. If, perchance, a mortgage or judgment covers the homestead, what matters it so long as the interest can be satisfied. And when it can no longer be met, they let the mortgagee do the worrying by taking the plantation off their hands.

"And now, Menno, having written you freely and without reserve, it has seemed only too apparent to my own mind that in one particular there is a wide line between the Quakers, Scotch-Irish on the one hand, and the Germans of the 'up' country on the other. This consists in what constitutes the home-life of the respective sections. Especially with the Quakers or Friends is the home-dwelling and its environment of first consideration. On the other hand, it has become a tradition with the 'Dutch,' to make

the double-decker of first importance in the caring of the stock.

"Having said that the Quakers are above the average in general intelligence, this can be accounted for by the number of agriculturists who yearly meet in what has been designated 'Walker's Woods,' where for hours they put forth such a volume of illuminating knowledge on the cultivation of tobacco and other products, as to lead the 'old timer' to imagine his long years in following the antiquated methods of his forefathers had been more than wasted. For hours it was our pleasure to listen to one of the leading paid agriculturists, only to visit his own farm a short time later. And oh, what a conglomeration, with fields overgrown with weeds, fences down here, there and everywhere!

"How different this farming in theory compared with that of the 'up' country among the 'Dutch,' and where there are few traveling delegates for this or that 'woman's club,' as may be found among the Quakers, where, in the district schools, the boys and girls are taught how to let the old folks handle the plow while they turn school-teachers or temperance crusaders. And yet, God bless the women of the Lower End, who allow their lords and masters to attend to the suckers and cut-worms in the tobacco-field, while they bask in the sunshine of contentment, happy within their little homes, where love and peace reign supreme.

"And now, my dear Mengen, to conclude this rambling letter, it is the wish of your friend that this missive

may not fall into the hands of Justice Dugan, of the 'cross roads,' and later, into possession of his twin-brother, and thence under the scrutinizing eyes of the local historian. For none better than yourself knows how easily it is to stir up controversies over disputed points on doctrinal questions, over which the six nationalities of the city and county have differed from time immemorial. Again, to attempt to force the Mennonite religion on the people of the Lower End, or that of the Quaker or Scotch-Irish doctrines on the 'Dutch' of the 'up' country, might result in a calamity not to be viewed with instant and becoming resignation. Guess, Menno, the good Father knew what He was about in drawing the line of demarcation between the dwellers of the upper and lower section of our great and glorious county.

"What seems so strange is the fact that so few of the dwellers of the Lower End have ever set foot on the soil of the upper tier of townships, not that they are ignorant of our county's history, a goodly number having visited the far West, with a few visiting a foreign land. And yet, Mengen, to conclude this hastily-written letter, I am at this writing only some forty miles removed from your own 'up' country homestead."

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If thus far the narrative has partaken of the lighter instead of the more serious of farm-life, no apology would seem necessary, at least to the pessimistic tiller who seldom smiles, always ready to go 'round among his neighbors predicting all kind of dire calamity.

ties likely to overtake farmers before the crops have been garnered. With the very few, the grumbling propensity is innate, with others, acquired in coming in touch with the pessimist. The optimist, the happy, contented farmer, ready to take the good with the bad, come in what shape it may, is one of God's noblemen, full of the milk of human kindness for his fellowman.

If the business man of every city is measured by his intrinsic worth, rather than by the size of his bank account, so the farmer is judged and his status determined. "What are his domestic habits? Is he penitentially inclined? Does he value the almighty dollar above all other things material to his welfare?" If the answer be in the affirmative, his homestead is likely to be given a wide range. And here it may be said, as an axiom, that what one farmer doesn't know of his neighbor's successes or failures isn't likely known to even the township squire or the bishop, who usually manages to keep a close watch on every member of his flock. And here, it may be further said, that no people the world over are more religiously disposed than the common run of farmers. Their conceptions of right and wrong may differ from those of their city cousins, no doubt owing to environment, but withal, the rural dweller, with all his failures, stands pre-eminently in the front rank of the world's struggling masses.

But while there are a goodly number getting as much pleasure out of country life, in their simpler modes of living, than those of the cities, there are still others residing on many Pennsylvania home-

steads whose one aim and purpose has been the accumulation of wealth, to be squandered, perchance, by offspring who have never been taught how to enjoy each blessing as one year follows the other.

That economy is a "jewel," not to be overlooked with impunity, goes without saying. Money has its value only in how it can be made to contribute to the pleasures and happiness of the farm and the community at large. It is the home, oftentimes cold and cheerless without, that should possess all the comforts of a city-life within.

A large, commodious double-decker, with its three spires, painted in variegated colors, not infrequently stands in striking contrast with the stone or frame, unpainted dwelling, wherein old and young manage to exist during the rigor of winter, only slightly better provided for than the stock, bedded daily in their snug stalls. It is not unusual, from homes like these, that the ambitious country boy takes his departure for the city, where conditions, domestically speaking, are improved a thousand-fold.

It is poverty that causes so many otherwise intelligent farmers to look with envy upon their distant, city dwellers, living, as they are prone to believe, on the fat of the land? Too many of even the wealthiest of farmers fail to see that their marketable products are at all times at their own disposal, at prices marked "prohibitory."

It is this one-sided view of city-life, with well-paved streets, lighted nightly by electricity, that has led many a mistaken mother to hurry her boys off

from the farm—too poor to maintain them under like conditions on the broad acres.

Too poor! What a satyr on country life! Where, in the broad domain of Lancaster county, with its millions on interest, are the farmers too poor to contribute their share in the building of good roads? Too poor to supply their dwellings with a proper system of heating, and such other sanitary appliances as every home is entitled to for the preservation of health, a long and happy life? How many farmers are too poor to subscribe for the daily newspaper, and one or two agricultural journals, containing such suggestions as to repay themselves a thousand times in a single year?

To drive to the mill or to the city once a week in attending market, to return, then turn the conveyance into a nearby stream, with wheels to the axle covered with mire; to clean, oil and straighten out the “raw-hides” for Sabbath-day wear—all these many inconveniences are yearly met and acquiesced in, and for what? To save a few dollars of road tax. Truly, the farmers of Pennsylvania have, for nearly two centuries, been looking through the eyes of their own narrow prejudices. When will their hour of deliverance come?

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### RETURN TRAMP UP THE SUSQUEHANNA—THE HAUNTED INN—CLOSING THOUGHTS.

DURING repeated visits to this the lower section of God's country, with the thought of Justice Dugan's misfortune ever in mind, of his experience with Brindle, the blasted Alderney, I naturally kept on the lookout for the vicious kritter, but to my discerning eyes, the bovine was nowhere in evidence. That Brindle had for a time resided on several homesteads, was only too clear to my comprehension, owing to a slight impediment, or lameness of certain members of this or that family. Occasionally, I was to learn, that such a quadruped as I described had been frequently auctioned off by the sales-cryer in giving her a "goota recommen'," as Menno expressed it.

At last I was to learn from Robert that the old reprobate had been purchased by one of Lord Baltimore's descendants, residing on the opposite side of Mason and Dixon's line, and beyond Justice Dugan's jurisdiction; all of which was as gratifying as it was consoling.

Leaving this perplexing question for the local historian to deny or affirm, "Cherished Memories" would not be complete without mention of a return-trip from the homes of the goodly Quakers, where the lady teachers at all times hold the balance of

power in the adoption of a series of text-books at a school-board meeting.

The occasion of my return is distinctly recalled; I had reached the Port Road at the "Quarries," a mile or two from "Penn Hill," and where I had been "undone" by one of the women teachers, when, to my surprise, I was to learn that the road would likely be tied up for an indefinite time, owing to a landslide.

Falling in with a half dozen or more raftsmen, I concluded to join them on a tramp, without, for a moment, considering the distance to be covered during the long intervening night. Being of a go-as-you-please turn, the two hours spent with them, at the Whitteker tavern, placed the writer on terms of the closest intimacy, at least with the leader, said to have been one of three well-known Marietta pilots.

Although I had made frequent trips down the Susquehanna, viewing the hills from the window of a car, to observe the scenery on a tramp was exceeded, as I was informed, only by sitting on a raft, a pleasure I had never experienced.

It wasn't long, however, after starting on our journey, after the sun had gone down beyond the York hills, that I overheard a spirited conversation, the question in dispute being whether to put up for the night at what had for years been known as the "haunted inn," or to move on to "Bald Friar." At this moment I should have turned back, except for the reason that I didn't want to show the white feather. Being at all times a good whistler of a

certain melody I had learned down in Old Virginia, this I kept humming as I strolled along in the rear, with both ears wide open. At last, having overheard that a murder had been committed in one of the upper rooms of the haunted inn, my pedals began to show a tendency of moving backward instead of forward.

Whether these gruesome stories were invented, for my own special benefit, or as the result of their own former experiences, I didn't have time to consider, nor was I at the moment capable of discriminating between a genuine Susquehanna ghost or one of the imaginary kind that had disturbed my night's rest over at Fairview.

At last, with all kinds of visions playing hide-and-seek with my befuddled brain, I caught sight of a two-story brick structure to the right of the railway, and the next moment I had dropped into a vacant chair of the bar-room, ready to make my escape at the first of the unearthly sounds falling upon my ears, and which were as wide open as was the bar, behind which stood, in the flickering light, as unkempt a specimen of humanity as the river could well produce. With both hands riveted to the arms of the chair, I continued to hold the "fort," as I had previously the "key" to the Hickory Grove school-house door.

As it happened, few eyes were closed, except those of the Pilot's, who took to a bench, as the others poured in a quantity of apple-jack, as if to ward off the dismal sounds coming from, I knew not where, nor was I disposed to go in search of the demons. At

last, when asked by the wizen-faced landlord if I was ready to retire, I politely replied that for a night's lodging in the "old arm chair," I was prepared to pay in advance. What at the time added to my distrust was the landlord's saying that he had deserted the haunted building on a half-dozen previous occasions, only to return. Had I considered for a moment, I should have known that the fear of ghosts wasn't bothering his guests half as much as the fear that the apple-jack might run short before the twilight appeared.

And now, but for a visit to "Benton," a score years later, I might still be resting under the delusion that fate had actually marked this brick structure for all time unfit for human occupancy.

As the story goes, a certain gentleman of means and sportsmanlike propensities, concluded to look the haunted inn over with a view of converting it into a private club-house. What arrangements he had made for the caring of the Susquehanna ghosts we know not. What we do know is, that he made the purchase with the hobgoblins thrown in without extra cost.

At last, after nights of patient waiting, Mr. Ghost was discovered under the roof. And what a friendly old chap he proved to be! Only another Mr. Squirrel with his brood, who, in making his way over one of the rafters, got to playing a kind of "see-saw." As one end flopped up against a loose shingle, the other went down, producing a peculiar vibration.

So impressed was the owner with his "rich" find,

as to have a model in miniature made, which rests on a shelf at "Ferncliff," as the building is now called —to-day, one of the most delightful summer retreats along the Susquehanna. Thus was another superstition to vanish.

Leaving this, at the time, haunted inn, we reached Fite's Eddy early the morning following in time for a sumptuous breakfast, with our equilibrium restored.

As the fishing season was at its height, with a falling river, it was easily to be seen that Clark Bostic was reaping a rich harvest from the scores of anglers from Lancaster and elsewhere, all scurrying 'round to be the first to reach "Lawson's Rock," at the time noted for its big catches. And what old boatman wasn't willing to remain out all night on this lone sentinel in holding the "fort" against all intruders? Standing in the midst of others at low-water-mark, "Lawson" is yet pointed out by a few of the many bass-fishermen as the most favored rock on the lower Susquehanna, with fish stories as plentiful as were the seven-pounders which always managed to escape.

But now, a good many years later, the Fite's Eddy inn is no longer in evidence, nor is the register, on which were inscribed the names of the hundreds who annually made this retreat their abiding place. What mattered it if during some nights a few were compelled to double, treble or quadruple up, with others lying on the floor, with still others, for all we know, strung up on hooks?

Awakening cherished memories of Fite's Eddy? It was here that the "Boss," as we loved to call him,

went his way with his trusty boatman, McCune, to Lawson's.

But we must be moving towards McCall's Ferry, where, in this year 1910, stands the Power Plant, destined to obliterate more than one old-time landmark. A few miles beyond, we stopped to "water up" at the famous "spring," around which the Tucquaners gathered for a two-weeks' outing. And what a galaxy of names a third of a century brings to mind of this the Tucquaners' Club! Among its membership were the young and the old, the great majority having passed to the spirit world. Ah! what a handy, accommodating, busy member was "John B.," for years the club's president!

From the famous spring, one's thoughts turn to the opposite side, where, for so many years, Urie and his willing helpmate dealt out the many good things—chicken and waffles, fit for a king. And as the Tucquaners now meet yearly in this same old inn building, it is for them, rather than for the writer, to drink of the water of the "spring," to the memory of their departed friends. So say they all.

A short distance beyond, a lonely shanty for a station was reached, but there was no "Riverside" and but few cottages, with no trolley running to the city of Lancaster as to-day, with the river converted into a lake, over which the steamboat plies its way for a dozen miles. Yes, it is at "Riverside" that a meal can be had, with a little something soothing, six days out of seven.

Reaching Shenk's Ferry, we draw the veil over a

sad drowning which befell one of the "cock-fighters" in crossing from an island during a dark night. Later, Safe Harbor was reached. And oh! how changed from the time we made our big catches of catties and perch, and where the shad and herring industry was at its height! No canal-boats were to be seen coming down the Conestoga, as in the days of a third century before.

On this tramp, tramp, tramp, it was our pleasure to fall in with our antiquarian friend, Samuel, or "Sam," out in search of Indian relics, for which this section of the county is still noted. Taking final leave of the rivermen, Sam and I went our way up the Conestoga, as the nearest and most direct way to the city.

Familiar as he was with our county's history, it wasn't long until every old landmark was pointed out, leading me, at least, to realize that if it was one thing to read history from a book, how much more delightful to stand on the very soil where, nearly two centuries before, had been enacted so many scenes of thrilling interest.

As we continued our stroll over consecrated ground, what I had previously read of the massacre of the Indians by the Paxton boys and the Donegal Rangers, as they were called, seemed like an empty dream by comparison, bringing one in closer sympathy with the traveler to the far-off Holy Land and other points of historic interest of centuries ago.

At last, satiated with Indian legendary, the perchance, same towering oak was pointed out by my departed, antiquarian friend "Sammy," where William

Penn made his famous treaty with the Susquehanna red men, who, in the years of the long ago, plied their frail canoes over and along the river's rocky shores.

Tramping our way along, not far distant from the Rock Hill hostelry and covered bridge, we reached a point known, in 1729-30, as Postlewhaite's Inn, wherein courts of justice were held for a short time, before the county-seat was removed to the present city of Lancaster.

Reaching the old river town of Marietta, at a much later day, in our young attorney friend, "Bernard J.'s" automobile, it was our pleasure to meet three well-known river pilots, Lunn, Fred and John, two in the borough, the other at Accomac, and where a supper of chicken and waffles were as delicious as have so often been the "set-out" at Duffy's Park, and where, in years gone by, the father of the two boys made all welcome to this "elysian," with the proviso that all angling for the gamy bass in the silvery pools was marked prohibitory.

And now, with the storehouse of memory nearly exhausted, there still remain a few fond recollections of this western section of God's country before drawing "Cherished Memories" to a close. Thus, to reach the Conewago hills with their boulders, thence through Bainbridge in Conoy to the Donegals, where "Home Week" is being celebrated in the old-time village of Maytown, laid out in 1762, we can, in imagination, see a *gathering of loose heels* performing the light fantastic in the center of the then "homeless town," if such, at the time of which history makes mention, it could be called.

Taken in charge by our local, historic friend, Hiram Jacobs, the gates are thrown wide open, as mention is made of the Pattersons, Galbraiths, Lowreys, Camerons, and other early Scotch-Irish settlers, to be followed by the Swiss Mennonites—the Forreys, Garbers, Stricklers, with others too numerous to mention.

Sitting on the historian's porch, in the center of the village, "Mary Ditcher's" name comes vividly to mind, as methinks I see her wandering through the woods, leading a nondescript of a horse, with knitting in hand, clad in garment chiefly of sheepskin.

Filled to the danger line with historic reminiscences, it wasn't for Hiram to forego mention of 1732, when Mrs. Galbraith figured in an election contest, in behalf of her husband's success as a candidate for the Assembly. And even now, as I sit before the typewriter, I can see in imagination this courageous home-body mounted on her favorite mare, Nelly, with spur to her ankle, with her red cloak flying to the wind, as away she went scouring the country to win the election for her own Andrew, and who, when the votes were counted, was elected over his competitor, the invincible Quaker, John Wright. This, among the last of "crumbs swept up," presents at least one striking example of woman's courage and devotion.

And now, with a gentle hint from the editor-in-chief, I am admonished that, as every story has its beginning, so it must have its ending. Thus, with the typewriter showing signs of needful repairs, I am still young, hopeful, if not "red-headed," with a few strands of "gray among the gold."

Looking back over these many eventful years, I see the school houses in which I "kept" school, the many who attended, the friends that I have had, who have either moved away or passed to the unknown beyond. Yes, they all come back vividly, knocking at memory's portals. And as for Mengen, Nancy, the boys and gentle Beckie, the Mennonite maid, I do hope she is living in perfect happiness, with a good husband, with such a "goot" time as every true woman is entitled to, even among the "Dutch" of the "up" country.

And now, in conclusion, as I raise the imaginary glass, filled to the brim with brightest hopes and expectations of a glorious hereafter, I can only drink to the good health of all "thirty-sevener" and their families, that they may live long and prosper.

As a final word of adieu to the patient reader: Of all the cherished memories, the sweetest, dearest, and most lasting, are those which linger around a young, old man's fireside, where, with a kind, loving wife, three boys and two daughters, he has at all times found the home to be the fountain from which all blessings flow.